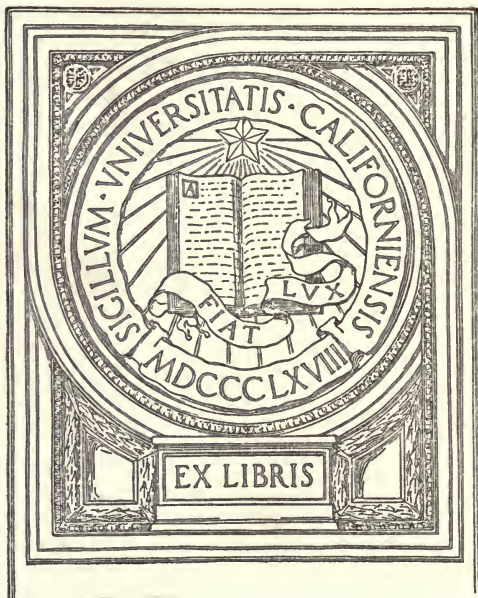




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ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER:
WITH A
MEMOIR OF HER LIFE AND CHARACTER,
BY BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Shall we behold, unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crush'd?
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hush'd?

Page, 64.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY LEMUEL HOWELL.

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TO MRU
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PREFACE.

IN offering to the public a collection of the Poetical Works of *Elizabeth Margaret Chandler*, it is considered unnecessary to say much in explanation of the motives which have influenced those concerned in the compilation.—Among the female writers of modern times, who have distinguished themselves in philanthropy and moral excellence, few, indeed, if any, have presented stronger claims to favourable notice, than the amiable author of the valuable essays and miscellaneous pieces comprised in this volume. Personally, she was unknown to the literary world—and even her *name* was not familiar to the reading community; yet the beautiful and excellent productions of her pen, emanating from a refined and highly cultivated mind, will be found worthy an attentive perusal; and their merit will, no doubt, be properly appreciated by the virtuous and discriminating. The philosophic and sentimental piety manifested in them; the liberal principles of charity and benevolence which they inculcate; and the lessons of justice, humanity, and active philanthropy, that are taught by them, cannot fail to recommend the book to the libraries of the learned, the circles of literary taste, and to readers, in general, who take an interest in the march of human improvement, and the welfare and happiness of mankind.

These considerations, it may be presumed, will afford a sufficient inducement for the humane and the philanthropic to acquaint themselves with the contents of the volume.—And that they may be found profitable in awakening and increasing the disposition to spread the light of Christian philanthropy, and in promoting more zealous efforts to meliorate the condition of oppressed and suffering humanity, is the ardent desire and truly cherished hope of

THE PUBLISHER.

PHILADELPHIA, }
Sixth Month, 1836. }



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MEMOIR

BY B. LUNDY.

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER was born at Centre, near the town of Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, on the 24th day of the Twelfth Month (December) 1807. She was the daughter of Thomas Chandler, a very respectable farmer, who possessed a handsome competency, and lived in easy circumstances, though he was not reputed wealthy as to the riches of this world. He received a liberal education, and also studied medicine; but while he resided in the country, he devoted his attention principally to agriculture. The name of her mother was Margaret Evans, who was born at the city of Burlington, in the State of New-Jersey. Both the Chandler and Evans families were of English origin, their ancestors having migrated to this country at an early period of its settlement by the Europeans.

Thomas Chandler and his wife resided at Centre a number of years after their marriage, where they were highly respected by their acquaintance generally. They were both exemplary members of the religious society of Friends, and lived in strict conformity with its established rules of order and discipline. They were blessed with three fine healthy children, of whom the subject of this memoir was the youngest, and only daughter. But although their prospects were highly flattering, while the peaceful enjoyment of connubial happiness lightened the burdens of worldly care, the bright anticipations of this worthy family were destined to be of short duration.—The mother died while the daughter was still in her infancy.—Elizabeth was then too young to be sensible of the irreparable loss which she thus sustained. How applicable to her infantile bereaved condition were the following elegant lines of Barton!—

“Blessings rest on thee, happy one!
All that parental love
Could ask, or wish, since life begun,
Be given thee from above.

And when, through childhood's path of flowers,
Thy infant steps have trod,
Thy soul shall be, in after hours,
Prepared to learn of God.”

Soon after the death of his wife, Thomas Chandler removed to Philadelphia, where he was for some length of time successfully engaged in the practice of medicine. He placed his infant daughter under the care of her grandmother, Elizabeth Evans, who then resided in the same place. Here she remained a number of years. Every possible care was taken respecting her morals and education, by her friends, with whom she was a particular favourite. Her natural disposition was mild, yet lively, and her temper calm and even. Her faculties were bright and vigorous, and her perceptions quick and penetrating. As soon as she was old enough, she was put to school, where she made rapid progress in acquiring the rudiments, and afterwards a knowledge, of the higher branches of a common or general school education.

At the age of about nine years, she was so unfortunate as to lose her father, in addition to the previous loss of her mother. She was now left an orphan, with her two elder brothers, to buffet the cheerless frowns of a troublesome world, without the aid of parental advice or protection. She was still of too tender an age fully to estimate the great bereavement which this double misfortune occasioned. But these sorrowful vicissitudes, no doubt, made their wonted impressions on her susceptible mind, and in all probability, contributed largely to give it that seriously reflective turn, which appeared in her after-life as one of the most distinguishing traits in her character.

The schools which she attended, were established by the society of Friends, and conducted by teachers, selected especially with reference to their exemplary character, and their competency for the station. This was evidently a great advantage to the youthful pupil, in both a moral and religious point of view. Considering the situation in which Elizabeth was now placed, it was, to her, a matter of momentous concern. In

addition to the care of her pious, yet fond and doating grandmother, she experienced the kind attention and wholesome admonitions of her three aunts, Ruth, Jane, and Amelia Evans, the sisters of her deceased mother. But all their efforts to guard her against the temptations and allurements of a deceitful world, might possibly have failed, without the aid of these excellent institutions, surrounded as she was by the giddy, thoughtless votaries of fashion and vitiating amusement, in the gay metropolis of Pennsylvania. We do not learn that she made greater proficiency in the more scientific studies, than many others of her contemporaries. The bent of her mind, even at this tender age, was religiously contemplative; and she was more inclined to view with admiration and gratitude, the works of the adorable Author of Nature, as they were unfolded to her mental or corporeal vision, than to pry into the mysteries of creation, and strive to attain to a higher degree of knowledge than was, perhaps, vouchsafed by the Creator. She manifested a particular fondness for literary pursuits, and very early gave evidence of a rare talent for poetical composition. When she was but little over nine years of age, she wrote several stanzas, (the first noticed by her friends,) upon the occurrence of a violent tempest. They were so well composed, for one so young, that they excited the admiration of all who read them. Very shortly afterwards, she wrote another piece, on the same subject, which she entitled, "*Reflections on a Thunder-gust.*" The following extract will give some idea of both her natural capacity, and pious train of thought:—

“When lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
To God I will direct my soul.
When sorrows assail my troubled mind,
In God I can a refuge find.
Preserved by him from every snare,
I'll join him in Heaven, with angels there.”

She left school at about the age of twelve or thirteen years; but still entertaining an ardent desire for literary improvement, she read much, and frequently employed her pen on various subjects. As the powers of her intellectual faculties were thus developing, her writings further attracted the attention of her friends and acquaintances, who often solicited, and occasionally obtained permission, to publish articles which she selected from

among them. Yet, such was her retiring modesty, and native diffidence, that she did not, for a considerable length of time, permit her name to be used publicly, as an author. Some of the most popular periodicals of the day were thus enriched by the productions of her pen, while she was almost entirely unknown to the world. She began to write, particularly for the press, at about the age of sixteen years; and some of her articles were extensively copied and circulated in various parts of America, and considerably in Europe. Though she was by no means deficient in prose, either for elegance of diction, or force of expression, she excelled in poetry. Her style was easy and graceful, while the flights of her fancy were lofty and soaring, and her imagery natural and pleasing. The touches of her pencil were generally and truly original, appropriate, and beautiful.

In the year 1827, she experienced another bereavement, in the death of her pious and affectionate grandmother. This must have been a severe shock, to a mind so refined and susceptible of impression as hers. The decease of both her parents had occurred at early periods of her life, while she was incapable of appreciating the magnitude of the deprivation: yet, as she advanced to maturer age, the recollection of those circumstances exhibited to her mental vision the loneliness of an orphan's state and condition, and the portraiture had awakened reflections which served to make lasting impressions on her memory.—But now, her mind was alive to the sorrowful denouement of these mortal visitations, and the awful consequences of Death's doings. Well might she exclaim, in the language of one, whose mind had previously been familiar with the oft-repeated havoc of the inexorable Destroyer in his family connexion:—

“Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?

Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain.”

YOUNG.

For some length of time after the death of her grandmother, she resided with her aunt Ruth Evans, and her brother Thomas Chandler, in Philadelphia. Though studiously inclined, and habitually reserved, she had selected a few, among the most worthy of her contemporary female acquaintances, as her intimate and confidential friends.—With these, particularly Hannah Townsend, and Anna Coe, of Philadelphia, she spent

a portion of her time in social intercourse, and also corresponded with them freely. She very seldom frequented places of public resort, except the religious assemblies of the society of Friends—of which she was a birthright member—and meetings for philanthropic purposes. She became a member of a Female anti-slavery Society, in Philadelphia; but did not take a very active part in its public proceedings. The scenes of gayety, of splendid exhibition, or of volatile and transient amusement, had few attractions for her. The leisure moments which a relaxation from her studies and other avocations afforded, were more profitably, and, to her, much more agreeably occupied, in conversation or epistolary communion with the friends of her choice. She was warmly and most affectionately attached to her brothers, (especially the youngest, with whom she resided,) and also to her aunt Ruth Evans, to whom, more than any one else, she was indebted for the care extended towards her, during the periods of infancy and youth. Thus situated, she pursued her literary studies—not as a source of pecuniary gain, nor yet of wordly fame—but for the amusement and rational gratification of her own mind. Her secluded habits and persevering resolution (in most cases) in withholding her name from the public, prevented her from acquiring that notoriety, as an author, which her superior talents and excellent principles were calculated to obtain for her.

But we are, henceforth, to view her character and exercises in a different and more interesting light than formerly. The course of her reading and study had never been confined to any one particular subject.—And although she was peculiarly fond of noting the incidents connected with the history of her native country; of delineating the manners and customs of its aboriginal inhabitants, and tracing the progress of events relating to the existence, dispersion, or extinction of their various tribes; we now see her turning her attention to the degraded and suffering condition of the African race, in America. To enable the reader to form a correct idea of the time and manner in which her mind was first impressed with the high importance of attending to this momentous subject, we copy the statement which she has given of it herself. In a letter to her friend, Hannah Townsend, at a subsequent period, she remarks as follows:

“In looking over one of thy notes, I observe that thou men-

tions having copied "*The Slave Ship*" from my album.* I am glad thee did so, as that piece, on some accounts, is interesting to me; and was indirectly the cause, perhaps, of our present acquaintance. It was written about five years since, and was published shortly afterwards in the "Casket," having received the award of one of the premiums offered by the editors of that work—and mightily indignant, too, I was at the time, that it was adjudged only to the third rank! and, by the bye, though I have forgotten the *insult*, I still consider it equal to those which were exalted above it—but that matters little. It was copied into the "Genius of Universal Emancipation;" when the signature was recognized by a friend of mine, who acquainted the editor (B. Lundy) with the name of the author, and conveyed me a request from him, to write occasionally for the paper. An introduction and acquaintance afterwards followed; and I continued to write, sometimes, for the poetical department, until I was formally installed into the editorship of the "Ladies' Repository"—and our own friendship has been the result. But I forgot to commence by telling thee, that it was the first piece I ever wrote upon the subject of slavery—and was, if my memory serves me correctly, the effect of reading a sermon delivered by a minister of the society of Friends."

We have now, indeed, to commence a new era in her biography, and introduce her to the world—not merely as a contributor to the popular, yet light and transient, literature of the day—but as an able author, and editor; in fact, one of the most accomplished and powerful female writers of her time. It is not enough to say, that her productions were chaste, eloquent, and classical.—Her language was appropriate, her reasoning clear, her deductions logical, and her conclusions impressive and convincing. Her appeals were tender, persuasive, and heart-reaching; while the strength and cogency of her arguments rendered them incontrovertible. She has given her own account of the manner in which her attention was drawn to the great and important question of the abolition of slavery. We now proceed to a review of her labours in that righteous cause, during the brief period in which she so zealously advocated it. *She was the first American female author that ever*

* See this beautiful article in the collection of poetry. It was written when she was about eighteen years of age.

made this subject the principal theme of her active exertions : and it may safely be affirmed, without the least disparagement to others, that no one of her sex, in America, has hitherto contributed as much to the enlightenment of the public mind, relative to this momentous question, as she has done. In short, she ranked as second to none, among the female philanthropists of modern times, who have devoted their attention to it, if we except the justly celebrated Elizabeth Heyrich, of England :— and had her valuable life been prolonged, there can be no doubt that her well-merited fame would soon, at least, have rivalled that of the distinguished and eminently philanthropic author, just named.

Her correspondence with the editor of the “Genius of Universal Emancipation” commenced in the early part of the year 1826. Though she had previously written the prize poem, on the subject of slavery, as aforesaid, her mind had not then been fully awakened to the nature of the system ; neither had it been much occupied in contemplating the proper means to be used for its extinction. The articles which she furnished for the pages of the work, embraced a variety of subjects in the field of general and miscellaneous literature. Among the first of her contributions, expressly designed for it, the pieces entitled, “The Treaty of Penn,” and the “Appeal of the Choctaw,” exhibit the effusions of a tender and feeling heart, alive to the multiplied wrongs and outrages heaped upon the forest race, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the Indian character. The articles headed, “The Wife’s Lament,” “Midnight,” and “The Depths of the Sea,” were also among her earlier communications for the same work, and afford specimens of varied talents and the rich stores of a highly cultivated mind. The following lines are extracted from one of them,* entitled, “A Paraphrase of part of the Nineteenth Chapter of 2d Kings.” The delineation is graphic, and the strains sublime.—

“The screaming eagle fled across the sky,
And left the scene of havoc far behind ;
The crush of wide spread ruin rose on high—
But He, Jehovah, was not in the wind.

* * * * *

* All the other articles here alluded to, will be found in the succeeding pages.

The cavern echoes rang a hollow sound,
Or thunder'd back the crash of falling rock ;
The valleys rose—the waves forgot their bound—
But God was not within the earthquake's shock.

Then came a fire—the sheeted flames ascend,
And spread across the sky a lurid glare ;
The glowing forests in one ruin blend,
And sink to nothing—but God was not there.

Then came a still small voice—the whisper'd word
Not even silence from her slumber broke,
Yet was distinctly by the prophet heard—
And in that voice, the Lord, Jehovah, spoke.”

As she now had an opportunity to acquire more particular information concerning the nature and tendency of slavery, by a perusal of the facts, &c. inserted in the periodical work above mentioned, the horrible evils of that system were gradually unfolded to her view, and her attention was forcibly attracted to the subject. The articles entitled, “The Negro Father's Lament over the body of his Infant Son,” “The Recaptured Slave,” and “Pharaoh,” were some of the first which she furnished upon this subject. Many others might be enumerated, evincive of the deep sympathy that she entertained for the degraded and suffering slave, and the strong desires that she felt for his improvement and emancipation. In a communication inserted on the Fourth of July, 1827, relating to the question of slavery, she presents a most striking contrast between the principles asserted in the “Declaration of Independence,” and the acts of the government of the United States, in relation to the perpetuation of slavery. Few writers upon this subject, if any indeed, have exhibited clearer or more comprehensive views, or even expressed their sentiments in more appropriate and forcible terms, than she has done. With what lively emotion, and patriotic ardour, does she pour forth the genuine effusions of exalted philanthropy, in the following beautiful lines!—

“My Country ! I behold thee now, as when
Thy wastes were trodden but by savage men ;
When through thy blooming bowers of green and shade,
The Indian only, free, and fearless, stray'd—

And o'er thy sleeping waters silence hung,
Save when the screaming wild-fowl upwards sprung,
Or when the light canoe was launch'd, that bore
The soil's untutor'd lords from shore to shore ;
When thy bright bowers in rich luxuriance smiled,
A blooming waste—a paradisal wild ;—
But now, when over thee I bend my glance,
And think how like a dream of young romance
Hath been thy history, warm feelings start,
And proud emotions steal around my heart.
Oh ! I do fondly love thee ! I would twine
Thy weal and woe with every thought of mine,
Rejoice to see thee crown'd with glory's wreath,
Or cling to thee in wretchedness and death.
Did not the brightness of thy starry skies
First shed their splendour on my infant eyes ?
Did not thy forest's bloom, thy zephyr's blow,
First wake within my heart its rapturous glow ?
And all of beautiful and fair in thee,
First lift my thoughts from earth to Deity !
Thus have I felt—but list !—methought a groan—
Some suffering victim's agonizing moan,
Burst on my ear—or was it fancy's voice ?
Is there one heart too wretched to rejoice
On this bright day ? the theme of many a tongue !
By many a bard in living numbers sung !
Hath not imagination borne me back
To scenes of war, the charge, the wild attack ?
No ! 't was indeed the tyrant's lash that rung
That groan of anguish from his victim's tongue !
Oh ! I could lay me in the very dust,
And weep in sadness o'er the cankering rust
That sheds its blighting influence o'er thy fame,
And sinks thee down to infamy and shame.
My guilty Country ! these loud triumphs hush,
Think on this foul dishonouring blot, and blush !
Poor injured Afric ! Freedom frowns on thee,
In this bright land, where all beside are free.
My Country ! rouse thee from thy guilty sleep,
And with hot tears thy sullied honour weep,

Nor weep alone—remove the dark disgrace,
That calls the burning blushes o'er thy face;
Yet for the Afric's tears of blood atone,
And make him worthy to be call'd thy son."

She continued to write pretty regularly for the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," as a correspondent, until the Autumn of the year 1829. At the solicitation of the editor, she then consented to superintend a female department in that work. She did not permit her name to be generally known as an editor;—yet it was not owing to a want of moral courage, nor a doubt concerning the propriety of occupying the station, that she was induced to withhold it from the public, in this case. Her resolution was purely the result of an anxious desire to avoid an ostentatious appearance, and to check, even in her own breast, the slightest dictate of vanity in looking to public notoriety. On commencing the editorial management of her department, as aforesaid, she issued a brief address to the public, in which she says,—

"The subject of African slavery is one, which, from its very nature, should be deeply interesting to every American female,—for to which of the numberless sympathies of woman's bosom may not the slave appeal? Man may bring to the conflict moral or political feelings, or he may come forward to oppose the demon, clad in the divine armour of wide-spread philanthropy. But by *all* the holy charities of life is *woman* called upon to lend her sympathy and her aid to the victims of a widely extended evil. We know that there are few, we would hope none, who openly advocate the system of slavery—but will Christian sisters, and wives, and mothers, stand coldly inert, while those of their own sex are daily exposed, not only to the threats and revilings—but to the very *lash* of a stern, unfeeling task-master? They cannot—they will not!—they have tears, they have prayers, and in *their* eloquence they will plead the cause of the oppressed."

Very shortly afterwards she published an article which she entitled, "An Appeal to the Ladies of the United States." This may indeed be viewed as a most happy effort, in awakening female philanthropy. It is thrilling, persuasive, and convincing. We here insert this excellent production entire. What lady, possessing a just sense of the dignity of her sex, or the genu-

ine feelings of maternal affection, can peruse it without experiencing a kindling emotion of sorrow, or the glow of virtuous indignation, at the multiplied wrongs and cruelties to which the slave is subjected. But she does not rest in merely arousing their sympathies. She points out clearly the mode in which their influence may be exercised, in producing a reformation in the community, and extinguishing the system in which those abuses and mal-practices have their origin and support.

“AN APPEAL

“TO THE LADIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

“It has been frequently asserted, that, to the heart of woman, the voice of humanity has never yet appealed in vain—that *her* ear is never deaf to the cry of suffering, nor her active sympathies ever unheeded when called upon, in behalf of the oppressed. If this be true, then surely we have no reason to fear, that she will listen with cold, careless inattention to our appeal for those who are among the outcasts of creation—our African slave population.

“It will be unnecessary to enter very deeply into a discussion respecting the merits or demerits of the case before us—for we presume that there are few, especially among our own sex, who will not readily acknowledge the injustice of the slave system. It is admitted by the planters themselves,—it must be felt by every thinking mind;—nor is it an outrage merely against the laws of humanity, but it is destructive and ruinous, both in its moral and political effects, alike to the master and to the victim of his oppression. We might bid you look abroad over a large section of our country, and you would behold fields lying waste and uncultivated—here and there a lordly domain rising in proud eminence, surrounded by clusters of miserable tenements, whose still more miserable inhabitants are toiling indolently and unwillingly to feed the luxury of their possessor—and we might bid you listen, for a moment, and you would hear the clank of chains, and the low deep groan of unutterable distress, mingling with the exulting hurras that tell of our country’s liberty. We might tell you of more than this—we might tell you of females, ay, females—maidens and mothers, kneeling down before a cruel taskmaster, while the horsewhip was suspended over them, to plead for mercy—

for mercy which was denied them: but we do not wish to arouse you to a sudden burst of indignation, or we might tell you of far darker and more fearful tales than these.—We wish to impress you with a firm, steady conviction of the manifest injustice and pernicious effects attendant on slavery, and with a deep sense of your own responsibility in either directly or indirectly lending it your encouragement. But it may be, that some among you do not behold this subject in the light in which we wish to point it out to you. Many of you have been educated to believe this system natural and right—or if not right, at least a *necessary* evil. You observe the dark countenances of the slaves lighted up with smiles; you hear the sounds of merriment proceeding from their cabins; and you therefore conclude that they cannot be otherwise than happy;—as if the bitterest things of earth never wore a veil of brightness, or the mask of gaiety never served to conceal a bursting heart!—What! can the slave be happy?—happy—“while the lash unfolds its torturing coil” above his head?—happy—while he is denied the blessings of liberty—while he is condemned to toil, day after day, week after week, and year after year, with a scanty sustenance for his only reward—while even the few fragments of bliss which he may have gathered up are dependant for their existence on the precarious will of a tyrant? Happy! no, never! He may mingle rejoicingly in scenes of merriment, and the loud laugh of unreflecting mirth may seem to burst exultingly from his lips; but it would be a profanation of the name of happiness to say, that her abode was ever in the bosom of the slave. We appeal to yourselves to know what it is that forms the deepest bliss of your life—and will you not, one and all of you, answer, that it is the exercise of the social affections?—Then how can the slave be happy! How may he garner up his affections like holy things, when one word from his fellow-man may lay the sanctuary of his heart all waste, and bare, and desolate!—Mother, look down at that infant slumbering by your side;—have not its smiles become, as it were, a portion of your existence? Could you not sit hour by hour, and day by day, living upon the innocent expressions of its confiding affection—watching the gay dimples sporting over its laughing face, and the shadows of its silky curls lying so beautifully upon its polished forehead? Look at that rounded arm, thrown so

gracefully over its peaceful little bosom!—and see, he smiles in his slumbers!—that happy dream has broken his rest—and now his blue eye is visible beneath the white cloud that was resting upon it: he sees the mother, and his exulting laugh rings musically out, and he springs joyously to the arms that are stretched out to receive him. Does not fancy look forward to the time, when thou shalt behold him in the pride of manhood, when he shall be the soother of thy griefs, and the promoter of thy happiness, and when his grateful affection shall be as a canopy under which thou mayst shelter thy declining years? Yet, were it told to thee that just when he has arisen into bold, glad boyhood, when those beautiful bright eyes have begun to kindle with awakening intellect and early knowledge, when the deep feelings of his heart are beginning to gather themselves together,—and reason and gratitude to mingle with his instinctive love—wert thou told, that then he should be torn from thee, and borne away forever into hopeless, irremediable slavery—wouldst thou not rather that death should at once set his cold signet upon him, there, where he sleeps in his innocent beauty in the cradle by thy side? And yet this is the lot of hundreds—nay of thousands of human mothers—and that, too, in this *our* land, which we so proudly proclaim to be the only free country on the face of the globe.

“But you may perhaps argue—“We admit all the evils of which you so loudly complain; we acknowledge that the system of slavery is alike disgraceful and unjust; but it is to men, not to us, that you should appeal—to our statesmen, and to those who are the immediate supporters of the wrongs, the planters themselves. We can only lament over the blot on our country’s fair scutcheon, but our tears will never efface it—our power is inadequate to the subtracting of one single item from the sum of African misery.” Believe us, you deceive yourselves. No power to meliorate the horrors of slavery! American women! your power is sufficient for its extinction! and, oh! by every sympathy most holy to the breast of woman, are ye called upon for the exertion of that potency! Are ye not sisters, and daughters, and wives, and mothers? and have ye no influence over those who are bound to you by the closest ties of relationship? Is it not your task to give the first bent to the minds of those, who at some future day are to be their country’s counsellors, and her saviours, or, by a blind persistence in a career of injustice—her ruin!

“ There are many, who endeavour to silence the upbraidings of conscience, by persuading themselves that, be the consequences of slavery what they may, they at least are innocent of them; they have no slaves under their immediate charge; and so they sit quietly down, and satisfy their delicate feelings—too sensitively refined to bear a description of the horrors of slavery—by railing at those more directly concerned, and on whom, therefore, they choose to fling the whole weight of responsibility for the crime. Now we assert, that they *all* are implicated, who are consumers of the produce obtained through the medium of slave labour; and that therefore all, though not perhaps in an equal degree, must be sharers in the guilt. Do you demand, “ What are we to do? how can we avoid thus indirectly becoming supporters of slavery? and in what manner would you have us to exert our influence?” We would have you exert your influence, by instilling into the minds of your offspring a deep-felt sense of their duty as men and christians, to perform that glorious office of breaking the fetters of the oppressed, which the prejudices of their fathers left unaccomplished. You may altogether avoid lending your support to the slave system, by refusing to be benefited by its advantages; and you can aid its extinction, by giving on every occasion the preference to the products of free labour. But you are still unpersuaded!—You think, even if our statement be true, that slavery will never be abolished by such means; and especially, that your own individual sacrifices could have no effect; and to submit to such privations would therefore be useless. Is a conscience pure in the sight of Heaven, to be considered, then, as nothing? Surely not; nor will your individual exertions be of as little avail as you consider them. There are numbers, who have already ranged themselves under the banner of Emancipation, who will gladly hail any accession to their strength. We do not require of you any painful sacrifices; we do not wish to deprive you of your cherished luxuries—we entreat you only, whenever it may be in your power, to give the preference to products of free labour, and to persuade your friends to do likewise. Let societies be formed among you to promote this; let the use of such articles be rendered fashionable, and they will soon become easily procurable. It is true, some inconveniences will at first be unavoidable; the texture of your garments will perhaps be coarser than that of

your accustomed wear, but they will cling less heavily around your forms, for the sighs of the broken-hearted will not linger among their folds. And who will dare to cast one scornful sneer upon that garb, which beauty and fashion have looked upon with approving smiles? As soon as a sufficient inducement is held out, free labour will be liberally employed; the experiment of its comparative advantages with that of the slave may then be fairly tried; and the slaveholders thus deprived of what is, at least to themselves, one of their most forcible arguments—that of the absolute necessity of maintaining slaves. The demand for free products will become greater than for those of the other class: they may then be afforded cheaper, and Emancipation must necessarily follow, for Interest herself will then plead for the manumission of the slave.

“Will you, then, remain sunk in guilty apathy, when such is the glorious guerdon held out as a reward for your exertions? Will you let the groans of the guiltless sufferer still rise up before the throne of heaven in accusation against you? or will you not stand boldly and nobly forth, in the face of the world, and declare that American women will never be tamely made the instruments of oppression?”

Soon after she commenced her editorial labours, she found herself engaged in a controversy with a lady of great celebrity, as an author, residing in New England. This lady had objected to the propriety of *females* becoming public advocates of Emancipation. Elizabeth reviewed one of her letters in a manner which displayed her superior tact and skill in argument, as follows:—

“OPINIONS.

“We have been so long accustomed to consider the duty of the female sex, with regard to slavery, as entirely plain, that we had almost imagined it must be equally so to any unprejudiced thinker upon the subject. Not that we expected to find no difference of feeling, or contrariety of sentiment; apathy and prejudices we were prepared for; but we certainly had not thought that the interference of woman in behalf of suffering humanity, could be seriously objected to, as improper, and at variance with right principles. Yet this we are sorry to find is the light in which it is regarded by one of our own sex—a lady, whose talents and character we respect very highly,

and whose approbation of the course we are pursuing, we should be proud to have obtained. But as this is withheld, and it is probable she may not be singular in her opinions, we have taken the liberty of quoting some of her sentiments, and appending to them a statement of our own ideas on the same subject.

“Should you inquire why I do not devote myself more sedulously to promote the cause of emancipation?—I would tell you, that I think it is a work which requires the energies of *men*.”

“And so it does; but it requires also the *influence of woman*. She was given to man ‘to be a helpmeet for him;’ and it is therefore her duty, whenever she can do so, to lend him her aid in every great work of philanthropy. In *this* her co-operation may be of essential service, without leading her one step beyond her own proper sphere. Free Labour, one of the most efficient means of abolishing slavery, may be encouraged by her, even better than by men—for it is her task to provide for the wants of her household, and of course optional to give the preference to goods of this class.

“It is a subject so connected with those of government, of law and politics, that I should fear the direct or even apparent interference of my own sex, would be a departure from that propriety of character which nature, as well as society, imposes on woman.”

“It is true that it is a question of government and politics, but it also rests upon the broader basis of humanity and justice; and it is on *this* ground only, that we advocate the interference of women. We have not the least desire to see our own sex transformed into a race of politicians; but we do not think that in this case such consequences are in the least to be apprehended. To plead for the miserable, to endeavour to alleviate the bitterness of their destiny, and to soften the stern bosoms of their oppressors into gentleness and mercy, can never be unfeminine or unbefitting the delicacy of woman! She does not advocate Emancipation because slavery is at variance with the political interests of the state, but because it is an outrage against *humanity* and *morality* and *religion*; because it is *criminal*, and her own supineness makes her a *sharer in the crime*; and because a great number of *her own sex* are among its victims. It is therefore, that she should steadily and conscientiously rank among the number of its opponents, and refuse to be benefited by its advantages. She does not by this

become a partizan of any system of policy—she seeks only to shield from outrage all that is most holy in her religion! She does not seek to direct, or share with men, the government of the state; but she entreats them to lift the iron foot of despotism from the neck of her sisterhood; and this we consider not only quite within the sphere of her privileges, but also of her positive duties. Yet even if there *was* good ground for apprehension of the danger alluded to, would it not be better that women should lose somewhat of their dependent and retiring character, than that they should become selfish and hard-hearted? Should our wise lawgivers see fit to reduce *us* to the same condition as our southern female slaves, would the dread of violating the softness and propriety of the female character, deter us from remonstrating against the tyranny, and demanding an immediate restitution of our rights and privileges? We should scarcely consider such conduct so unlady-like as to be actually placed in a situation where the very name of refinement would be a mockery, and compelled to drudge through the lowest masculine labours; and it is impossible that it can be improper for us to solicit for another, what under the same circumstances it would be right to seek for ourselves. In fact, if we confine our views to the female slaves, *it is* a restitution of *our own* rights for which we ask:—their cause is our cause—they are one with us in sex and nature—a portion of ourselves; and only deprived by injustice of the immunities which we enjoy. *Therefore as they cannot protect themselves, it becomes an imperative duty to claim for them the respect due to the female character, and we should feel her indignity as painfully as though nature had placed no distinguishing mark of colour between us.

“‘The Saviour permitted and blessed the ministering of charity by women; but though they were ‘last at his cross, and earliest at his grave,’ he did not enjoin on them the necessity of becoming teachers and reformers. He did not appoint *them* to be apostles; the burden of government in the church was not laid on them; neither is it for them to direct the affairs of state.’

“If the Saviour not only permitted but *blessed* the exercise of charity, when he was personally among men, we must surely believe that he would do so still; for his laws were expressly given to extend throughout all time. What then *is* charity? Is it not to comfort the afflicted—to share the cup of our bless-

ings with those who are perishing for want—to lend our arm for a support to the maimed ; and to lead those who are groping in darkness into the pathway of God ? It is for *this* that we would have our sex, every one of them, zealous advocates of Emancipation ; and it cannot be that this will violate the character of feminine propriety ! It is true we were not expressly required to become ‘ teachers and reformers,’ but we *were* commanded to ‘ do justly, and love mercy,’ and ‘ to do unto others as we would that they, in like manner, should do unto us.’ If, then, men refuse to abide by the laws of God, *our* responsibility to do so is not in any degree lessened, because custom or even nature has made us subordinate to them.

“ Again :

“ ‘ I certainly never felt this exclusion as derogatory—but the reverse—that women were privileged by having their duties circumscribed to the domestic sphere : it is, as it were, removing them from many temptations of the world, and allowing them more opportunities to commune with their own hearts and with heaven. Such being my sentiments, you will understand why I should from principle as well as sentiment regard it inexpedient, if not dangerous, to awaken the ambition of my own sex with the idea that they *can* and *may* become leaders in the cause of Emancipation.’

“ It is because we highly prize, and, we hope, feel properly grateful for the domestic privileges of our sex, that we would have them extended to those who are less fortunate than ourselves. We are thankful for our blessings, but we would not have them confined exclusively to ourselves. We would have the name of *Woman*, a security for the *rights* of the sex. These rights are withheld from the female slave ; and as we value and would demand them for ourselves, must we not ask them for her ? She may be a mother—but how can she nurture up her offspring in the fear and admonition of the Lord, when her own soul is in darkness ? What may she know of the high and most holy affections of life ; of filial and parental piety ; of sisterly affection ; or of the sacred refinements of friendship ? Where is the quietness and retirement in which she may ‘ commune with her own heart and with heaven ?’ Is it when the fear of the whip is urging her through the performance of her task ? or when she is endeavouring to forget in the rude jollity of the evening the weariness of the past day ? Propriety !—surely the fear of passing one step beyond the arena of domestic life should never be balanced against such degradation and

suffering as is endured by the slave! Such being our opinion it is a matter of 'principle, as well as sentiment,' to endeavour to awaken our own sex to the reflection, that there are nearly one million females, living under the same government, and yet debarred from her most cherished privileges. We would impress them with the knowledge that they 'can and may become' *helpers* in the task of rescuing so many of their fellow mortals from a debasing slavery; and we would inspire them with what we consider the *laudable* 'ambition' to become 'binders of sheaves, and carriers of water' to those of their brethren who must bear the 'heat and burden of the day,' in the field of Emancipation."

The ability which she displayed in conducting her department of the periodical aforesaid, may be learned and best appreciated, by a reference to the work itself. But it is proper to observe that she did not confine her labours to selecting and writing for it as an editor. Most of the original articles, which appeared in the "Ladies' Repository," as the communications of various correspondents, were the productions of her own pen. With talents of a high order, a genius versatile, a mind expansive, she was disposed to treat upon a subject so transcendantly important, in all the variety of forms calculated to catch the eye, arouse the feelings, and enlist the sympathetic attention of all classes of readers. She was, herself, fond of promenading the flowery paths of literature; and knowing the eagerness of many to peruse the tales of fancy—so highly prized in the literary circles—she occasionally wrote a piece of that character for their amusement and edification. But she always took especial care to choose the subject, and present the narration, so as to leave a moral impression on the mind of the reader, favourable to the cause of humanity. In the allegorical style she was peculiarly happy and successful. The following article will serve as a sample of her excellent performances in that style of composition:—

"THE TEARS OF WOMAN.

AN ALLEGORY.

"The Angel of Justice stood before the throne of the Most High. Father, said she, behold the creatures whom thou hast made. Lo! the children of earth have lifted up their hearts to

oppression ; their hands are full of wrong and violence, and they have laden their brother with heavy fetters, that he might be to them a bondman forever. I called unto them ; I warned them of the evil of their way, but they refused to hearken to my voice ; give me, therefore, my sword, oh Father ! that I may smite them from before thy face.

“ Oh, not yet, my sister ! exclaimed the pleading tones of a sweet voice :—and the young Angel of Philanthropy bowed himself before her, and looked up from the midst of his fair curls with a face filled with beseeching earnestness. Not yet, beloved sister, said he, do thou unsheathe thy sword for vengeance. I will descend to the earth by thy side, and plead with the erring one for his unhappy brother. I will win for thee an offering of penitence from the hearts of the guilty, and with thy blade break asunder the heavy fetters of the slave. The eyes of the beautiful boy were suffused with tears while he addressed her, and Mercy bent over him as he turned towards the heavenly throne, joining her appealing glance to his petition.

“ It was well nigh to eventime. The sunlight fell in yellow gleamings through the branches on the gliding waves of the stream beside which the Angel of Justice stood leaning on her empty scabbard.—She was watching with a calm eye the eager and untiring efforts of Philanthropy as he strove to free the shackled limbs of a sad group who wept before him. He called on man to aid him in his exertions. He pointed to the threatening attitude of Justice as she lifted up her stately brow and stretched out her hand with a stern glance towards the sun, whose setting was to be her signal. But prejudice and selfishness were strong in the human heart ; and they to whom the earnest appeal was sent gazed on idly for a few moments and departed. Already the hand of Justice was extended to resume her blade, and her eye bent in lowering anger on the impenitent oppressor. Yet still the unwearied boy, with the passionate earnestness of approaching despair, steadily persisted in his exertions, though at times his eye grew dim, and his heart sick, as his repeated entreaties were again and again answered by the same cold repulse. Then he called on woman. He pointed to her sister—suffering—degraded—miserable—and stretching out her manacled hands to her for succour. The call was heard. Slowly, and with uncertain steps, and eyes

half averted from the sad spectacle before her, woman approached him. Her heart was touched with the wrongs of the injured ones, but she felt that her arm was weak and her strength powerless; and, bowing down her head, she wept in pity and sorrow over the objects of her compassion. But her aid was not in vain. The tears shed rusted the chains on which they fell!—and the exulting shout of the young angel, as he again snatched up the sword of Justice, rung like a victorious battle-cry upon the ear of the oppressor.”

It would be impossible to form an adequate idea of the influence which her writings had upon the community at large; but there can be no doubt that it was both extensive and salutary. In numerous instances, her poetical compositions have been used as hymns in religious and social meetings of the friends of Universal Emancipation. Many of her articles on this subject were also copied and widely circulated in some of the most popular periodical works of her time. In one case, particularly, her efforts (we presume) had the effect of enfranchising a number of slaves in the southern country. An aged widow lady was presented with a file of the “Genius of Universal Emancipation,” by a neighbour who had subscribed for it. The perusal of it so affected her mind, that she immediately provided for the unconditional emancipation of her slaves (six in number,) by her will.

Elizabeth continued to reside in Philadelphia until the summer of the year 1830. She then removed, with her aunt and brother, to the Territory of Michigan. They settled in Lenawee County, near the village of Tecumseh, about sixty miles south-west of Detroit: where her brother purchased land, and opened a farm. The place which they chose for their residence was pleasantly situated on the margin of the river Raisin. She gave it the name of “Hazlebank;” and in future time it may properly be denominated *classic ground*. The name of the stream flowing beside it, and that of the warrior chief, which the neighbouring village bears, will long be remembered in the history of the country. Here she sought the traditional relics of the forest race—traced anew the lineaments of aboriginal character—made further acquisitions in relation to their legendary lore. From this, her quiet and secluded retreat, emanated some of the choicest productions of her pen, that have been

submitted to the eye of the public. She had contracted a fondness for rural life, and delighted in nature's varied scenery.— And, though her present location was in a semi-wilderness region, the contiguous settlements were progressing, and she spent her time happily with her relatives, and the newly-formed acquaintances with whom she associated. Notwithstanding she was now widely separated from the most of those who had taken the deepest interest in her efforts to promote the cause of philanthropy, she did not neglect the objects to which her mind had been so sincerely devoted. She still attended to her editorial duties, as usual—preparing her articles for the press, and forwarding them to the office of the publication by mail. Soon after her change of residence, a friend expressed his apprehensions that she might, under the circumstances, possibly forget the hapless condition of the suffering slave. As a reply to this suggestion, she wrote the beautiful piece, commencing with the line,—

“O tell me not, I shall forget,”

and as long as she lived, she acted in accordance with the sentiments therein expressed.

In order to acquaint the reader, more particularly, with her course of reading, the general train of her reflections, and the various operations of her mind, we have obtained the privilege of reviewing a portion of her correspondence with one of her most intimate female friends. Subsequently to her removal from Philadelphia, they adopted the plan of keeping regular epistolary journals, which they conveyed to each other, as suitable opportunities were presented. The friend with whom Elizabeth thus kept up a diurnal correspondence, and to whose politeness the writer of this is indebted for the privilege of reviewing it, as aforesaid, was Hannah T. Longstreth, (formerly Hannah Townsend,) of whom we have before made mention. In a note, accompanying the papers which she furnished for review, she observes as follows:—

“My intimate acquaintance with Elizabeth, previous to her removal, and our regular correspondence afterwards, afforded me the opportunity of understanding the bent of her mind, on various subjects, and I believe, according to my measure, to appreciate its worth:—and, as we came to an agreement to journalize, we were accustomed to writing without much formal-

ty, under different dates. By these means, our pursuits, observations, course of reading, &c. were known to each other. Thus, I believed my treasure, contained in this packet of letters, might be valuable to whomsoever might undertake her biography. Her original observations on many important topics, as well as a variety of elegant selections to illustrate her views, I could not be satisfied to bury in oblivion, while any avenue presented, properly to convey them to the reading community."

The social friendship subsisting between these young ladies, was truly reciprocal; and they were, indeed, on terms of the closest intimacy. When about to leave Philadelphia, Elizabeth presented her friend with the very appropriate and charming piece, entitled "Remember Me," which she had previously prepared. A short time after her arrival in Michigan, she also forwarded a brief sketch of her journey, which was exceedingly interesting. Many of the incidents, which she details with minuteness, are amusing and instructive. The varied scenery, the manners and appearance of the people, &c. in the different places through which she passed, are delineated in the most happy and graphic style. Passing over a considerable part of her narration, we transcribe her observations on arriving in view of the shore of Michigan, and thence proceeding to the place of her intended residence, &c. :—

"I sat at the side of the vessel, gazing on the scenery that was passing before me, with my thoughts divided between the land I had left, and that which was in view, now reverting to the past, and now dwelling on the untried future; and often, very often, resting with the gathered band at Cherry Street, amongst whom I supposed thee then to be.* As we approached Detroit, our Governor's mansion on the bank of the river, was pointed out to us. It is merely a log building white-washed; but the grounds about it have quite the appearance of a gentleman's residence. Detroit is rather a dirty-looking place; here we remained, however, only one night, and set off early the next morning for Tecumseh. After proceeding a short distance, the stage suddenly stopped, and the passengers began, very orderly, to make preparations for leaving it. For what cause this was done, I was at a loss to determine, as, besides

* The Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society of Philadelphia.

that it was much too early for breakfast, there was no appearance of a *house* anywhere in the vicinity. However, we quietly imitated the example of our fellow travellers, and descended to terra firma, when it appeared that the measure was one of prudence, required by our approach to a long series of worn, loose, and uneven logs, denominated a *bridge*! and stretching across a stream dignified by the appellation of the *river* "Rouge!" A real *back-woods* bridge, this! thought I—and, as I walked over it, I perfectly acquiesced in the wisdom of dismounting, as well from a due regard to preserving the flesh uninjured, and the bones in their proper sockets, as from the danger of our weight proving too great for the frail structure, for such at least it seemed, however strong it might in reality be; at any rate, I have not heard since that it has given way, neither have any of the others, which we crossed in the same manner. This was no very favourable augury for the roads of Michigan; but they were, in general, much better than I had expected—sometimes rough, but not dangerous: and, as our carriage was sufficiently strong to bear the jolting over logs and such kind of *rail-ways*, we arrived at Tecumseh in the evening, battered, to be sure, in a most ungentle manner, but at least with undamaged bones, by whatever amount of sore flesh, reeling of heads, and excessive weariness, they might have been accompanied. It was so long since I had enjoyed a night of comfortable sleep, that I was almost worn out, and could scarcely sit up long enough to drink my tea: yet when I lay down, the motion of the boat (of which I still retained the feeling as when actually on board,) interfered sadly with my rest and my dreams, and caused me to pass the night with almost as much discomfort, as if actually tempest-tost. On the next First-day, we attended Meeting. The road wound through quiet and beautiful openings, dotted occasionally with log dwellings, and small spots of improved land; but for the most part, still remaining in their own native loveliness, crowned with scattered trees, now gathered into picturesque clumps, leaving a clear space open to the sun-light, then spread out into an almost regular grove, and sometimes giving place entirely to a small stretch of bright green prairie, contrasting finely with the rich sunlight tint of the sod on the openings, which seemed coloured, as well as *covered*, by a profusion of *wild-flowers* and yellow "braken." Yet beautiful as they are,

one of the greatest charms of these "openings" is their perfect tranquillity. Oh, how I wish thee could breathe with me, if it were only for one short half hour, the exquisite, the *religious* quietness of these solitary places!—I never elsewhere felt such a stillness. There are varieties even of silence, and I dare say thou hast felt it so. Contrast the hush of a starry midnight, with that of a moon-lit evening, or of one of our religious meetings, or of an open field,—and they have each their own peculiar character.—But the stillness I speak of is like none of these—and must be felt in order to be understood. It was indeed almost the only thing I did *feel*, in attempting to describe the scenery around me, for some time after leaving Philadelphia. There were many scenes that I saw were beautiful—most beautiful—grand, picturesque, or magnificent—and I gave them my admiration and my praise; but that was all, or nearly all the sensation they could awaken. There were some spots on our route that did, indeed, almost arouse a portion of my former enthusiasm; but it is of what I have witnessed since our arrival in Michigan, that I have spoken most particularly."

When she found herself, in a manner, comfortably situated in her new home at "Hazlebank," with her dearly beloved relatives, she recommenced her Journal of Correspondence, as before-mentioned,—sundry extracts from which we now give, without reference to the order of time when they were written. In the outset, however, she says:—

"I cannot, with my numerous occupations, promise to be daily regular in the use of my pen; but when I can snatch a few moments of leisure, I will sketch an occasional outline of my pursuits, occupations, and the current of my thoughts. I have been to-day thinking much of the past year. It has been, to me, not an uneventful one; and with the memory of a more than usual amount of painful hours, has left me still some pleasing remembrances:—among the latter, I consider the formation of our friendship; and though the separation has broken in somewhat rudely upon its newly formed links, I think we shall find them elastic enough to stretch over the intervening distance."

She proceeds:—

"I have been looking over "The Pleasures of Memory," by Samuel Rogers.—Hast thou read it? Some passages in it

have recalled very forcibly one or two of our conversations especially that one to which thee alludes in thy letter. The Poet is supposed to be wandering, at the twilight hour, among the scenes of his youth, from which he had long been separated. The voice of the church-clock summons him to the *graveyard*,—

“To trace

The few fond lines that time may soon efface :

* * * *

“Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here, alone,
I search the records of each mouldering stone.
Guides of my life ! instructors of my youth !
Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth ;
Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd ;
In age beloved, in poverty revered ;
In friendship's silent register ye live,
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.”

The last line, it is true, is decidedly in thy favour ; but the sum of the argument is, I think, in mine. Had it not been for the *record*, on “each mouldering stone,” what would the place have been to his affections, in comparison with what it then was ? True, he might have visited there ; have gazed upon it, as the last dwelling-place of many whom he loved ; but he would *moralize* rather than *feel*, or if he did feel strongly, there would be a painful sense of bereavement and loneliness pressing upon his heart—a sudden thought of the utter undistinguishingness of the grave, very different from the burst of affectionate emotion with which he would bend over the last couch of each remembered sleeper—their words of love, their lessons of wisdom—never more impressively felt than now—all the hours spent in their presence, in happiness or grief, and the glances that even now rise up before the memory with a vividness and almost trembling reality. Even while he clung, it might be with almost an erring passionateness of affection, to that sod which spread its green covering over the form of the beloved one, he would feel the deadness, the *apathy* of resignation—if I may so express it—passing away from his heart, and giving place to kindling hopes and virtuous resolutions. He might indeed weep, but the tears which he shed would be such as heal and purify the heart ;—drops of happiness and love, rather than of grief. A showy and *expensive monument* would, I think, have

the same effect, or nearly so, as *not any*. There is something about it cold and repelling to the feelings. The marble seems effectually to shut the beloved object from your embraces—it adds chillingness and gloom even to the darkness of the grave. Why should you seek to lay your cheek against it—to water it with your tears, or to circle it with your embraces? The form of the lost one is not *there*—that has no part with the buried dust—it is the barrier which still more widely separates you from the form you loved. The associations, too, which are connected with it, are full of dreariness and disgust. The proud monument, with all its grace and beauty, cannot conceal from the mind's eye the loathsomeness beneath it—no indeed—no vain *mockery* of *ornament* for the grave! You shudder at the revolting contrast of its *secret* chambers. The exhibition of decaying mortality is brought too forcibly before the mind—the thought of death is filled with fresh images of terror, and resignation is again converted into grief. The still green mound, over which the sunlight plays, and the breeze revels in gladness, distinguished from its fellows only by the *name* of the sleeper who lies below, carved upon the white head-stone—this is associated with no such images of gloominess—the bright flower that waves there is like a portion of the cherished dust—the heart is soothed by the sweet influences of nature, and looks forward with a fresher hope to another meeting—they leave the present dreariness of death, to revert to all the happy past, and to recall all the counsels of the silent sleeper. If it be a stranger only who is wandering among these memorials of death, every tablet is an open leaf offering fit subjects for meditation. If the grave beside which we stand, be that of one of the earth's "*master-spirits*"—one upon whose words we still hang with enthusiastic admiration, and whose memory we cherish with affectionate devotion, where is the heart that will not catch from the inhumed ashes some kindling of virtuous emulation, or turn its glance anxiously inward to the inspection of its own character? Thou wilt say, perhaps, Could we not elsewhere meditate the same upon his virtues and the lessons that he has given to the world? Undoubtedly we could. But the mind is not always in a fitting mood for instruction—there the secret springs of thought and feeling are touched, and all their secret chambers lie open. "Our thoughts," says Rogers, "are linked by many a hidden chain"—

"Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!"

But I have already said enough, perhaps too much, upon the subject—and after all, I can give only my own feelings respecting it. Yet I know how much we are the creatures of circumstances—how much our opinions and our actions are controlled by strong mental associations. An Italian author is said on the grave of Virgil to have resolved to dedicate his life to the muses. When Clarkson dies, will not the young philanthropist who stands by his grave, feel his pulse beat with a higher and firmer resolution to follow in his steps?"

Speaking of the dying sayings of Rousseau, as mentioned by Whittier, in his review of the last illness of that celebrated philosopher, she very briefly remarks:—

"It seems indeed difficult with many to imagine how the death-bed of an infidel could be one of serenity. But the mind of Rousseau was probably so worn out by continual and intense excitement, that it could not be easily aroused into vivid feeling of any kind. A high fever is usually succeeded by utter debility and languor; and the apparent calmness which he exhibited, may perhaps only have been the effect of apathy and mental exhaustion."

In quoting some of the beautiful and sentimental effusions of Mrs. Hemans, relative to the imminent perils to which those engaged in the pearl-fishery are subjected, she makes these few but appropriate comments:—

"How few calculate the cost of their ornaments at more than the coin which they have paid for them! A serious estimate of the effect which they have upon the happiness of others, would be, I think, the best means of checking an undue fondness for them. Who would wish to wear pearls with the thought continually before their minds, that their "pale quivering ray" had perhaps been purchased at the expense of the life of a fellow creature?—Would it not seem as though the gleam had been caught from the expiring glance of the victim, and perpetuated there to turn on them with a keen upbraiding?"

It is said that, to be a poet, a person must be naturally fond of music. To a casual remark of her friend, in relation to this subject, Elizabeth replies thus:—

"I had been thinking of what were thy sentiments on this subject, only a few hours before reading the above sentence.

They coincide very nearly with my own ;—though had I an ear, as it is called, for music, I believe I should be more fond of it. I would allow it the same license that I think can properly be given to poetry, but nothing further. When it comes with a purifying influence over the heart, calming the turbulence of its passions, cooling the flow of its vain desires and emotions, erasing with a soft touch some line of folly or care, and bearing the thoughts on its wing to a better and purer atmosphere,—then, by whatever name the strains may be called, the enjoyment or the practice of music is, I think, not culpable. The further it swerves from this, the more it is liable to, if it does not always degenerate into, an abuse of the gift.”

She alludes in a most feeling manner to the untimely death of Lucretia M. Davidson, a young lady of rare poetical genius, and of high promise, as follows :—

“——Young, amiable, and so highly gifted with intellectual brightness,—it is almost painful to write the name of *death* beside that of so rare a blossom. She died of a poetical malady, consumption, and while the *poetry of life* was yet thrilling deliciously round her heart. I think of her with sadness, yet I cannot lament ; and I have sometimes thought that hers was a singularly happy fate. Had she lived, she might, it is true, have devoted her talents to the cause of religion and virtue. She might have added a worthy tribute to the stores of our country’s literature, and gathered to her pages bright gems of thought, and treasures of intellectual wealth—or she might have forgotten the high gift entrusted to her charge, or wasted it unworthily—or she might, a few years later, have gone down to the grave, with her heart’s core scorched to ashes by the fever of disappointed hopes and the inward burning of her own spirit. The *unmasking* of the world to a highly sensitive and imaginative mind, is not without danger. But Lucretia escaped this. She died at sixteen, or earlier, and she had all the brightness, all the enjoyments of genius, without its bitterness—she has won a meed of early praise, and sleeps—not unforgotten.”

Briefly adverting to her reading, she states :—

“I have been reading ‘No Cross, No Crown,’ for the first time quite lately, and have been very much pleased with it. I think William Penn characterized it rightly, when he recommended it to his children as possessing ‘true wisdom.’ It is

full of excellent advice, and a practical work, which I like much better than a doctrinal one. I have seldom read a work of the kind with more satisfaction, or one by which the conduct could be better regulated.

"I have also been looking through the Memoir of Mrs. Judson, the first female missionary to the Burman empire. Some parts, descriptive of the character and manners of the Burmans, are very interesting, as is also a narrative of their situation during an invasion of the English. Probably thou dost not feel as much interested in these matters as some others; but I am sure thee will respond to the wish that arose with me as I was reading of this female's zeal and sacrifices in that cause,—that even *one-half as much energy* were displayed in loosening the fetters of our poor slaves, and in giving *them* the benefits of education.

"At present I am reading Russell's History of Modern Europe, a very interesting work, commencing with the fall of the Roman Empire.

"I do not doubt that C. Beecher's work on education, would be interesting, for Mental Philosophy, of which I consider that a branch, and a very important one, is a science in which I take great delight, though I have had but little opportunity of indulging my fondness for it. I have lately read a little work of Reid's, on the Mind, but which enters into little more than the alphabet of the science. I intend to get Locke's Essays as soon as I can, and should dearly like, were it in my power, to go through a regular course of reading on the subject. It may be compared to lifting the veil of another fresh and beautiful world, or to standing in the midst of a new creation, to be permitted to gaze in among the hidden feelings, the fine and delicate perceptions, and the unveiled mysteries of the human mind. It is like being endowed with a new intellect, or gifted suddenly with another sense. Such are probably the feelings, on the first illuminings of every science which is pursued with earnestness, but with this branch of knowledge, it appears to me particularly so."

The following remarks will show the humble estimate which she made of the powers of her own mind, and the ideas she entertained with respect to wordly fame. So far did she carry the restriction of the ambitious aspirations of her heart, that it

is to be doubted whether she was really conscious either of the excellency of her own example, the scope and strength of her intellectual capacity, or the title she had fairly acquired to the meed of virtuous renown.—She replies to the suggestion, that she might possibly feel too much humbled at the view of the weakness and imperfections of her own nature.—

“I reply in the words of a noted author, with whose sentiments thou art probably familiar :—‘I will not hypocritically accuse myself of offences which I have no temptation to commit, and from the commission of which motives inferior to religion would preserve me. But I am continually humbled in detecting mixed motives in almost all I do. Such struggling of pride in my endeavours after humility—such irresolution in my firmest purposes—so much imperfection in my best actions—such fresh shoots of selfishness where I hoped the plant itself was eradicated—such frequent deadness of duty—such infirmity of will—such proneness to earth in my highest aspirations after heaven.’—And I may add to these, so much darkness, so much ignorance, so great a disproportion between my wishes and my actions, so many of the rank weeds of prejudice often very unexpectedly discovered in my own mind, and the fear of still greater evils lurking undiscovered there, that I sometimes forget, almost, that there must be some light to render the darkness visible. Whether it is that formed by nature to find a happiness in the presence of all natural and mental beauty, and admiring mental and moral excellence as of the highest order, to an almost enthusiastic excess, I feel more painfully the weakness and errors of my own mind, I know not :—but this I do know,—that when I look upon the imperfections within—when I think of my oft-repeated resolutions frittered away into nothing—of the moments and hours wasted upon trifles, or in sloth or profitless musings—of the risings of irritation or impatience in a temper which I hoped was better disciplined—and all the long *et ceteras* of human weakness—there is reproach and mortifications in the retrospect. I would wish myself *and all others* to reach the highest point of excellence that God has created human nature capable of attaining ; and it is this which I feel myself fallen so far short of. Error and darkness wherever I discover them, whether in my own mind or those of others, are always painful to me, and

always excite the desire to have them eradicated. I earnestly wish to be useful to my fellow creatures, but I am conscious that I can be so only in proportion as my own mind is enlightened and elevated.—Oh! how often have I felt the truth of those beautiful lines of Miss Landon's—

———“ ‘We make
A ladder of our thoughts, where angels step,
But sleep ourselves at the foot.’

“Point out to me whatever appears incorrect in these sentiments. I do not agree with Dr. Young, that ‘things unseen do not deceive us.’ On the contrary, it is undetected errors that I am most afraid of.

“And now for another part of thy letter.—What do I think of Fame?—I will again answer thee with a quotation, which for the sentiment it contains is often in my thoughts:—

“ ‘Happy—happier far than thou
With the laurel on thy brow,
She who makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth.’

“Yet I do not profess to be totally careless of literary distinction, though I am more so than I have heretofore been, and that certainly forms, if I know myself, no part of my motives in advocating the cause of Emancipation. On the contrary, my interest in that cause is the master feeling which I believe has done more than any thing else in chasing away the other. As the one advances, the other declines. By literary distinction, as mentioned above, I mean only the general approval of what is in itself good, and calculated for usefulness. Indiscriminate praise is altogether worthless; deserved praise may be pleasant, when it is on account of benefit that has been imparted to others, but it is not to be sought after, nor earnestly desired, and should never be made an object of pursuit.”

On the subject of slavery she was very frank and communicative in her correspondence. But as her sentiments relating to this topic have been extensively published, a few short extracts must at present suffice. We have before mentioned that she was a member of a Female Anti-Slavery Society for some

length of time, during her residence in Philadelphia. Although she did not, in consequence of her retired habits, take a very active part in its *public* proceedings, she felt a deep and lively interest in its success, as will more fully appear from what follows. At various times she expressed her desires for the prosperity of the institution, as well as for the advancement of the cause generally, in the most feeling terms. Soon after her arrival in Michigan, she writes thus :—

“ Oh, how often I wish I might be with you in your gatherings ! not because I think I could be of much service, for there are many and far more useful members than myself to attend to the business, but it is natural to wish to participate in what we feel interested about. Still, I will not be discouraged, if you will hold on to your principles, and persevere in your efforts. Though you may not seem to do much for a while, I think you will have a *revival* after a time and plenty of business on your hands. I feel exceedingly interested for this society, and cannot ever *think*, without pain, of its sinking into inertness. But do not think that I *fear* for it, my dear friend, though I say to thee, *persevere* in spite of discouragement, in spite of the coldness and apathy of others, or even of the faltering of thy own heart. For there is enough, it must be confessed, to make the heart of any one falter sometimes, when looking at all the various difficulties that are to be overcome before our object can be attained ; but our cause is a righteous one, and *worth every effort*. There are times when I feel as if I could go unflinching to the stake or the rack, if I might by that means advance it. I never expected to do ‘ great things ’ in this cause—I have never indulged in speculations as to the effect of what I attempted to do, yet I sometimes feel as if I had been a mere idle dreamer, as if I had wasted my time in nothingness—so disproportioned does the magnitude of the cause appear to all that I have done ; so like a drop in the ocean are my puny efforts. I am not discouraged by these feelings, because I hope that I have been, and still may be, in some degree, useful ; but I much oftener feel disposed to censure myself for want of sufficient exertion and interest, than to indulge in self-complacency.

* * * * *

"We have had several meetings, and have succeeded in establishing an association here, which we call 'The Logan Female Anti-Slavery Society.' Our members are as yet few, but an interest in the subject appears to increase through the neighbourhood; and if we can keep '*afloat*,' I hope it may in time be a means of usefulness. B. L. was so good as to share with me the anti-slavery articles he received from England, and I almost always display them when an opportunity offers, and I believe they have, in every instance, been viewed with interest; and when other free-labour articles are alluded to, which generally follows in course, the wish has usually been expressed that more of them were procurable. The *Free-Prodice* concern is also, I am informed, spreading very extensively in some of the western parts of New-York."

* * * * *

"Our cause, my dear H., the abolition of American Slavery, is I believe advancing full as fast as may be expected, though it has never, I think, excited more opposition—but this, though certainly not pleasant, in my opinion will rather advance than retard the cause, and if its friends are but faithful, it must triumph. And surely a more important cause has never called upon the energies of the nation. I think a large portion of the rising talents of our country, is taking a decided stand in its favour, and it will call forth talents that otherwise might have slept. Terrible in crime and magnitude as the slavery of our country is, I do not yet despair—apathy must—will awaken, and opposition die—the cause of justice must triumph, or our country must be ruined."

We shall now terminate our review of her interesting and valuable labours, and proceed to notice the closing scene of her brief, yet exemplary and brilliant career of life. The task is indeed painful, for among the thousands whose momentary appearance and speedy exit from the stage of human existence is recognized by the eye of virtuous discrimination, a case seldom occurs which more imperatively calls for the expression of sorrow and regret than the present. This most amiable and devoted female philanthropist, was summoned from works to everlasting rewards in the very prime of life, and in the midst of her usefulness. Her intellectual faculties were but just fairly developed; the ample powers of her mind were merely

beginning to expand; and the influence of her excellent principles and noble efforts in the cause of philanthropy was only in the commencement of its extended operations. How often thus are buds of finest promise nipt by the untimely frost—the fairest and most delicious flowers withered in their opening bloom—the brightest rays of genius and moral excellence extinguished in their morning prime! Indeed, how changeful and evanescent are all terrestrial scenes! How extremely uncertain is our hold on time!

“Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time’s enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrow sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.”

YOUNG.

In the spring of 1834, she was attacked by a remittent fever, which continued to prey upon her constitution for a period of several months, before she was entirely confined to her chamber. The disorder increased so gradually, that strong hopes of her recovery were entertained, both by herself and her friends, until very near the close of her life. But these hopes at length were blasted. The inexorable Destroyer had commenced his certain work—human aid was vain—human science and skill were powerless—and her delicate form wasted away by slow degrees. During the whole period of her protracted affliction she manifested an uninterrupted tranquillity of mind, a firm reliance on the truths of Divine revelation, and a perfect resignation to the will of her Heavenly Master. The following remarks on the subject of her last illness and final departure, are extracted from a letter written soon afterwards by her aunt, for the information of her sister in Philadelphia:—

“Thou canst, my dear sister, sympathise and deeply feel with me, in my sore affliction; but thou canst not know the full extent of my loss. She was my heart’s delight—she was my earthly treasure. She was all goodness—all excellence—too sweet and too lovely to consign to the cold and silent grave. Oh! how I have wished that thou couldst have been with her through her protracted illness, and seen what a perfect pattern

of patience she was. Never shall I forget her sweet engaging countenance, nor her affectionate language. I nursed her faithfully more than three months, before she was entirely confined to her bed, but saw with heart-felt sorrow that she was evidently declining. A few weeks before her departure, she asked me if I supposed she would recover. I told her I thought she would be spared, if no new complaint should set in. She replied that she hoped she should; and if favoured to recover, she would endeavour to be more thoughtful, and more devoted to her Maker, than heretofore. I remarked that I did not think she could have a great deal to do. She answered, 'I know that I have a merciful Saviour, and all-wise Father, but I feel as if there was something more for me to do. Yet if I should be removed, it will be for the best, and I hope I may feel reconciled.' I believe she cherished the hope that she would recover, until within a week of her decease; but about that time a new symptom appeared, which still increased her debility, and afterwards she failed very fast. One of the physicians having paid her a visit, she asked him what he thought of her case. He observed there would be a change before many days, which she seemed rather surprised to hear. I left the room for a moment, but returned immediately after the doctor had gone out. She then addressed me in the most affectionate manner, saying, 'My dear aunt, do not be too much troubled at what the physician has said; it will no doubt be for the best.' I seldom left her bed, except for a few moments at a time. She frequently addressed me affectionately, saying, 'Aunt, let me go.' Two or three days before her death, we expected it momentarily. On First-day morning, the 2d inst., she quietly departed, and was received into the mansions of perfect peace and rest. Solitary, indeed, do I feel, for in her was centred my earthly happiness. She approached nearer perfection than human nature generally attains to—she was all I could desire—and is much lamented here by all who knew her."

She died on the second day of the Eleventh Month (November) 1834, in the twenty-seventh year of her age. Her remains were interred near the family residence at Hazlebank, the chosen place which she had herself dedicated to philanthropy and the Muses. While her ashes repose in the silent grave,

beneath her own transplanted forest-vine,* and the fragrant wild-flowers deck its verdant sod, often will imagination visit the consecrated spot, and drop a tear to the memory of departed worth. The loss of one possessing such rare talents, superior mental endowments, and sincere devotedness to the cause of humanity, though it can never be duly estimated, will long be felt and deplored in the circle of her acquaintance. And while we deeply lament the untimely bereavement, let us ever cherish the fond remembrance of her exalted virtues, under the full assurance that her immortal spirit is at rest, in the perfect fruition of unalloyed peace and eternal felicity.

We conclude by presenting the reader with the final effusion of her pious and sentimental muse. What humility and purity of heart—what living earnestness of devotion—do we here perceive! It is especially recommended to the notice of those who profess and practise the pure Christian principles of philanthropy which distinguished her own actions. *It was the LAST ARTICLE that she wrote for the "GENIUS OF UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION."*

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

PRAISE! for slumbers of the night,
For the wakening morning's light,
For the board with plenty spread,
Gladness o'er the spirit shed,
Healthful pulse and cloudless eye,
Opening on the smiling sky.

Praise! for loving hearts that still
With life's bounding pulses thrill;
Praise, that still our own may know—
Earthly joy and earthly woe.
Praise for every varied good,
Bounteous round our pathway strew'd!

Prayer! for grateful hearts to raise
Incense meet of prayer and praise!

* The charming and sentimental piece entitled, "The Forest Vine," was one of the latest productions of her pen. It was written during the period of her affliction, and breathes the loftiest strains of poetic genius and pious aspiration.

Prayer, for spirits calm and meek,
Wisdom life's best joys to seek ;
Strength 'midst devious paths to tread—
That through which the Saviour led.

Prayer ! for those who, day by day,
Weep their bitter lives away ;
Prayer, for those who bind the chain
Rudely on their throbbing vein,—
That repentance deep may win
Pardon for the fearful sin !”

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

PROBATION RECORDS

RECORDS OF THE PROBATE COURT

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

THE BRANDYWINE.*

My foot has climb'd the rocky summit's height,
And in mute rapture, from its lofty brow,
Mine eye is gazing round me with delight,
On all of beautiful, above, below :
The fleecy smoke-wreath upward curling slow,
The silvery waves half hid with bowering green,
That far beneath in gentle murmurs flow,
Or onward dash in foam and sparkling sheen,—
While rocks and forest-boughs hide half the distant scene.

In sooth, from this bright wilderness 't is sweet
To look through loop-holes form'd by forest boughs,
And view the landscape far beneath the feet,
Where cultivation all its aid bestows,
And o'er the scene an added beauty throws ;
The busy harvest group, the distant mill,
The quiet cattle stretch'd in calm repose,
The cot, half seen behind the sloping hill,—
All mingled in one scene with most enchanting skill.

The very air that breathes around my cheek,
The summer fragrance of my native hills,
Seems with the voice of other times to speak,
And, while it each unquiet feeling stills,

* A beautiful stream, flowing near the author's place of nativity.

My pensive soul with hallow'd memories fills :
My fathers' hall is there ; their feet have press'd
The flower-gemm'd margin of these gushing rills,
When lightly on the water's dimpled breast,
Their own light bark beside the frail canoe would rest.

The rock was once your dwelling-place, my sires !
Or cavern scoop'd within the green hill's side ;
The prowling wolf fled far your beacon fires,
And the kind Indian half your wants supplied ;
While round your necks the wampum belt he tied,
He bade you on his lands in peace abide,
Nor dread the wakening of the midnight brand,
Or aught of broken faith to loose the peace-belt's band.

Oh ! if there is in beautiful and fair,
A potency to charm, a power to bless ;
If bright blue skies and music-breathing air,
And nature in her every varied dress
Of peaceful beauty and wild loveliness,
Can shed across the heart one sunshine ray,
Then others, too, sweet stream, with only less
Than mine own joy, shall gaze, and bear away
Some cherish'd thought of thee for many a coming day.

But yet not utterly obscure thy banks,
Nor all unknown to history's page thy name ;
For there wild war hath pour'd his battle ranks,
And stamp'd in characters of blood and flame,
Thine annals in the chronicles of fame.
The wave that ripples on, so calm and still,
Hath trembled at the war-cry's loud acclaim,
The cannon's voice hath roll'd from hill to hill,
And 'midst thy echoing vales the trump hath sounded shrill.

My country's standard waved on yonder height,
Her red cross banner England there display'd,
And there the German, who, for foreign fight,
Had left his own domestic hearth, and made

War, with its horrors and its blood, a trade,
Amidst the battle stood ; and all the day,
The bursting bomb, the furious cannonade,
The bugle's martial notes, the musket's play,
In mingled uproar wild, resounded far away.

Thick clouds of smoke obscured the clear bright sky,
And hung above them like a funeral pall,
Shrouding both friend and foe, so soon to lie
Like brethren slumbering in one father's hall.
The work of death went on, and when the fall
Of night came onward silently, and shed
A dreary hush, where late was uproar all,
How many a brother's heart in anguish bled
O'er cherish'd ones, who there lay resting with the dead.

Unshrouded and uncoffin'd they were laid
Within the soldier's grave, e'en where they fell ;
At noon they proudly trod the field—the spade
At night dug out their resting-place—and well
And calmly did they slumber, though no bell
Peal'd over them its solemn music slow ;
The night-winds sung their only dirge, their knell
Was but the owlet's boding cry of woe,
The flap of night-hawk's wing, and murmuring waters' flow.

But it is over now,—the plough hath rased
All trace of where war's wasting hand hath been :
No vestige of the battle may be traced,
Save where the share, in passing o'er the scene,
Turns up some rusted ball ; the maize is green
On what was once the death-bed of the brave ;
The waters have resumed their wonted sheen,
The wild bird sings in cadence with the wave,
And naught remains to show the sleeping soldier's grave.

A pebble stone that on the war-field lay,
And a wild-rose that blossom'd brightly there,
Were all the relics that I bore away,
To tell that I had trod the scene of war,

When I had turn'd my footsteps homeward far—
These may seem childish things to some ; to me
They shall be treasured ones ; and, like the star
That guides the sailor o'er the pathless sea,
They shall lead back my thoughts, loved Brandywine, to thee.

THE AFRIC'S DREAM.

WHY did ye wake me from my sleep ? it was a dream of bliss,
And ye have torn me from that land to pine again in this ;
Methought, beneath yon whispering tree, that I was laid to rest,
The turf, with all its withering flowers, upon my cold heart
press'd.

My chains, these hateful chains, were gone—oh, would that I
might die,
So from my swelling pulse I could forever cast them by !
And on, away o'er land and sea, my joyful spirit passed,
Till 'neath my own banana tree, I lighted down at last.

My cabin door, with all its flowers, was still profusely gay,
As when I lightly sported there, in childhood's careless day !
But trees that were as sapling twigs, with broad and shadowing
bough,
Around the well-known threshold spread a freshening coolness
now.

The birds whose notes I used to hear, were shouting on the
earth,
As if to greet me back again with their wild strains of mirth ;
My own bright stream was at my feet, and how I laugh'd to
lave
My burning lip and cheek and brow in that delicious wave !

My boy, my first-born babe, had died amid his early hours,
And there we laid him to his sleep among the clustering flowers ;
Yet lo ! without my cottage door he sported in his glee,
With her whose grave is far from his, beneath yon linden tree.

I sprang to snatch them to my soul ; when breathing out my
name,
To grasp my hand, and press my lip, a crowd of loved ones
came!
Wife, parents, children, kinsmen, friends ! the dear and lost
ones all,
With blessed words of welcome came, to greet me from my
thrall.

Forms long unseen were by my side ; and thrilling on my ear,
Came cadences from gentle tones, unheard for many a year ;
And on my cheek fond lips were press'd, with true affection's
kiss—
And so ye waked me from my sleep—but 't was a dream of bliss !

JOHN WOOLMAN.

MEEK, humble, sinless as a very child,
Such wert thou,—and, though unbeheld, I seem
Oft-times to gaze upon thy features mild,
Thy grave, yet gentle lip, and the soft beam
Of that kind eye, that knew not how to shed
A glance of aught save love, on any human head.

Servant of Jesus ! Christian ! not alone
In name and creed, with practice differing wide,
Thou didst not in thy conduct fear to own
His self-denying precepts for thy guide.
Stern only to thyself, all others felt
Thy strong rebuke was love, not meant to crush, but melt.

Thou, who didst pour o'er all the human kind
The gushing fervour of thy sympathy !
E'en the unreasoning brute, fail'd not to find
A pleader for his happiness in thee.
Thy heart was moved for every breathing thing,
By careless man exposed to needless suffering.

But most the wrongs and sufferings of the slave,
Stirr'd the deep fountain of thy pitying heart ;
And still thy hand was stretch'd to aid and save,
Until it seem'd that thou hadst taken a part

In their existence, and couldst hold no more
A separate life from them, as thou hadst done before.

How the sweet pathos of thy eloquence,
Beautiful in its simplicity, went forth
Entreating for them ! that this vile offence,
So unbeseeming of our country's worth,
Might be removed before the threatening cloud,
Thou saw'st o'erhanging it, should burst in storm and blood.

So may thy name be revered,—thou wert one
Of those whose virtues link us to our kind,
By our best sympathies ; thy day is done,
But its twilight lingers still behind,
In thy pure memory ; and we bless thee yet,
For the example fair thou hast before us set.

THE CONFESSIONS OF THE YEAR.

THE gray old year—the dying year,
His sands were well nigh run ;
When there came by one in priestly weed,
To ask of the deeds he'd done.
“ Now tell me, ere thou treadst the path
Thy brethren all have trode,
The scenes that life has shown to thee
Upon thine onward road.”

“ I've seen the sunbeam rise and set,
As it rose and set before
And the hearts of men bent earthwardly,
As they have been evermore ;
The Christian raised his hallow'd fanes,
And bent the knee to God ;
But his hand was strong, and guilt and wrong
Defaced the earth he trod.

“ The Indian, by his forest streams,
Still chased the good red deer,
Or turn'd away to kneel and pray
With the Christian's faith and fear ;

The hunting-knife he flung aside,
He dropp'd the warrior blade,
And delved for bread the soil o'er which
His fathers idly stray'd.

"The white man saw that gold was there,
And sought, with savage hand,
To drive his guiltless brother forth,
A wanderer o'er the land.
I saw—and gave the tale of shame
To swell on history's page,—
A blot upon Columbia's name
For many a future age.

"With aching brow and wearied limb,
The slave his toil pursued ;
And oft I saw the cruel scourge
Deep in his blood imbrued ;
He till'd oppression's soil, where men
For liberty had bled,
And the eagle wing of Freedom waved
In mockery, o'er his head.

"The earth was fill'd with the triumph shout
Of men who had burst their chains ;
But his, the heaviest of them all,
Still lay on his burning veins ;
In his master's hall there was luxury,
And wealth, and mental light ;
But the very book of the Christian law
Was hidden from him in night.

'In his master's halls there was wine and mirth,
And songs for the newly free ;
But his own low cabin was desolate
Of all but misery.
He felt it all—and to bitterness
His heart within him turn'd,
While the panting wish for liberty
Like a fire in his bosom burn'd.

“ The haunting thought of his wrongs grew changed
To a darker and fiercer hue,
Till the horrible shape it sometimes wore
At last familiar grew ;
There was darkness all within his heart,
And madness in his soul,
And the demon spark, in his bosom nursed,
Blazed up beyond control.

“ Then came a scene—oh ! such a scene !
I would I might forget
The ringing sound of the midnight scream,
And the hearth-stone redly wet !
The mother slain while she shriek’d in vain
For her infant’s threaten’d life,
And the flying form of the frightened child,
Struck down by the bloody knife.

“ There’s many a heart that yet will start
From its troubled sleep, at night,
As the horrid form of the vengeful slave
Comes in dreams before the sight.
The slave was crush’d, and his fetters’ link
Drawn tighter than before ;
And the bloody earth again was drench’d
With the streams of his flowing gore.

“ Ah ! know they not, that the tightest band
Must burst with the wildest power ?—
That the more the slave is oppress’d and wrong’d,
Will be fiercer his rising hour ?
They may thrust him back with the arm of might,
They may drench the earth with his blood,—
But the best and purest of their own,
Will blend with the sanguine flood.

“ I could tell thee more,—but my strength is gone,
And my breath is wasting fast ;
Long ere the darkness to-night has fled,
Will my life from the earth have pass’d ;

But this, the sum of all I have learn'd,
Ere I go I will tell to thee ;—
If tyrants would hope for tranquil hearts,
They must let the oppress'd go free."

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NIGHT! with its thousand stars, and the deep hush
That makes its darkness solemn! The winds rush
In troubled music, o'er the wooded hill,
And the wide plain where creeps the fetter'd rill,
In wintry silence; but a softer sound
Of melody from man's lit halls swells round
No slumber yet to-night! the hours fleet on,
With converse, song, and laughter's joyous tone;
The young and gay are met in social mirth,
Or the home circle gathers round the hearth,
Or swelling upwards from the house of prayer,
The voice of praise concludes the passing year.
'T is almost midnight now;—hark! hush!—the bell
At once a note of triumph and a knell!
A sudden silence—the quick breath quell'd,
The speaker's voice in mute suspension held;
What thousand thoughts are in that moment press'd—
Past, present, future, crowding on the breast,
As stroke by stroke tolls on!—and then a start—
A sudden lightning of the eye and heart,
A burst of joyous greeting—such as here
We wish you, friends beloved—a happy year!
So speeds time on! scarce seems a moment sped,
Since first we hail'd the year that now has fled.
So speeds time on—but hath it left no trace,
That future hours shall never more efface?
Go, turn to Poland! may her sons forget
Their desolated fields with carnage wet?
Their bright brief hopes,—their struggle, fierce and proud.
With the stern despot 'neath whose yoke they bow'd,
The lightning thrill that flash'd through every breast,
When wakening freedom waved her eagle crest,

Their hopes upspringing almost from despair,
And burning with a short illusive glare,
Soon to be quench'd in blood? Oh, God of Peace!
Must such wild scenes of carnage never cease?
Is blood "pour'd out like water," still to be
The price of man's high yearning to be free?
Woe for the tyrant's selfishness and pride,
That hath to man his holiest rights denied!
Is life too poor in ills?—hath death so scant
His fearful quiver stored, that man should pant
To give the earth red graves? Ah! when shall right
Her nobler triumphs seek by moral light,
And learn that e'en the sweets of liberty
Are bought, with slaughter, at a price too high?

And when shall our own banner cease to wave
Its starry folds in mockery o'er the slave?
Oh! blot upon our land, and heavy shame
That e'er Columbia should bear such name!—
That men, like beasts, should be enslaved and sold
For a base pittance of mere sordid gold;
That women's limbs beneath the scourge should bleed,
The swollen pomp of luxury to feed;
And in the freest nation known on earth,
The licensed thief invade the household hearth;
The purest, best affections of the heart,
And the strong ties of kindred rend apart,
And seizing, fiend-like, on his helpless prey,
Tear them forever from their homes away.
Oh, when shall tyrants learn that human veins
Bear pulses that were never made for chains:
And loose their links before the oppress'd one's band
Becomes a deadly weapon in his hand!
Our brethren found it such;—in southern halls,
The cold damp foot of desolation falls;
Young gladsome eyes that late were sparkling bright,
With the free spirit's joyous gush of light,
Mothers made happy by the bursts of glee
From the gay creatures grouped about their knee,
The brow of hoary eld—all, all are there,
With the pale look of anguish and despair;

Or, smitten rudely to the reeking earth,
Have deluged with their blood their own loved hearth.
Alas, alas, for them ! alas, for those
Who still in white-lipp'd terror wait their foes !
And woe for all the oppressors' haughty guilt,
And the fresh blood his vengeful hand hath spilt !
Oh, Heaven ! in mercy yield them yet a space
To speak with tears of penitence thy grace !
Touch their steel'd hearts with thy dissolving love,
And their vile stains of prejudice remove,
That they may learn, upon the negro's face,
A brother's lineaments at last to trace ;
And strike away the soul-degrading chains
Which long have hung upon his swollen veins ;
That mad relentless hatred may no more
Flood the red earth with streams of mingled gore,
And other new years o'er our country rise,
With brighter aspect and more cloudless skies.

THE SLAVE'S APPEAL.

CHRISTIAN mother ! when thy prayer
Trembles on the twilight air,
And thou askest God to keep,
In their waking and their sleep,
Those whose love is more to thee
Than the wealth of land or sea,
Think of those who wildly mourn
For the loved ones from them torn !

Christian daughter, sister, wife !
Ye who wear a guarded life—
Ye, whose bliss hangs not, like mine,
On a tyrant's word or sign,
Will ye hear, with careless eye,
Of the wild despairing cry,
Rising up from human hearts,
As their latest bliss departs ?

Blest ones ! whom no hands on earth
 Dares to wrench from home and hearth,
 Ye whose hearts are shelter'd well,
 By affection's holy spell,
 Oh, forget not those for whom
 Life is naught but changeless gloom,
 O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
 Hope may paint no brighter morrow.

HEAVEN HELP YE !

HEAVEN help ye, lorn ones ! bending
 'Neath your weary life of pain,
 Tears of ceaseless anguish blending
 With the bitter cup ye drain ;
 Yet think not your prayers ascending,
 Shall forever rise in vain.

Hearts there are of human feeling,
 That have felt your cry of woe ;
 Bear awhile ! and soon revealing
 Brighter prospects with its glow,
 Light across your night-clouds stealing
 Hours of freedom yet may show.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Oh, Father ! when the soften'd heart
 Is lifted up in prayer to thee,
 When earthly thoughts awhile depart,
 And leave the mounting spirit free—
 Then teach us that our love, like thine,
 O'er all the realms of earth should flow,
 A shoreless stream, a flood divine,
 To bathe and heal the heart of woe.

Then Afric's son shall hear no more
 The tyrant's in the Christian's name ;
 Nor tears of wasting anguish pour
 Unpitied, o'er his life of shame ;

But taught to love thee, by the love
That bids his long-worn fetters break,
He, too, shall lift his soul above,
And serve thee for thy mercy's sake.

THE KNEELING SLAVE.

PITY the negro, lady ! her's is not,
Like thine, a blessed and most happy lot !
Thou, shelter'd 'neath a parent's tireless care,
The fondly loved, the theme of many a prayer,
Blessing, and blest, amidst thy circling friends,
Whose love repays the joys thy presence lends,
Tread'st gaily onward, o'er thy path of flowers,
With ceaseless summer lingering round thy bowers.
But her—the outcast of a frowning fate,
Long weary years of servile bondage wait.
Her lot uncheer'd by hope's reviving gale,
The lowest in life's graduated scale—
The few poor hours of bliss that cheer her still,
Uncertain pensioners on a master's will—
'Midst ceaseless toils renew'd from day to day,
She wears in bitter tears her life away.
She is thy sister, woman ! shall her cry,
Uncared for, and unheeded, pass thee by ?
Wilt thou not weep to see her rank so low,
And seek to raise her from her place of woe ?
Or has thy heart grown selfish in its bliss,
That thou shouldst view unmoved a fate like this ?

STORY-TELLING.

COME to the green-wood with me, gentle friend !
I know a hidden dell, where the chafed stream
Goes bounding playfully with child-like mirth,
Over its stony path, and flinging up
Its waves, with seeming petulance, in foam.
The bank slopes down unevenly, but wears,
Like Fairy, a gay mantelet of green,

All border'd daintily with bright-hued flowers ;
The gray old trees bend over it, and up
Among their twisted boughs, an ancient vine
Hath strongly wreathed its stem. Below, it bends
In wayward convolutions o'er the stream,
Offering a couch where thou may'st safely sit,
While I recline beside thee on the turf ;
Will not the vine-leaves shade us pleasantly,
While we discourse together ? wilt thou sing ?
Or shall we tell sad stories ? One I read
But yesterday, that lingers with me still,
Haunting my memory with its thoughts of woe ;
"T was of a dark-brown slave—one whose bright days
Of early infancy had pass'd beneath
The glowing sun of Africa. She was torn,
Ere her tenth summer, from the sight of all
That made her childhood happy, and the spring
Of all the buoyant hopes that make young hearts
So blissful in their dreams, was crush'd at once.
She was a sad-eyed girl—she never met
In revel scenes, with those who flung aside
Their sorrows for mad joyance ; but a gleam
Of something like to bliss stole o'er her heart,
When one, who shared her infant sports, would speak
Of those remembered hours. She wedded him ;
And years of spirit-wearing toil went by,
Even amidst her bonds, with almost happiness.
He could not brook his chains : a quenchless fire
Was in his spirit, and he burst all ties
That bound his heart—he left her, and was free ;
She bore her sorrows patiently, and scarce
Let fall a tear-drop ; but the gentle ones
That call'd her mother, were more closely bound
In her bereaved affections ; and their love
Was all that warm'd the pulses of her heart.
Then came another and a darker blight :
They were torn from her, one by one, and sold,
Those nestlings of her heart ; and she grew wild
With her exceeding anguish, and her cry
Went forth in accusation up to heaven.
She wander'd o'er each spot where they had been,

Calling their names, and mourning with a grief
 That had no comforter ; until at length
 The springs of life were wasted ; and she laid
 At twilight hour, her head upon the turf
 In dying feebleness. There came one by,
 Who would have spoke her kindly then, and soothed
 The parting spirit ; but the time was past ;
 She raised her head a moment, and once more
 Repeated the sad burden of her grief :
 “ Me have no children, massa, no one child !”
 And her last cry was hush’d !

OUR FATHER.

“ As the little fellow walked by the side of my horse, I asked him if there was any church that the slaves attended on Sunday. He said no, there was none near enough, and he had never seen one. I asked him if he knew where people went to when they died, and was much affected with the simple, earnest look, with which he pointed to the sky, as he replied, ‘ To Fader, dere.’ ”——ADAM HODGSON.

THAT dearest name ! ay, even thou, poor slave, may’st lift
 thine eye,
 Nor dread a chilling glance of scorn will meet thee from
 the sky :
 Go bend the knee, and raise the soul, and lift thy hopes above,
 The God of heaven is even to thee, a Father in his love.

The earth-worm, man, may crush thee down to slavery and
 shame,
 And in his puny pride usurp a master’s haughty name ;
 But He, Lord God Omnipotent, disdaineth not to bear
 A parent’s cherish’d name to thee, to yield a parent’s care.

And thou, with childlike confidence, may’st spring to his embrace,
 Nor shrink in shame before the glance of that paternal face ;
 Thou art not yet an ingrate vile—thou hast not, in thy pride,
 Return’d him falsehood for his love,—his holiest laws defied.

Thou never like a thief hast spoil'd the nurslings of his fold ;
 Thou ne'er hast given thy brother's form to be enslaved and sold ;
 No wrathful thunders seem, to thee, to clothe his vengeful arm,
 Nor fearful lightnings in his eye, awake thy wild alarm.

Our Father ! oh how deeply dear that holy name should be—
 How should we love the meanest one, who thus may call on Thee !
 And yet—thou Just and Righteous God ! if thou wert not our sire,
 Long since we had been swept away by thy consuming ire.

DOOM.

BE hush'd, triumphant sounds ! ye bring not now
 A gush of pride along the glowing brow ;
 Ye wake no more a dream of future fame,
 And added glory to my country's name ;
 Ye only mind me of her crimson'd hands,
 Her sullied faith, her broken treaty-bands.
 Oh, better far contrition, sad and mute,
 Or tearful prayers her guilty lip would suit,—
 Joy not for her—the hearts her sin hath crush'd,
 With groans return your shouts—proud sounds, be hush'd.

Lo ! yonder where the starry flag streams free,
 And swift the light bark cleaves the foaming sea,—
 There bursting hearts, in hopeless anguish torn
 From all they love, to distant lands are borne,
 In wild despairing groans they breathe their woe,
 And call on those they ne'er shall view below,
 As thoughts that framed their deepest bliss, but now
 Send added torture to the burning brow ;
 While fated still her wonted chain to wear,
 And all the weight of lonely bondage bear,
 In shrieks, the frantic mother, from the shore,
 Beholds them sever to return no more.

And are there none to whose relentless breast
 The Afric's plea is not in vain address'd ?
 Who shame them not to own his kindred claim,
 And gift the negro with a brother's name ?

Ay, there are some—some hearts that yet can feel,
And dare defend his rights and guard his weal,
Some few, who shrink not from the oppressor's power,
Nor leave him helpless in his gloomy hour.
A fire is lit on Freedom's holiest shrine,
That yet o'er Afric's midnight sky shall shine ;
For this shall woman's prayers to heaven ascend,
Her breath shall fan it, and her care attend ;
Thus swift from heart to heart the flame shall run,
And triumph crown the work, but now begun.

THE GRAVE OF THE UNFORTUNATE.

LIGHT fall the early dews of even, and out upon the air
The cereus flowers fling lavishly the fragrance that they bear ;
One star, of all the eyes of heaven, is yet alone awake,
And sends abroad its prying glance to gaze on bower and lake.

Come bid the silent lute breathe out a low and mournful strain,
A sad and tearful melody, a wailing for the slain ;
And as the notes glide far away, I'll tell thee how one died,
Who sleeps in quiet loneliness, forgotten, by thy side.

The weary slave had left his toil ;—it was an eve like this,
But to his heart its loveliness would bring no throb of bliss ;
He only thought of former days, when she who shared his chains
Had roved in freedom by his side, amid their native plains.

A cry of anguish caught his ear—in shrieks she breathed his
name,
And forward to his cot he sprung with heart and pulse of flame ;
Amid her weeping babes she knelt, and o'er her crouching head
The white man's lash in mockery swung, all newly stain'd with
red.

One blow has fell'd him to the earth—one blow alone was lent,
And from the cot in rage and shame the tyrant master went ;
But for that blow a felon's death the Afric chieftain died,
And here, forgot by all but her, he slumbers by thy side.

THINK OF OUR COUNTRY'S GLORY.

THINK of our country's glory,
All dimm'd with Afric's tears—
Her broad flag stain'd and gory
With the hoarded guilt of years!

Think of the frantic mother,
Lamenting for her child,
Till falling lashes smother
Her cries of anguish wild!

Think of the prayers ascending,
Yet shriek'd, alas! in vain,
When heart from heart is rending
Ne'er to be join'd again.

Shall we behold, unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crush'd?—
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hush'd?

Oh, no! by every blessing
That Heaven to thee may lend—
Remember their oppression,
Forget not, sister, friend.

THE KINGFISHER.

A newspaper paragraph gives an account of the instance of maternal affection in a bird, which has been made the subject of the following lines,

THE kingfisher sat on her hidden nest,
Shielding her young with a downy breast;
She had built her home where the wave went by,
Soothing her ear with its melody;
And the wild white blossoms bent to dip
In the rushing waves, their thirsty lip.

Pleasant it was while the skies were fair,
And perfume flung on the sunny air,
While the wind in a low sweet whisper died,
Ere it could ruffle the flowing tide ;
And the arching skies o'er the waters threw .
The deep clear tint of their own pure blue.

But what that is bright on earth may last ?
Soon were the days of her sunshine past ;
On came the storm-winds muttering loud,
Sweeping before them the thunder-cloud ;
And faster, as flash'd the lightning's flame,
Dashing to earth the sky-torrents came.

Yet with her cold wet wing unstirr'd,
On her shaken nest sat the mother bird ;
Still 'midst danger and death she clung,
With faithful love, to her lifeless young,
Till high around her hath risen the tide,
And with her pinion stretch'd o'er them, she died.

Oh ! if affection like this hath part
In the warm depths of a wood-bird's heart—
That even to die, is a better fate
Than to leave her dear ones desolate ;—
What is the love of a mother's breast,
With the seal of a deathless nature press'd ?

Yet there are men who will rudely tear
The dearest chords that are cherish'd there ;
Wrench from its mother's frantic hold,
Her weeping babes, to be pawn'd for gold ;
And scourge her amidst that living death,
If she dares but give her woe to breath !

Know ye the land where such deeds are done,
In the broad light of the blessed sun ?
Where the spoiler bursts, with savage hand,
The holy links of the household band ;
And the ties of natural love are cast,
With a daring hand, to the idle blast ?

TO THOSE I LOVE.

Oh, turn ye not displeased away, though I should sometimes
seem

Too much to press upon your ear, an oft-repeated theme ;
The story of the negro's wrongs is heavy at my heart,
And can I choose but wish from you a sympathizing part ?

I turn to you to share my joy,—to soothe me in my grief—
In wayward sadness from your smiles, I seek a sweet relief:
And shall I keep this burning wish to see the slave set free,
Lock'd darkly in my secret heart, unshared and silently?

I cannot know that all the chords, which give their magic tone
Like Memnon's harp, in music out, 'neath sunshine smiles alone,
Are torn by savage hands away from woman's bleeding breast,
And with their sweetness on my soul, my feelings keep repress'd!

If I had been a friendless thing—if I had never known,
How swell the fountains of the heart beneath affection's tone,
I might have, careless, seen the leaf torn rudely from its stem,
But clinging as I do to you, can I but feel for them ?

I could not brook to list the sad sweet music of a bird,
Though it were sweeter melody than ever ear hath heard,
If cruel hands had quench'd its light, that in the plaintive song,
It might the breathing memory of other days prolong.

And can I give my lip to taste the life-bought luxuries, wrung
From those on whom a darker night of anguish has been flung—
Or silently and selfishly enjoy my better lot,
While those whom God hath bade me love, are wretched and
forgot ?

Oh no !—so blame me not, sweet friends, though I should some-
times seem

Too much to press upon your ear an oft-repeated theme ;
The story of the negro's wrongs hath won me from my rest,—
And I must strive to wake for him an interest in your breast !

SADNESS.

SHINE not on me, oh, moon! with the weak light
 Of thy still beauty, mocking the turmoil
 Of this tumultuous and jarring world,
 With thy serenity, as if it were
 Thy satellite, and thou didst deem it scorn
 To let her passions move thee. I am sad—
 And how may I have fellowship with thee,
 Thou thing of perfect brightness? If the clouds
 That sometimes pass athwart thy lovely brow
 And shadow it as with a pensive thought,
 Were round about thee now, with thy mild veil,
 I would not turn from gazing;—but away,—
 Thou art too brilliant for a tearful eye!
 And mine is dim in sympathy and shame,
 For the heart-broken, and the guilty ones,
 Of my star-banner'd land.

The blessed breeze!

How most deliciously its coolness comes
 With its soft stealing touch, to charm away
 The slow, dull fever of my heavy brow;
 And as I close beneath it, my wet lids,
 To dry away their tears.—Yet is 't not strange
 How lightly it e'en bears its load of sighs!
 Why, 't is from the soft south—the guilty south!
 Where those who should lift up a free clear brow
 To the pure light of Heaven, go bending down
 The clouded forehead, 'neath the heavy shame
 Of painful fetters, to the very grave.
 How, then, light thing of music, how canst thou
 Come thus, all gladness, from the burial-place
 Of the heart's best affections? Didst thou not
 A moment check the fluttering of thy wings
 To listen to the voice of woman's grief,
 Lamenting for her lost ones? Hence with thee!—
 Thou seem'st to me as thou wert made of sighs,
 And the beseeching breath of woman's prayers,
 Poured out to hearts that knew not how to feel!
 Woe for man's selfishness! I will go in
 And cover up my brow in the dull light,
 As with a mourner's garment.

THINK OF THE SLAVE.

THINK of the slave, in your hours of glee,
Ye who are treading life's flowery way ;
Nought but its rankling thorns has he,
Nought but the gloom of its wintry day.

Think of the slave, in your hours of woe !—
What are your sorrows, to that he bears ?
Quenching the light of his bosom's glow,
With a life-long stain of gushing tears.

Think of the slave, in your hours of prayer,
When worldly thoughts in your hearts are dim,
Offer your thanks for the bliss ye share,
But pray for a brighter lot for him.

THE BEREAVED FATHER.

YE have gone from me, gentle ones !
With all your shouts of mirth ;
A silence is within my walls,
A darkness round my hearth.

The brightness from my life has gone,
The gladness from my heart !
Alas ! alas ! that such as you
From home and love should part !

Woe to the hearts that heard, unmoved,
The mother's anguish'd shriek !
And mock'd, with taunting scorn, the tears
That bathed a father's cheek.

Woe to the hands that tore you hence,
My innocent and good !
Not e'en the tigress of the wild,
Thus tears her fellow's brood.

I list to hear your soft sweet tones,
Upon the morning air ;
I gaze amidst the twilight's gloom,
As if to find you there.

But you no more come bounding forth
To meet me in your glee ;
And when the evening shadows fall,
Ye are not at my knee.

Your forms are aye before my eyes,
Your voices on my ear,
And all things wear a thought of you,
But you no more are here.

You were the glory of my life,
My blessing and my pride !
I half forgot the name of slave,
When you were by my side !

Woe for the lot that waiteth you,
My victim babes ! through life ;
Who now shall teach you to bear up
Amidst its bitter strife !

Woe for your lot, ye doom'd ones ! woe !
A seal is on your fate !
And shame, and toil, and wretchedness,
On all your steps await !

OH TELL ME NOT, I SHALL FORGET.

OH ! tell me not I shall forget,
Amid the scenes of nature's reign,
The cheeks with bitter tear-drops wet,
The hearts whose every throb is pain.

The wood-bird's merry notes may ring,
Exulting 'neath the clear blue sky :
But louder still the breezes bring
The echo of a sister's cry.

The forest brook may sparkle fair,
And win my heart to love its sheen;
But still it shows me, mirror'd there,
The image of a distant scene.

The verdant sod around my feet,
The treasure of its flowers may spread,
And close embowering branches meet,
In fresh'ning coolness, o'er my head.

Yet not for these, oh ! not for these,
Can I forget the Afric's woe, —
The sighs that float on every breeze,
The streaming tears that ceaseless flow.

No! though the loveliness of earth
Hath touch'd my spirit like a spell,
And sooth'd me back to joy and mirth,
When darkness else had round it fell.

Though not the simplest bud, that droops
Beneath its weight of morning dew,
When light the orient zephyr stoops
To trifle with its petals blue;

Though not a breeze that stirs the grove,
Or wing that cleaves the summer air,
But hath a link upon my love,
Or strikes some chord of feeling there;

Yet think not they can lull my heart,
To carelessness of human woe;
Or bid the bitter tears that start
For Afric's wrongs, no longer flow.

WHAT IS A SLAVE, MOTHER?

WHAT is a slave, mother? — I heard you say
That word with a sorrowful voice, one day;
And it came again to my thoughts last night,
As I laid awake in the broad moonlight;

Methinks I have heard a story told,
Of some poor men, who are bought and sold,
And driven abroad with stripes to toil,
The live-long day on a stranger's soil ;

Is this true mother ?

May children as young as I be sold,
And torn away from their mother's hold—
From home — from all they have loved and known,
To dwell in the great wide world alone,
Far, far away in some distant place,
Where they never may see their parents' face ?
Ah ! how I should weep to be torn from you !
Tell me, dear mother, can this be true ?

Alas, yes, my child.

Does the master love the slave child well,
That he takes away in his house to dwell ?
Does he teach him all that he ought to know,
And wipe his tears when they sometimes flow—
And watch beside him in sickness and pain,
Till health comes back to his cheek again—
And kneel each night by his side to pray,
That God will keep him through life's rough way ?

Alas, no, my child.

Ah, then must the tales I have heard be true,
Of the cruel things that the masters do ;
That the poor slaves often must creep to bed,
On their scatter'd straw, but scantily fed ;
Be sometimes loaded with heavy chains ;
And flogg'd till their blood the keen lash stains ;
While none will care for their bitter cry,
Or soothe their hearts when their grief is high.

It is so, my child.

And is it not, mother, a sinful thing,
The bosoms of others with pain to wring—
To bid them go labour and delve the soil,
And seize the reward of their weary toil—
For men to tear men from their homes away,
And sell them for gold, like a lawful prey !
Oh surely the land where such deeds are done,
Must be a most savage and wicked one !

It is this, my child.

THE CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Father ! while the daylight dies,
Hear our grateful voices rise :
For the blessings that we share,
For thy kindness and thy care,
For the joy that fills our breast ;
For the love that makes us blest,
We thank thee, Father.

For an earthly father's arm,
Shielding us from wrong and harm ;
For a mother's watchful cares,
Mingled with her many prayers ;
For the happy kindred band,
'Midst whose peaceful links we stand,
We bless thee, Father.

Yet while 'neath the evening skies,
Thus we bid our thanks arise,
Father ! still we think of those,
Who are bow'd with many woes,
Whom no earthly parent's arm
Can protect from wrong and harm ;
The poor slaves, Father.

Ah ! while we are richly blest,
They are wretched and distressed !
Outcasts in their native land,
Crush'd beneath oppression's hand,
Scarcely knowing even thee,
Mighty Lord of earth and sea !
Oh, save them, Father !

Touch the flinty hearts, that long
Have, remorseless, done them wrong ;
Ope the eyes that long have been
Blind to every guilty scene ;
That the slave—a slave no more—
Grateful thanks to thee may pour,
And bless thee, Father.

THE ENFRANCHISED SLAVES TO THEIR BENEFACTRESS.

Oh, blessings on thee, lady ! we could lie
Down at thy feet, in our deep gratitude,
And give ourselves to die,
So thou could'st be made happier by our blood ;
Yet life has never seem'd so dear as now,
That we may lift a free, unbranded brow.

In the deep silence of the starry night,
Our lips shall call down blessings on thy head ;
And the first gush of light,
That in its splendour o'er the world is spread,
Shall view us bow'd in prayer, that life may be
A calm and sunny day of joy for thee.

Free ! free !—how glorious 'tis to lift an eye,
Unblenching beneath infamy and shame,
To the blue boundless sky,
And feel each moment from our hearts, the tame
Dull pulses of our vileness pass away,
Like sluggish mists before the rising day.

And then our infants ! we shall never see
Their young limbs cheapen'd at the public mart,
Or shrink in agony,
To view them writhe beneath the cruel smart
Of the rude lash ;—they ne'er like us shall know
The slave's dark lot of wretchedness and woe.

For this we bless thee, lady ! and may Heaven
Pour down its frequent blessings on thy brow ;
And to thy life be given,
Oft through its sunset hours, such bliss as now
Is swelling round thy heart—scarce less than theirs
Who pour for thee their deep and grateful prayers.

SUMMER MORNING.

'Tis beautiful, when first the dewy light
Breaks on the earth! while yet the scented air
Is breathing the cool freshness of the night,
And the bright clouds a tint of crimson wear,
Mix'd with their fleecy whiteness; when each fair
And delicate lined flower that lifts its head
Is bathed in dainty odours, and all rare
And beautiful things of nature are outspread,
With the rich flush of light that only morn can shed.

When every leafy chalice holds a draught
Of nightly dew, for the hot sun to drink,
When streams gush sportively, as though they laugh'd
For very joyousness, and seem to shrink,
In playful terror from the rocky brink
Of some slight precipice—then with quick leap,
Bound lightly o'er the barrier, and sink
In their own whirling eddy, and then sweep
With rippling music on, or in their channels sleep.

While lights and shades play on them, with each breath
That moves the calm still waters; when the fly
Skims o'er the surface, and all things beneath
Gleam brightly through the flood, and fish glance by
With a quick flash of beauty—when the sky
Wears a deep azure brightness—and the song
Of matin gladness lifts its voice on high,
And mingled harmony and perfume throng
On every whispering breeze that lightly floats along.—

'Tis sweet to wander forth at such an hour,
And drink the spirit of its loveliness;
While on the brow no shadowing care-clouds lower,
And on strong wing the free thoughts upward press;—
Yet there are those whom nature cannot bless,
With all her varied beauty;—such as they,
Whose cup is drugg'd with pain and sore distress,
By their own brother's hand, and the quench'd ray
Of whose lost hopes spreads gloom across the brightest day.

Lo! where, like cattle driven by the lash,
Forth to their wearying task in groups they go;
The mother, lifting up her hand, to dash
The tear-drops from her cheek, that still will flow,
As on her ear her infant's wail comes low,
Yet painfully distinct; and she must leave,—
For the stern overseer wills it so—
Her tender little one unsoothed, to grieve,
Happy to clasp it safe when she returns at eve.

The feeble crone who on her knees hath borne
Her children's grandchildren, is toiling there;
Young forms, and weak old men, whose limbs are worn
Nigh to the grave—strong men, whose bow'd necks bear
Perchance the weight of heavy irons, that wear
Into their very souls;—small heed has he
Who tasks them, of their ills, and none will spare
From the rude scourge—nor old nor infancy—
Who have the allotted toil perform'd imperfectly.

Oh shame upon man's selfishness! that so
The love of gold should canker in his breast,
Transforming his affection's kindly glow
To bitterness, himself into a pest
Upon the earth, the scourge of the oppress'd,
And tyrant of the helpless.—Strange that they,
Who with man's high capacities are blest,
Should, for earth's valueless and tinsel clay,
Thus cast the priceless jewels of their souls away.

WASHINGTON CITY PRISON.

THOU dark and drear and melancholy pile!
Who seemest, like a guilty penitent,
To brood o'er horrors in thy bosom pent,
Until the sunbeams that around thee smile,
And the glad breath of heaven, have become
A hatred and a mockery to thy gloom—
Stern fabric! I'll commune with thee awhile!

And from thy hollow echoes, and the gale
That moans round thy dark cells, win back the tale
Of thy past history ;—give thy stones a tongue,
And bid them answer me, and let the sighs
That round thy walls so heavily arise,
Be vocal, and declare from whence they sprung ;
And by what passion of intense despair—
What aching throb of life consuming care,
From the torn heart of anguish they were wrung.

Receptacle of guilt ! hath guilt, *alone*,
Stain'd with its falling tears thy foot-worn floor,
When the harsh echo of the closing door
Hath died upon the ear, and flinging prone
His form upon the earth, thy chilling gloom
Seem'd to the wretch the sentence of his doom—
Say, bear'st thou witness to no heart-wrung groan,
Bursting from sinless bosoms, whom the hand
Of tyrant power hath sever'd from the band
Of the earth's holiest and dearest things,
And thrust amidst thy darkness ? Speak ! declare
If only the rude felon's curse and prayer,
Mix'd with wild wail and wilder laughter rings
Within those dreary walls !—or if there be
No spirit fainting there with agony,
That not from their own crimes, but foul oppression springs.

Ha ! am I answer'd ?—in that startling cry,
Bursting from some wild breast, with anguish riven,
And rising up to register in heaven
Its blighting tale of outrage—the reply
Was heard distinctly terrible.—It sprung
From a sad household group, who wildly clung
Together, in their frantic agony,
Till they were torn by savage hands apart,
Fond arms from twining arms, and heart from heart,
Never to meet again ! what had they done,
Thou tool of avarice and tyranny !—
That they should thus be given o'er to thee,

And thy guilt-haunted cells ?—were sire and son,
Mother and babe, all partners in one crime,
As dreadful as the fate that through all time,
Clings to them with a grasp they may not shun ?

No !—let the tale be spoken, though it burn
The cheek with shame to breathe it—let it go
Forth on the winds, that the wide globe may know
Our vileness, and the rudest savage turn
And point, with taunting finger, to the spot
Whereon thou standest ; that all men may blot
Our name with its deserved taint, and spurn
Our vaunting laws of justice with the heel
Of low contumely ; that every peal
Of triumph, may be answer'd with a shout
Of biting mockery ; and our starry flag,
Our glorious banner ! may, dishonour'd, drag
Its proud folds in the dust, or only flout
The gales of heaven, to be a broader mark
For scorn to spit at—oh, thou depôt dark,
Where souls and human limbs are meted out,

In fiendish traffic :—no ! those weeping ones
Have done no evil—but their brother's hand,
Hath rudely burst the sacred household band,
And given, with heart more flinty than thy stones,
His victims to thy keeping, and thy chains,
Till he hath sold them !—they within whose veins
Blood like his own is coursing, and whose moans
Are torn from hearts as deathless as his own !
And there thou stand'st !—where Freedom's altar stone
Is darken'd by thy shadows,—and the cry,
That thrills so fearfully upon the air,
With its wild tale of anguish and despair,
Blends with the pæans that are swelling high,
To do her homage !—I have sometimes felt
As I could hate my country for her guilt,—
Until in bitter tears the mood went by.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

No ! I have not forgotten yet the gentle sunset hour,
That comes with such a soothing touch, to shut the bright-
leaved flower ;

Nor have I yet forgotten those, who shared its light with me,
Amidst a scene I fondly love, though distant far it be.

A gleaming of its parting light is lingering even now,
With dim and faded brilliancy, around my lifted brow ;
While memory flings aside the veil that hangs o'er parted things,
And drives the shadow from the past, before her glancing wings.

I seem to see thee, gentle friend, before me even yet !
So meekly in thy wonted place, beside the casement set,
With calm still brow and placid eye across the landscape bent,
Where all of nature's varied charms are beautifully blent.

The gliding stream, the low white mill, the hill upswelling high,
With its few crowning forest-trees so painted on the sky ;
The vine-hung crag, the shadowy wood, the fields of tufted
maize,
And emerald meadow-slopes, that gleam beneath the sunset
rays.

In sooth, it is a lovely scene ; alas ! that some as fair,
Man's lawless selfishness should make the home of dark despair.
That 'midst glad nature's purity, the bending slave should tread,
And proud oppression o'er the earth a waste of anguish spread !

Hath God's rich mercy form'd the earth so beautifully bright,
For man to wrap his brother's soul in gloominess and night ?
That all its charms must be unseen, its loveliness unfelt,
By eyes and hearts all dimm'd and broke by cruelty and guilt.

No ! never hath he meant that those, within whose forms are
shrined
The rich and deep capacities of an undying mind,
Should 'neath a brother's foot be crush'd, be loaded with his
chains,
And drain, to feed his riot waste, the life-blood from their veins.

THE DEVOTED.

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered, that she had *hidden him*. This confession caused her to be carried before the governor, who told her that nought but confessing *where* she had hidden him, could save her from the torture. "And will that do?" said she. "Yes," replied the governor, "I will pass my word for your safety, on that condition." "Then," replied she, "I have hidden him in my heart, where you may find him."

STERN faces were around them bent, and eyes of vengeful ire,
And fearful were the words they spake of torture, stake, and
fire:

Yet calmly in the midst she stood, with eye undimm'd and
clear,
And though her lip and cheek were white, she wore no sign
of fear.

"Where is thy traitor spouse?" they said;—a half-form'd
smile of scorn,
That curl'd upon her haughty lip, was back for answer borne;—
"Where is thy traitor spouse?" again, in fiercer notes, they
said,
And sternly pointed to the rack, all rusted o'er with red!

Her heart and pulse beat firm and free—but in a crimson flood,
O'er pallid lip and cheek and brow, rush'd up the burning blood;
She spake, but proudly rose her tones, as when in hall or bower,
The haughtiest chief that round her stood had meekly own'd
their power;

"My noble lord is placed within a safe and sure retreat"—
"Now tell us where, thou lady bright, as thou wouldst mercy
meet,
Nor deem thy life can purchase his—he cannot 'scape our wrath,
For many a warrior's watchful eye is placed o'er every path.

"But thou may'st win his broad estates to grace thine infant
heir,
And life and honour to thyself, so thou his haunts declare."

She laid her hand upon her heart ; her eye flash'd proud and clear,

And firmer grew her haughty tread—" My lord is hidden *here* !

" And if ye seek to view his form, ye first must tear away,
From round his secret dwelling place these walls of living clay !"
They quail'd beneath her haughty glance, they silent turn'd
aside,

And left her all unharm'd amidst her loveliness and pride !

DEAF AND DUMB.

HER face was sweetly serious ; yet a smile
Was cradled in the dimple of her cheek,
As if it waited but the frequent call,
To spring to the red lip. I spoke to her,
And listen'd for the music-breathing tones
Of childhood's laughing voice—she answer'd not,
Nor raised the fringes of her deep blue eyes ;—
And then they told me that the gushing fount
Of all her young affections was seal'd up.—
That young bright lip was voiceless ; and the heart
Sprang not in blessedness to the deep tones
Of thrilling tenderness—the soul was shut—
And all the spirit's wild imaginings
Thrown back in darkness—like the flowers that spring
Beneath the bosom of the winter's snow.

THE ANOINTING.

THE moon had risen.—Light was o'er the world
With all the freshness of the early day.
The feathery clouds that floated in the east,
Wore a faint tinge of crimson, and the voice
Of forest music ; and a scented breath,
Of dewy flowers, came onward through the air.
The men of Bethlehem were gather'd round
The altar of their God ; and the deep tones
Of Samuel's voice arose in solemn prayer ;

The smoke curl'd upwards from the sacrifice,
In cloudy volumes first, then thin and slow,
Until the last faint wreath had disappear'd.
The prophet rose, and standing in the midst,
Stretch'd out his hands and bless'd them—and then spake—
“Thou, Jesse, son of Obed, of the tribe
Of lion Judah—hearken to my voice :
“Thus saith the Lord : ‘From Saul’s anointed brow,
And from his hand, and those of all his sons,
The kingly sceptre and the crown shall pass,
As though he was not chosen of the Lord.’
So cause thy sons to pass before mine eyes,
That I may consecrate whom God hath chosen
To gift with Judah’s kingly diadem.”
Then came Eliab forth, the first, and stood
Before the Prophet. His proud head was bow'd,
And his cross'd hands were folded on his breast,
In mute unwonted reverence ; yet even thus,
His haughty brow above the mightiest tower'd,
As he were born to be a conqueror.
There was a speaking beauty in his face,
And the bright glorious eye that flash'd beneath
His clustering curls of sable seem'd to tell
Of a high spirit that could plan bold deeds,
Which that strong arm would joy to execute.
The Prophet gazed, and said within his heart,
“Surely, the Lord’s anointed is before him !”
But in the still small voice Jehovah spake
Unto the Prophet’s ear.—“Regard not thou
The beauty of his countenance, nor yet
His stature, nor the majesty thereof ;
For him have I rejected. The Most High
Sees not as mortal ; but the secret heart
Is open all before him, and its sins,
And its infirmities, he knoweth all.”
Then came Eliab’s brethren, one by one,
And Samuel look'd upon them, but he knew
The chosen from the people was not there.
Then David came, e'en from his fleecy charge,
Himself as innocent, and knelt him down
Before the Prophet. He, that young fair boy,
His mother’s treasured one, who had but left

Her fond maternal side, to lay him down
 On the flower-studded bank, and watch the wave
 Glide on in laughing ripples at his feet,
 While his white lambs were sporting on the grass.
 Why should the Prophet look on him, as though
He might be chosen to be Israel's king?
 He was most beautiful! His timid eye,
 With boyish wonder mix'd with holy awe,
 Through its bright veil of golden curls look'd up
 With a long gaze to Samuel's quiet face;
 And feelings wrought intensely, had spread out
 A warmer flush upon his downy cheek.
 The prophet look'd upon the kneeling boy,
 So young—so fair—those parted lips e'en now
 Scarcely refraining from their wonted smiles—
 The dimple sporting on his rosy cheek,
 The snowy brow half shaded by his hair,
 And those dark eyes, so bright, so beautiful,—
 And a strange thrilling gush came o'er his heart
 Even to starting tears. Could this be he,
 For whom the Lord would break the power of Saul?
 He felt that it was so—and lifting up
 His horn of sacred oil, anointed him,
 To be the servant of the Holy One.

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Garden, in his "Anecdotes of the Revolution," when describing the sufferings of the army, mentions the circumstance of a soldier having earnestly entreated permission to visit his family, which was refused, on the ground that the same favour must be granted to others, who could not be spared without weakening the army, whose strength was already reduced by sickness. He acquiesced in the justice of the denial, but added, that to *him* refusal would be death. He was a brave and valuable soldier, and apparently in health at the time;—but his words were verified.

I CARE not for the hurried march through August's burning
 noon,
 Nor for the long cold ward at night, beneath the dewy moon;

I've calmly felt the winter's storms, o'er my unshelter'd head,
And trod the snow with naked foot, till every track was red!

My soldier's fare is poor and scant—'t is what my comrades
share,

Yon heaven my only canopy—but that I well can bear;
A dull and feverish weight of pain is pressing on my brow,
And I am faint with recent wounds—for that I care not now.

But oh, I long once more to view my childhood's dwelling-place,
To clasp my mother to my heart—to see my father's face!
To list each well-remember'd tone, to gaze on every eye
That met my ear, or thrill'd my heart, in moments long gone by.

In vain with long and frequent draught of every wave I sip,—
A quenchless and consuming thirst is ever on my lip!
The very air that fans my cheek no blessed coolness brings,—
A burning heat or chilling damp is ever on its wings.

Oh! let me seek my home once more—for but a little while—
But once above my couch to see my mother's gentle smile;
It haunts me in my waking hours—'t is ever in my dreams,
With all the pleasant paths of home, rocks, woods, and shaded
streams.

There is a fount,—I know it well—it springs beneath a rock,
Oh, how its coolness and its light, my feverish fancies mock!
I pine to lay me by its side, and bathe my lips and brow,
'T would give new fervour to the heart that beats so languid now.

I may not—I must linger here—perchance it may be just!
But well I know this yearning soon will scorch my heart to dust;
One breathing of my native air had call'd me back to life—
But I must die—must waste away beneath this inward strife

THE APPEAL OF THE CHOCTAW.

WE cannot leave our fathers' land!

We cannot leave our fathers' graves!

The long-loved hills that round us stand—

Our valleys, with their pleasant waves.

Oh, bid us not to trace afar,
The pathway of the evening star ;
We cannot find, where'er we roam,
A spot which bears, like this, the name of home !

What though the western forest rise,
More tall, more darkly close, than these ;
And calm the stately wild deer lies,
In slumber 'neath the stately trees ;—
Though hill and vale are passing fair,
And all seems bright and lovely there,
We cannot love the beauteous spot,
To us the great Manitto gave it not !

What care we for those prairies wide ?
Our fathers never hunted there ;—
Those cavern echoes ne'er, in pride,
Flung back their wild halloo of war.
Those wooded glens, and shaded streams,
Came never to our childhood's dreams ;
Nor have we, in our young hearts' glee,
Loved, like familiar friends, each rock and tree.

But here, amid the tempest's rush,
Our spirit fathers' voices thrill !
They come at midnight's moonlit hush,
Or when the eve-star lights the hill.
The thoughts of other times are spread
O'er every gray crag's misty head ;—
And how then can we lightly leave
The scenes to which our hearts so fondly cleave ?

Then have we not in worship bow'd,
Before your God, the humbled head ?
And tamed our spirits, fierce and proud,
To till our hunting grounds for bread ?
And now, that in our bosom's cell,
A white man's calmer soul would dwell,
You seek to grasp our planted soil,
And drive us hence, in distant lands to toil !

Oh, white men ! ye have fair smooth brows,
 And lips whose words we well might trust,
 But treachery mingles in your vows,
 Your chain of friendship is but dust !
 Ye come with falsehood in your hearts,
 Ye frame your laws with wily arts,
 And bid us 'neath their shades to dwell,
 That we may wither by their blighting spell !

N O A H.

THE ark was resting on the mountain's side,
 And those who dwelt beneath its sheltering veil,
 Look'd forth upon the earth—that sight denied
 Their anxious gaze so long !—their cheeks grew pale
 As Noah moved the covering from their frail,
 Yet safe abode of refuge ; for they thought
 Of those dark hours, when, ever on the gale,
 The voice of ruin and despair was brought,
 Telling how wide a scathe destruction's hand had wrought.

And now they look'd abroad upon the scene
 With a sick, painful interest, and a dread
 Of seeing—what till now had only been
 A picture of their thoughts—before them spread
 In all its dark reality. The dead,
 The guilty dead, seem'd rising to their sight,
 As when in sinful happiness, their tread
 Pass'd gayly o'er the earth, ere that long night
 Of utter darkness pass'd above them with its blight.

Then how could those lone dwellers of the earth—
 The only rescued—how could they but weep ?
 What though the lost ones, in their guilty mirth,
 Had mock'd their pious prayers, and wrought them deep
 And sore affliction ? In one whelming sweep,
 The wrath of God had crush'd them ! and could now
 The righteous triumph o'er their dreamless sleep ?
 But Noah—only he—upraised his brow,
 As if his spirit could be moved by nought below.

And yet the green earth bore but little trace
 Of its late ravage ;—scatter'd here and there,
 The wreck of some proud palace, or a place
 Of their vain worship—with their pillars fair,
 Grown o'er with sea-weed, and their treasures rare,
 Gone to the ocean caverns ;—but the light
 Of the rich sunset melted through an air,
 All fill'd with odours from a world as bright
 As though it only waked in freshness from the night.

So thus they trod the silent world once more,—
 Its only habitants !—all gather'd there,
 And praising Him who bade the waters pour
 Their whelming floods around them, and yet spare
 The cherish'd few whom he had made his care,
 And shielded with his love. And thus they grew,
 Peaceful and calm, and hymns rose on the air
 In grateful joyfulness ; for then they knew
 That all that scathe had pass'd forever from their view.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

THE last fading sunbeam has sunk in the ocean,
 And darkness has shrouded the forest and hill ;
 The scenes that late rang with the battle's commotion,
 Now sleep 'neath the moonbeams serenely and still ;
 Yet light misty vapours above them still hover,
 And dimly the pale beaming crescent discover,
 Though all the stern clangour of conflict is over,
 And hush'd the wild trump-note that echoed so shrill.

Around me the steed and the rider are lying,
 To wake at the bugle's loud summons no more—
 And here is the banner that o'er them was flying,
 Torn, trampled, and sullied, with earth and with gore.
 With morn—where the conflict the wildest was roaring,
 Where sabres were clashing, and death-shot were pouring,
 That banner was proudest and loftiest soaring—
 Now, standard and bearer alike are no more !

All hush'd ! not a breathing of life from the numbers
That scatter'd around me so heavily sleep,—
Hath the cup of red wine lent its fumes to their slumbers,
And stain'd their bright garments with crimson so deep ?
Ah no ! these are not like gay revellers sleeping,
The night-winds, unfelt, o'er their bosoms are creeping,
Ignobly their plumes o'er the damp ground are creeping,
And dews, all uncared for, their bright falchions steep.
Bright are they ? at morning they were—ay, at morning,
Yon forms were proud warriors, with hearts beating high,
The smiles of stern valour their lips were adorning,
And triumph flash'd out from the glance of their eye !
But now—sadly alter'd, the evening hath found them,
They care not for conquest, disgrace cannot wound them,
Distinct but in name, from the earth spread around them,
Beside their red broad-swords, unconscious, they lie.
How still is the scene ! save when dismally whooping,
The night-bird afar hails the gathering gloom ;
Or a heavy sound tells that their comrades are scooping
A couch, where the sleepers may rest in the tomb.
Alas ! ere yon planet again shall be lighted,
What hearts shall be broken, what hopes will be blighted,
How many, 'midst sorrow's dark storm-clouds benighted,
Shall envy, e'en while they lament, for their doom.
Oh war ! when thou 'rt clothed in the garments of glory,
When Freedom has lighted thy torch at her shrine
And proudly thy deeds are emblazon'd in story,
We think not, we feel not, what horrors are thine.
But oh ! when the victors and vanquish'd have parted,
When lonely we stand on the war-ground deserted,
And think on the dead, and on those broken-hearted,
Thy blood-sprinkled laurel-wreath ceases to shine.

MOONLIGHT.

THE moon hath risen o'er the silent height
Of the blue vaulted heaven—and each star
Is faintly glimmering in its silver light,
That dimly shows the mountain-tops afar,

And lights the fleecy clouds that, floating there,
By turns obscure its brightness—while around,
The spell of silence hangs o'er earth and air;
And not a rude intruding voice, or sound,
Falls on the ear, or mars the solitude profound.

Prompter of wild imagination's flight!
How soft the witchery that enrobes thy beam,
That sheds its magic o'er the gloom of night,
And wraps the soul within its brightest dream,
Till heaven and earth are mingled—and we seem,
With airy beings of the land of thought,
To hold high converse—till we almost deem
They are indeed with life and being fraught,
And not in fancy's wild unreal visions wrought.

Now rise the treasured thoughts of other days,
And all the scenes that by-past years have known;
And memory sheds her reminiscent rays
Around the hopes and pleasures that have flown,
And gives again to being every tone,
That once like music on our pulses thrill'd;
When childhood's gaiety was all our own,
And even tears, like dew in flowers distill'd,
Gave brightness to the dreams that hope delights to build.

Star-spangled vault of glory! who could gaze
With coldness or with carelessness at thee?
Or view the earth illumined by thy rays,
Nor feel the spirit for a moment free
From all terrestrial feelings?—Can it be
That in yon spheres translated spirits dwell?
It may be fancy's whisper—but to me
It sounds scarce strangely—though we may not tell
Of what awaits beyond our shortly pealing knell.

PHARAOH.

THUS saith Jehovah! let this people go!
The king was on his throne array'd all gorgeously,
In regal purple rich with fretted gold,

And starr'd with sparkling gems, while snowy lawn
Was mingling with its folds luxuriously.
The crown of Egypt was upon his brow,
And her proud sceptre was beside his hand.
The nobles of his land were gather'd round,
Thronging the proud pavilion where he sate;
And the wise men, the Magi of the East,
The Priests, the Soothsayers, Astrologers,
And the most cunning sorcerers, were there.

And also, there, apart from all the rest,
Yet even at the foot of Pharaoh's throne,
Two men array'd in humble garments stood.
One spoke not, but with meekly folded arms,
Awaited silently the king's decree.
His form was finely moulded, and his face
Had much expressive beauty, though his eye
Spoke with a sadden'd feeling—and his brow,
Amid the clustering curls that shaded it,
Told that the freshness of his youth had pass'd.
The other form was taller, and his limbs
Were nerved to manlier strength—his bold dark eye
Sent its proud glances round him fearlessly;
While with his mantle gather'd o'er his breast,
And his right arm extended as he spake,
He pour'd his eloquence to Pharaoh's ear.

“Thus saith the Lord Jehovah, God Omnipotent!
Let thou this people go—their wives, their children,
Their herds of cattle, and their snowy flocks,—
And whatsoever belongeth unto them,
Shall with themselves, unransom'd, all be free.
Say not within thy heart, as thou hast said,
That his unchanging will shall pass away,
And yet be unaccomplish'd; nor yet hope
With words deceitful to evade his purpose.
Why should'st thou war with Heaven? can thy weak arm
Cope with His wrathful strength, who wields the thunder,
And looketh on the wide extended earth,
Even as a little thing?—Thy heart is raised,
Yea, lifted up in pride and vanity,

For thine exalted power and high estate—
But know'st thou not that He who raiseth up,
Can bring thee low e'en to the very dust,
And change thy glory into emptiness?
Then waken not the terrors of His wrath,
Nor scorn his mandate—let this people go!”

But Pharaoh harden'd still his heart, till God,
With a high hand, brought out his chosen people,
And whelm'd the might of Egypt in the wave.

Oh ye! who still in cruel bondage, worse
Than e'en the Egyptian, hold the ill-starr'd slave,
Do ye not dread that God's long slumbering wrath
At length will pour its terrors upon you?
Are slavery and oppression aught more just
Than in the days of Moses?—and if not,
With how much deeper hue does the dark stain
Attach itself to you, who proudly bear
The name of Christians—and declare yourselves
The servants of the perfect law of Him,
Who died upon the cross! is slavery just?
Ye dare not say it is—ye dare not say
The Negro is not God's own heritage,
The work of His own hand—one flesh, one blood,
With you who crush him to the very earth!
What, is it just that a white skin should give
To man the power to tyrannize o'er man?
That hundreds of the human race should toil,
To feed the wealth and luxury of one—
A scanty sustenance their only meed?
Yet in this age of intellectual light,
And high profession of religious faith,
Even now there are (may Heaven forgive them) those,
So wholly lost to what they owe themselves,
Their country, and their God, that they would lift
Their voice in favour of the wrong, and e'en pollute
The very Senate-House with arguments
For the vile cause of slavery—Oh shame—
Shame on them tenfold!—did not their hot breath
Spread a foul gangrene o'er the very walls,

Like the dark plague-spot on the Jewish tents,
In days of old? what, freemen! will ye bear
To be insulted thus, upon the spot
That of all others, like a polish'd mirror,
Should be o'erclouded by the slightest breath
That spoke of stern oppression? rouse ye, rouse,
And tear the veil of blindness from your eyes!
Deceive yourselves no longer with false dreams
Of wealth and interest—look upon the North—
Is she not rich and prosperous as yourselves?
And yet no slave is there—no hapless wretch,
To blight the soil with curses and hot tears.

But do you say that you lament the evil,
But that ye made it not, nor is your power
Efficient for the cleansing of the stain,
Though you should gladly lend your aid therein,
If but the path were open?—then awake!
No longer sit with idly folded hands,
And conscience lull'd securely into rest,
Until destruction with a voice of thunder,
Break on your guilty torpor—Oh, beware!
And harden not your hearts like ancient Pharaoh,
Lest a worse fate than even his befall you.

And you, friends of the cause of liberty,
Shrink not, though you be straiten'd in your course,
Even as was Israel at the Red Sea wave.
Nerve every faculty—call every means,
And every energy of heart and mind
Forth into action—summon up your strength,
Ply argument, persuasion, eloquence,—
Bear patiently with deeply rooted feelings,
Of prejudice, self-interest, and all else,
That may have twined round your opponents' hearts;
Yet combat still, remove and overpower them,
Until no longer o'er the smiling land,
Is heard the voice of tyranny, and all
Who breathe the same pure air alike are free:

So may God bless you ! and the franchised slave,
Remember only in his grateful prayers,
That he has ever drain'd oppression's cup,
And that he owes his liberty to you.

THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.

DEPTHS of the fathomless sea,
What do you hold in your caves ?
Motionless hearts that bounded free,
And many a costly argosie,
That gallantly rode on your waves ?

Yes ! motionless hearts are there,
And many a glassy eye—
And many a gem of price ye bear,
Ingots of gold and spices rare,
That in the salt wave lie.

Oh, if the dead could speak,
What a tale might ye unfold !
Of the roaring surge and the blanching cheek,
Of the crashing mast, and the one wild shriek,
As the waters over them roll'd !

The weary sailor sleeps
In your beautiful coral bowers ;
The polar star its night ward keeps,
But he heeds it not—and his loved one weeps,
As she counts the wearisome hours.

The cheek of beauty is there,
But its blush has faded away—
The sea-weed wraps what was once so fair,
And the water-snake twines with her flowing hair,
As though it but mock'd her decay.

The speaking eye is dim,
That flash'd with its glance of light—
The youth drank of life's cup, while joy bathed its brim,
But the long draught of bitterness was not for him,
And the pride-curl'd lip is white !

The young and the old are there,
The coward heart and the brave—
Those to whom life in her morning shone fair,
And those who were wasted with cankering care,
The freeman, the tyrant, the slave.

The infant is there, with the light
Of his innocent smile round his brow ;
He laugh'd when the foam on that pitiless night,
Curl'd o'er the rude wave with its sparkles of light—
But his blue eye is slumbering now.

And there is the beautiful bride,
Still entwined in her lover's last grasp ;
The warrior rests with his foe by his side,
And the mother yet seems, in her matronly pride
To enfold that fair boy in her clasp.

Ye depths of the billowy sea !
How many a tale of fear,
Of the plunging corse, and the mutiny,
And the blood-red banner of piracy,
Could ye tell to the shuddering ear !

And of how, at the dead of night,
The captive burst his chain,
And with one glance at the moon's fair light
Forever he sunk from the tyrant's sight—
And the wave roll'd on again.

Oh, ye are a changeless mystery—
The heavens are wreathed in flame,
And the bark is toss'd on the raging sea,
Or the sunbeam smiles with its breezes free—
But ye are forever the same.

THE RECAPTURED SLAVE.

WOE to thee, tyrant ! woe !
Does that white brow of thine which shows so fair
And the rich tint thy cheek is wont to wear,

Make thee the ruler of my destiny?
Or does thy blood more freely flow,
Than that which pours so madly now,
Along my burning veins—that thou should'st be
The favourite of fortune—proud and free—
And I should be thy slave—thy vassal?—no!

'Tis true, I was thy slave—the power was thine—
And thou hadst made me such—through lingering years,
One weary task of ceaseless toil was mine,
Of servitude and tears—
But didst thou think no kindly glow,
Could warm my heart to joy or woe?
Mistaken fool! I heard thee name a name,
That rush'd like fire along my burning breast,
And from that instant there awoke a flame,
That ne'er has been, and ne'er shall be suppress'd—
I heard the glorious name of liberty!
And from that hour I panted to be free!

I had breathed on—not lived—in recklessness,
And idle dull submission to my fate;
But then the very sunbeams seem'd to press
Upon my senses, with a bitter weight—
As though they spake upbraidingly,
That all around me should be free,
And I should be so vile—that I should bow,
And tremble at the gathering of thy brow!

I once had loved the gushing mirth
Of the young spring—when bee, flower, bird,
And every thing upon the earth,
Seem'd fraught with joy—but now, one word,
One only word, came o'er my brain,
Again, again, again,
As if 'twere scorch'd in characters of flame
And that one word was Freedom! all things seem'd
To shape their voices only to that name—
The wild bird's joyous song—the fish that gleam'd
Through the bright flood—the murmur of the wave—
Nay, even the breath of heaven—methought seem'd whispering,
Slave!

I fled, and ere another set of sun,
My galling chains were broken—I was free!
A new, a bright existence was begun—
And my soul knew and felt its potency.
The voice of eve seem'd sweeter to my ears,
And all things brighter to my eye—till tears
From my full heart gush'd up tumultuously—
Wife, children, friends, were all forgotten—all—
I only felt that I was free from thrall.

'Tis over now—and I once more am thine—
But thinkest thou that, having known the bliss—
That though one moment only has been mine,
I will live on in servitude like this,
And wear the chains of bondage? tyrant, no!
My blood be on thy head! woe rest upon thee, woe!
Art thou my master! then come ask the wave,
To give thee back thy slave!

JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

THE hostile armies still were hush'd in sleep,
And over Gilead's plain hung silence deep;
The fading watch-fires dimly gleam'd from far,
Like the faint radiance of some sinking star,
And rising high in heaven, the moon's pale beam,
Its trembling lustre cast o'er bank and stream:
The men of Israel slept—but in his tent,
Their chief in prayer the lingering moments spent.
He felt how less than vain was human power,
To lend him succour in the coming hour,
And kneeling, threw aside his helm and sword,
And pour'd his soul in supplication to the Lord.
"Oh thou! who ridest on the whirlwind's wings,
Jehovah! Judge of earth, and King of kings!
Be pleased from thine abiding place on high,
To cast on Israel's low estate thine eye;
Behold, oh Lord! how fallen is the pride
Of her who once the nations round defied,
When thy bright pillar was her shield and guide.

Lord! she hath sinn'd—forgetful of thy name,
Hath raised to other gods the altar's flame;
Unmindful of thy mercies she has knelt,
And join'd in prayer with those that round her dwelt;
But God, forgive her—for she bends the knee,
And turns in tearful penitence to thee;
Her cherish'd idols from their shrines she spurns,
And once again thy holy altar burns.
Forgive her, Lord! again thy grace restore,
And in her wounds thy healing balsam pour!
How long, oh Lord! shall Israel bow the head,
And mourn her power estranged, her glory fled?
How long shall Zion's daughters weep in vain,
The best, the noblest, of thy servants slain?
Behold'st thou not, from thine abode of day,
How hath the spoiler mark'd her for a prey?
Arise, arise! in thy returning wrath,
And sweep proud Ammon from her guilty path!
Arise, arise! thy lamp of light restore,
And on thy foes thy cup of vengeance pour!
If thou who hear'st from heaven thy servant's prayer,
Against thy foes thy vengeful arm wilt bare,
If thou wilt nerve my arm, and edge my sword,
That death and slaughter through their ranks be pour'd,
When homeward with exulting shouts I turn,
Unnumber'd fires shall on thine altars burn;
And what of all my household first shall be,
To greet thy servant, shall be slain for thee!"
Thus Jephthah pray'd—Jehovah heard his prayer,
And gave his arm to triumph in the war;
The power of Ammon was subdued and slain,
And Israel rescued from her captive chain.
The chieftain turn'd him home in conquering pride,
His helpless captives trembling by his side,
His car triumphal with proud laurels hung,
And songs of victory around him sung.
Yet though his bosom swell'd with conscious pride,
His sinking heart in secret sadness died;
The flush of triumph faded from his brow,
With memory of his unaccomplish'd vow;

Nor were his bodings false—as near he drew,
To where his native city met his view,
A band of maidens gaily deck'd with flowers,
The brightest blooming in their roseate bowers,
With timbrel, dance, and song, to meet him came,
In numbers wild, proclaiming Jephthah's fame :
And while his bold achievements still they sung,
Their brightest roses in his path they flung.
The leader of that band of joyous girls
Was fairest of the group—her clustering curls
With roses wreath'd—the cheek of blush and snow,
The ruby lip, the eye's expressive glow,
All met in her—and beam'd more brightly fair,
For the proud feeling that had call'd her there.
She forward sprung, to meet the chief's advance,
And first on her was pour'd his anxious glance.
That martial cavalcade, that pompous show,
What were they to his anxious spirit now ?
E'en 'midst the loud acclaims that rent the air,
He tore the wreath of laurel from his hair,
And, dashing from his side his conquering blade,
He sprang to earth, to meet and clasp the maid.
“ My child, my daughter ! ” wild exclaim'd the chief,
“ How hast thou changed my triumph into grief !
How hast thou now become as one of those,
Who are my worst tormentors and my foes !
For I have vow'd, in prayer unto the Lord,
If he would nerve my arm and edge my sword,
That of my household, what first met my eyes,
Should be to him a holy sacrifice.”

The maiden heard, and one convulsive start
Drove back the gushing life-blood from her heart,
While with blanch'd cheek and vacant eyes she stood,
As though the hand of death had chill'd her blood ;
'T was but a moment—then her changing eye,
With deep fire glowing, spoke her purpose high.
“ Since thou hast vow'd, my father, to the Lord,
Do thou with me according to thy word ;
I cannot murmur that my life should be
An offering, thus, for Israel and for thee ! ”

The maiden died—and long, in after years,
Did Zion's daughters mourn her fate with tears.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

FRIEND of the Afric ! friend of the oppress'd !
Thou who wert cradled in a far-off clime,
Where bigotry and tyranny unblest'd,
With gory hand defaced the page of time ;
Wert thou forth driven by their stern control,
An infant fugitive across the deep,
To teach, in after years, thy pitying soul
O'er all the Afric's causeless wrongs to weep,
Where slavery's bitter tears the flag of freedom steep ?

And thou didst nobly plead for them ; thy heart,
Thrilling to all the holy sympathies,
Of natural brotherhood, wept, to see the mart
Of commerce, with its human merchandize,
So crowded and polluted, and thy voice,
With the clear trumpet tones of God's own word,
Rang through the guilty crowd, until no choice
Was left them but to tremble as they heard,
Or bind with treble seal the feelings thou hadst stirr'd.

The ears of princes heard thee ; and the wise,
Touch'd by the mastery of thy earnestness,
Bade their train'd spirits for a while to rise
From their profound research, and learn to bless
Thy generous efforts, and with kindred zeal,
Led on by thee in duty's path to move ;
And kindled by thy sacred ardour, feel,
Like thee, that overflowing gush of love,
That lifts man's selfish heart all narrow thoughts above.

The fetters of the slave are still unbroken ;
But there will come, perchance, ere long, a day,
When by their lips who wrong'd him, shall be spoken
The fiat of his freedom ;—and the ray

Of intellectual light shall radiance pour
 On minds o'er which the gloom of darkness hung
 In treble folds impervious before,
 By tyrants' hands around them rudely flung,
 To bind the chains that to both limb and spirit clung.

Then shall their children learn to speak thy name,
 With the full heart of gratitude, and know
 What thou hast done for them; and while they frame
 That history for their infants' ears, may grow
 Perchance, in their own hearts, the likeness strong
 Of thy bright virtues; so thou still shalt be,
 Even in thy sepulchre, their friend;—and long
 Shall those who love mankind, remember thee,
 Thou noble friend of those who pined in slavery.

THE SOLD.

I'LL to the dance! what boots it thus,
 To brood o'er ills I cannot quell?
 Amid the revel shout of mirth,
 My bitter laugh shall mingle well.

I've toil'd beside my mates to-day,
 To-night we'll join in seeming glee;
 But when we part, with morning's light,
 For aye, that parting glance will be.

I will not go!—this fire within,
 Would choke me with its smother'd flames!
 How could I tell the dear ones there,
 Of that detested tyrant's claims?

I could endure the fetter's weight,
 That I have borne with them so long,—
 But not to wear a stranger's chain,
 And crouch beneath a stranger's thong.

Yet this must be my morrow's fate!
 To part with all that gave my doom,
 Dark as it was and desolate,
 A ray of light amidst its gloom.

To bear the scourge, to wear the chain,
To toil with wearied heart and limb,
Till death should end my lengthen'd pain,
Or worn old age my senses dim :—

This have I borne, and look'd to bear,
All bitter as such lot must be ;
But drearier still my life must wear,
Beneath a stranger's tyranny.

Alas ! 't would be a happier lot,
If, ere to-morrow's doom shall come,
My woes and wrongs were all forgot,
Amid the darkness of the tomb.

GLOOM.

Do you feel sorrowful ? I sometimes do,
When busy thought tells me the sufferings
Of some in our south land. Their brows are not
So fair as thine, by much, but yet they are
Our sisters, for the mighty God hath given
To them the boon of an immortal soul.
Yet they are made through life's long years to toil,
Scourge-driven like the brute ; and with the fine
And delicate pulses of a human heart,
Stirring to anguish in their bosoms, sold !
Ay, like the meanest household chattel, sold !
Vended from hand to hand, while with each wrench
Their torn hearts bleed at every throbbing pore.
Alas ! how can I but feel sorrowful,
To think upon their woes ?

EVENING THOUGHTS.

How beautiful
The calm earth resteth in her quiet sleep !
There are no sounds of human life abroad,
And the soft voice of that one bird, whose plaint
Melteth upon the ear so soothingly,
Seems but the low breeze moulded into sound.

The shadows of the trees distinctly lie
Upon the earth unstirring, and no breath
Comes whispering among the tender leaves,
To wake them into playfulness.

The sky

Bendeth in loveliness above the earth,
With a few clouds drawn o'er it, beautiful
In the soft light, and exquisitely pure,
As if they knew no other home than heaven.
Oh, thus it is, God of the universe!
That thou wouldst sanctify with thy rich grace,
Our erring human hearts, that we might be,
When from the earth our day of life hath pass'd,
Dwellers in that bright world where all are pure—
A world where sorrow cometh not, nor sin,
Nor the down-stooping 'neath the oppressor's hand.
Alas! that earthly things should be so fair,
And day by day harmoniously move on
In their allotted course, at thy command,
Dutiful and unwavering from their track,
And man, man only, who alone may know
How beautiful thy ordinances are,
Mock at thy holy will, and mar his soul
With the dark stains of sin. Alas! that man,
With thy pure law unveil'd before his eyes,
Should bind the fetter on his brother's form,
And smite him with the scourge, and bid him pour
His strength out on the earth, for no reward;
And worse than this, wrench from his bleeding heart
The dearest objects of his earthly love;
And all that the oppressor's hoards may flow
With Mammon's worthless treasures; meagre dust,
Beside the priceless treasure of a soul!
Shall it be ever thus? Most Merciful!
Will man's hard heart be never touch'd with all
The o'erflowings of thy love, and yield itself
To gentle sympathies, till he shall learn
The noble joy of pouring happiness
Upon the heart of sorrow, and how sweet
The pleasure is of shedding bliss abroad.

STORM.

THE tempest mounts the sky ! with hurrying sweep,
Driving across the heavens, cloud on cloud,
Which ever and anon the lightnings steep
In a red glare of flame, as they were proud
To make more visible the gloomy shroud,
That wraps the thunders :—Now its might is nigh !
And faster peal and flame alternate crowd,
And the loosed winds sweep onward fearfully,
Outpouring on the earth the fountains of the sky.

'T is terrible—yet most sublimely grand !
Magnificently awful ! how the heart
Shrinks from all earthly splendour, as we stand,
And view the pomp of the proud storm—I start,
As the fork'd flames their glance of brightness dart,
Yet scarce in terror, for the tempest's might,
Yields of its own sublimity a part,
To the wrapt thoughts, and urges up their flight,
With free and eagle wing, above their wonted height.

Yet soon to stoop again—the green earth lies
Spread out before me, and the heart will yield
To the sweet sympathy of human ties,
And downward bend from the excursive field
Of reverie, where it had been upheld
With a strong writhe of thought, to blend again
With human sorrows—woes that might be heal'd,
If man would be no more the scourge of man,
And loose his brother's limbs from slavery's crushing chain.

Yet even now, amid the heavy clouds
That long have wrapt the Afric's sky in gloom,
Ten-fold more deep than that which darkly shrouds
The face of nature, there at length hath come
The breaking in of light, which shall illume
With a strong glow, ere long, its whole expanse,
And, shining on destroy'd oppression's tomb,
O'er all the earth its holy light advance,
Brilliant and clear and wide as the first sunbeam's glance.

A TRUE BALLAD.

A GLORIOUS land is this of ours,
A land of liberty!
Through all the wide earth's bounds you 'll find
None else so truly free!

Go north or south, or east or west,
Wherever you may roam,
There's not a land like this of ours,
The stranger's refuge home!

And yet methinks it were but well,
The tale might not be told,
That where our banner proudest floats,
Are human sinews sold.

And when we boast that o'er our soil
No tyrants footstep treads,
'T were well if we could hide the blood,
The red scourge daily sheds.

Yet still is ours a glorious land!
Our shouts rise wild and high—
I would such tales as I have heard,
Might give them not the lie.

It was a mournful mother, sat
Within the prison walls;
And bitterly adown her cheek
The scalding tear-drop falls.

She sat within the prison walls,
Amidst her infants three;
The bars were strong, the bolts well drawn,
She might not hope to flee.

And still the tears fell down her cheek,
And when a footstep came,
A shudder of convulsive fear
Went o'er her quivering frame.

It was not for the dungeon's chill,
Nor for the gloom it wore,
Nor that the pangs of conscious guilt
Her frightened bosom tore.—

For though in prison cell she lay,
In freedom's happy clime,
Her hand was innocent of wrong,
They charged her not with crime ;

T was that she wore a dusky brow,
She lay within that hold,
Until her human limbs and heart
Were chaffer'd off for gold.

Sold with her babes—all, one by one,
Forever torn apart—
And not one faint hope left to cling
Around her broken heart.

Yet still is ours a glorious land !
Raise pæans loud and high,
To that which fills all patriot breasts,
Our country's liberty.

Her husband was a freeman good,
He lived in Maryland ;
Where now in bootless grief he wept
His broken marriage band.

He loved her when they both were young
And though she was a slave,
He wedded her, and with his hand,
Changeless affection gave.

And when their prattling infants smiled,
Upon his cottage floor,
For them and her, with cheerful heart,
His daily toil he bore.

But woe for him, and woe for her !
Her children all were slaves ;
Less grief their parents' hearts had borne,
To weep above their graves.

For still as one by one they grew
To childhood's franksome years,
They one by one were torn away
To bondage and to tears.—

Torn far away to distant scenes,
Like green leaves from their stem ;
And never to their home, bereaved,
Came tidings more of them.

Now all were wrench'd apart—there was
No deeper grief to bear ;
And they might calmly sit them down
In agonized despair.

For though our land is proudly free,
All other lands above,
There's none may dare to knit again,
Those sacred cords of love.

THY THUNDER PEALETH O'ER US.

THY thunder pealeth o'er us,
God of the earth and sky !
And o'er the gloomy heavens
The clouds roll dark and high.

But 'tis not by thine anger,
Those flashing bolts are hurl'd,
To desolate and humble
A proud and guilty world.

Though awful in its grandeur
The storm o'ermounts the sky,
It bears from thee a blessing,
Beneath its scowling eye.

Behind its steps more radiantly
The deep blue heavens will shine,
And the glad earth, rejoicing,
Pour forth her corn and wine.

But oh, there lieth brooding,
A cloud more dark and dread,
Above our guilty nation,
In fearful portent spread !

Though broad our frightful borders
All smilingly expand,
The curse of blood is on us,
And on our pleasant land.

For we have sinn'd before thee,
And caused dark floods to roll,
Of tyranny and anguish,
Across our brother's soul.

But let not yet thine anger
Consume our blood-stain'd sod ;
Extend a little longer
Thy mercy, oh our God !

And touch our flinty bosoms
With thy dissolving grace,
That we may hate our vileness,
And weep before thy face.

ALINE.

How very beautiful
The creatures of this earth can sometimes be !
Aline was one of such ; the summer rose
Hath not a petal fairer than her cheek,
Nor hath the light of the out-breaking sun
More radiant gladness than her beaming smile.
Her heart was full of gushing happiness.

The common air—the unfolding of a flower—
The voice of streams—the music of a bird
Was joy to her ; and her glad spirit breathed
Its light o'er all around : Yet her soft eye
Was readier than a child's to fill with tears
For human sorrow ; and her heart pour'd out
Its large affections over all that lived.
There was no selfishness in its young pulse ;
Its thoughts were full of God, and all He made
To breathe upon the earth shared in her love,
And the upswelling of her sympathies.

Again,

In after years I look'd upon Aline.
Her face was lovely yet, but wore not all
The bloom of its young freshness ; and the light,
That made its glance a gladness, was not there.
A childish group was round, filling the room
With their sweet laughter ; and a bright-eyed girl,
Who look'd Aline restored to youth again,
Held to his mother's cheek the baby lips
Of a young brother, crowing in his joy,
As she laugh'd back to him.

Aline went forth

Amidst her servants ; and her voice arose
Shrilly and harsh, and they shrunk back in dread
From her stern eye. The keen and cruel scourge
Was busy at her bidding ; and the limbs
Of woman bled before her, and the shriek
Of childhood rose unheeded.

Then came one,

Whose traffic was in human forms ; whose wealth
Was gather'd from the blood of breaking hearts,
And the stern rending of the holiest ties
That bless man's nature. For a price of gold,
Her husband sold to him the only son
Of a fond mother's love, and from the arms
Of conjugal affection, a sad wife,
With all her weeping babes—and she stood by—
That once compassionate girl—without a tear ;
Seeing their misery, yet speaking not
One word to save them. She who once,

But at the thought of such iniquity,
 And so much wretchedness, had shuddering wept,
 Beheld it now without a passing pang ;
 And careless went to her own babes again—
 So much had the best feelings of her heart
 Been sear'd by dwelling 'midst a land of slaves.

THE SUGAR-PLUMS.

No, no, pretty sugar-plums ! stay where you are !
 Though my grandmother sent you to me from so far ;
 You look very nice, you would taste very sweet,
 And I love you right well, yet not one will I eat.

For the poor slaves have labour'd, far down in the south,
 To make you so sweet and so nice for my mouth ;
 But I want no slaves toiling for me in the sun,
 Driven on with the whip, till the long day is done.

Perhaps some poor slave child, that hoed up the ground,
 Round the cane in whose rich juice your sweetness was found,
 Was flogg'd, till his mother cried sadly to see,
 And I'm sure I want nobody beaten for me.

So grandma, I thank you for being so kind,
 But your present, to-day, is not much to my mind ;
 Though I love you so dearly, I choose not to eat
 Even what you have sent me by slavery made sweet.

Thus said little Fanny, and skipp'd off to play,
 Leaving all her nice sugar-plums just where they lay,
 As merry as if they had gone in her mouth,
 And she had not cared for the slaves of the south.

OH PRESS ME NOT TO TASTE AGAIN.

Oh press me not to taste again
 Of those luxurious banquet sweets !
 Or hide from view the dark red stain,
 That still my shuddering vision meets.

Away ! 'tis loathsome ! bear me hence !
I cannot feed on human sighs,
Or feast with sweets my palate's sense,
While blood is 'neath the fair disguise.

No, never let me taste again
Of aught beside the coarsest fare,
Far rather, than my conscience stain,
With the polluted luxuries there.

LOOKING AT THE SOLDIERS.

"MOTHER, the trumpets are sounding to-day,
And the soldiers go by in their gallant array !
Their horses prance gaily, their banners float free,
Come, come to the window, dear mother, with me.

"Do you see how their bayonets gleam in the sun,
And their soldier-plumes nod, as they slowly march on ?
And look to the regular tread of their feet !
Keeping time to the sound of the kettle-drum's beat.

"This, mother, you know, is a glorious day,
And Americans all should be joyous and gay ;
For the Fourth of July saw our country set free ;
But you look not delighted, dear mother, like me !"

"No, love ; for that shining and brilliant display,
To me only tells of war's fearful array ;
And I know that those bayonets, flashing so bright,
Were made in man's blood to be spoil'd of their light.

"And the music that swells up so sweet to the ear,
In a long gush of melody, joyous and clear,
Just as freely would pour out its wild thrilling flood,
To stir up men's hearts to the shedding of blood !

"Our country, my boy, as you tell me, is free,
But even that thought brings a sadness to me ;
For less guilt would be hers, were her own fetter'd hand
Unable to loosen her slaves from their band.

" We joy that our country's light bonds have been broke,
But her sons wear, by thousands, a life-crushing yoke ;
And yon bayonets, dear, would be sheathed in their breast,
Should they fling off the shackles that round them are prest.

" Even 'midst these triumphant rejoicings, to-day,
The slave-mother weeps for her babes, torn away,
'Midst the echoing burst of these shouts, to be sold,
Human forms as they are, for a pittance of gold !

" Can you wonder then, love, that your mother is sad,
Though yon show is so gay, and the crowd is so glad ?
Or will not my boy turn with me from the sight,
To think of those slaves sunk in sorrow and night ?"

TO A STRANGER.

I KNOW thee not, young maiden, yet I know that there must be
Around that heart of thine, sweet ties of clinging sympathy ;
Dwell'st thou not 'midst thy childhood's hours, a loved and
loving one,
Around whose path affection's light hath ever sunshine thrown ?

A sister's arm is round thee twined, perchance, oh deeply blest !
A parent's fond and holy kiss upon thy brow is prest ;
A brother's love—is that, too, thine ?—a gem of priceless worth,
To guard thee, like a talisman, amid the storms of earth.

Then blame me not, that I should seek, although I know not thee,
To waken in thy heart its chords of holiest sympathy ;
It is for woman's bleeding heart, for woman's humbled form,
O'er which the reeking lash is swung, with life's red current
warm.

It is for those who wildly mourn o'er many a broken tie,
As sweet as those which swell thy heart with happiness so high ;
For those whose hearts are rent and crush'd by foul oppression's
hand,
The wrong'd, the wretched, the enslaved, in freedom's chosen
land.

Oh, lady! when a sister's cry is ringing on the air,
When woman's pleading eye is raised in agonized despair,
When woman's limbs are scourged and sold 'midst rude and
 brutal mirth,
And all affection's holiest ties are trampled to the earth,
May female hearts be still unstirr'd, and 'midst their wretch-
 ed lot,
The victims of unmeasured wrongs be carelessly forgot?
Or shall the prayer be pour'd for them, the tear be freely given,
Until the chains, that bind them now, from every limb be riven?

SLAVE PRODUCE.

EAT! they are cates for a lady's lip,
Rich as the sweets that the wild bees sip;
Mingled viands that nature hath pour'd,
From the plenteous stores of her flowing board,
Bearing no trace of man's cruelty—save
The red life-drops of his human slave.

List thee, lady! and turn aside,
With a loathing heart, from the feast of pride;
For, mix'd with the pleasant sweets it bears,
Is the hidden curse of scalding tears,
Wrung out from woman's bloodshot eye,
By the depth of her deadly agony.

Look! they are robes from a foreign loom,
Delicate, light, as the rose leaf's bloom;
Stainless and pure in their snowy tint,
As the drift unmarked by a footstep's print.
Surely such garment should fitting be,
For woman's softness and purity.

Yet fling them off from thy shrinking limb,
For sighs have render'd their brightness dim;
And many a mother's shriek and groan,
And many a daughter's burning moan,
And many a sob of wild despair,
From woman's heart, is lingering there.

LITTLE SADO'S STORY.

Robert Sutcliff, in his book of travels in America, relates the incident which has suggested the following lines. Little Sado was an African boy, who was rescued from a slave-ship by a United States' frigate, and provided by the Pennsylvania Abolition Society with a home, in a respectable family, near Philadelphia.

"Although tended with the greatest tenderness," says Sutcliff, "yet he was often seen weeping at the recollection of his near connexions. He said that himself and sister were on a visit, at a relation's, and that after the family had retired to rest, they were suddenly alarmed at the dead of night, by a company of man-stealers breaking into their habitation. They were all carried off towards the sea, where they arrived at the end of three days, and were confined until the vessel sailed.

"Not long after this negro boy had been brought into S. P.'s family, he was taken ill of a bad fever; and for a time there appeared but little hopes of his recovery, although the best medical help was obtained, and every kindness and attention shown him.

"There being now scarcely any prospect of his recovery, his mistress was desirous of administering some religious consolation, and observed to him, as he had always been a very good boy, she had no doubt that if he died at this time, his spirit would be admitted into a state of eternal rest and peace. On hearing this he quickly replied, 'I know that if I die, I shall be happy; for as soon as my body is dead, my spirit shall fly away to my father and mother and sisters and brothers in Africa.' The boy recovered. His good conduct had gained the favour and respect of the whole family, and I have no doubt that the care bestowed upon his education, will in due time afford him a brighter prospect of a future state than that of returning to Africa."

"WHY weep'st thou, gentle boy? Is not thy lot
 Amidst a home of tenderness and friends
 Who have been ever kind to thee? Thy heart
 Should be too young for the world's bitterness,
 And the deep grief, that even amidst thy smiles,
 Seems scarce to be forgotten. Thou art good,
 A very innocent and gentle boy,
 And I would have thee happy. Is there aught
 Thou lackest with us, Sado? Did I not,
 In thy sore sickness, with a mother's care,

Watch by thy couch and nurse thee? Day by day
Have I not taught thee patiently? and more
Than earthly learning, show'd thee of the way
To win eternal happiness. A better hope
Than that which only look'd to Afric's shore,
To find thy future Heaven!"—

"Yes, thou hast done all this,
And much more, lady! Thou hast been to me
A true and tireless friend, and may there be
Laid up for thee a full reward of bliss,
In that bright Heaven of which I've heard thee tell,
Where God and all his holy angels dwell.

"Yet how can I but weep
Whene'er I think upon the mother's eye,
That smiled to meet my glance in days gone by,
And watch'd in tenderness above my sleep,
Now grown all dim with hopeless grief for me,
Who never more may home or parent see.

"'T was on a bright sunny morn,
When with glad heart I sprang across the hills,
With my young sister, and beside the rills,
Whose shining waves and clustering flowers were borne,
While at the cabin door my mother stood,
And watch'd our footsteps to the distant wood.

"She never saw us more—
For in the dead of night, while deep we slept
Within our uncle's home, the man-thieves crept
With stealthy pace, like tigers, to our door,
And, bursting in, they dragg'd us far away,
A helpless, frighten'd, unresisting prey.

"Ah, lady, now thine eyes
Are wet with tears:—then wonder not I weep,
Within whose waking thoughts, or dreams of sleep,
The memories of such scenes as this arise,
And worse than these, the constant thought of pain,
That I shall never see my home again.

“ Three days they drove us on,
A weary, wretched, and despairing band,
Until with swollen limbs we reach’d the strand,
Where ’neath the setting sun the sea-waves shone ;
Then gasping in the slave-ship’s hold we lay,
And wish’d each groan might bear our lives away.

“ Ah, thou canst never know
Of all our sufferings in that loathsome den,
And from the cruel and hard-hearted men,
Who mock’d at all our anguish and our woe ;
Until at length thy country’s ship came by,
And saved us from our depth of misery.

“ Yet still, though not a slave,
I am a stranger in a stranger’s land,
Far sever’d from my own dear kindred band,
By many a wide-stretch’d plain and rolling wave ;
And, although even with thee my lot is cast,
I cannot lose the memory of the past.

“ Then wonder not I weep ;
For never can my lost home be forgot ;
Nor all the loved ones who have made that spot
The heaven to which e’en yet, amid my sleep,
My hopes are sometimes turn’d—though thou hast taught
My waking hours a holier, better thought.”

AN APPEAL FOR THE OPPRESSED.

DAUGHTERS of the Pilgrim sires,
Dwellers by their mouldering graves,
Watchers of their altar fires,
Look upon your country’s slaves !

Look ! ’t is woman’s streaming eye,
These are woman’s fetter’d hands,
That to you so mournfully
Lift sad glance, and iron bands.

Mute, yet strong appeal of woe!
Wakes it not your starting tears?
Though your hearts may never know,
Half the bitter doom of hers.

Scars are on her fetter'd limbs,
Where the savage scourge hath been;
But the grief, her eye that dims,
Flows for deeper wounds within.

For the children of her love,
For the brothers of her race,
Sisters, like vine branches wove,
In one early dwelling place.

For the parent forms, that hung
Fondly o'er her infant sleep,
And for him, to whom she clung
With affection true and deep—

By her sad forsaken hearth,
'T is for these she wildly grieves!
Now all scatter'd o'er the earth,
Like the wind-strewn autumn leaves!

E'en her babes, so dear, so young,
And so treasured in her heart,
That the chords which round them clung
Seem'd its life, its dearest part—

These, ev'n these, were torn away!
These, that when all else were gone,
Cheer'd her heart with one bright ray,
That still bade its pulse beat on.

Then, to still her frantic woe,
The inhuman scourge was tried,
Till the tears that ceased to flow,
Were with redder drops supplied!

And can you behold unmoved,
All the crushing weight of grief,
That her aching heart has proved,
Seeking not to yield relief?

Are not woman's pulses warm,
Beating in this anguish'd breast?
Is it not a sister's form,
On whose limbs these fetters rest?

Oh then, save her from a doom,
Worse than all that ye may bear;
Let her pass not to the tomb
'Midst her bondage and despair.

THE SYLVAN GRAVE.

LAY me not, when I die, in the place of the dead,
With the dwellings of men round my resting place spread,
But amidst the still forest, unseen and alone,
Where the waters go by with a murmuring tone;
Where the wild bird above me may wave its dark wing,
And the flowers I have loved from my ashes may spring;
Where affection's own blossom may lift its blue eye,
With an eloquent glance from the place where I lie.
Let the rose and the woodbine be there, to enwreath
A bright chaplet of bloom for the pale brow of death;
And the clover's red blossom be seen, that the hum
Of the honey-bee's wing, may for requiem come:
And when those I have loved, 'midst the changes of earth,
The clouds of its sorrow, its sunshine of mirth,
Shall visit the spot where my cold relics lie,
And gaze on its flowers with a tear-moisten'd eye—
Let them think that my spirit still sometimes is there,
My breath the light zephyr that twines in their hair,
And these flowers, in their fragrance, a memory be,
To tell them thus sweet was their friendship to me.

NIGHT.

EARTH! thou art lovely, when the sinking sun
Hath bathed the clouds in his departing flush,
And, with the moon-lit evening, hath begun
The voiceless, and yet spirit-calming hush,
That thrills around the heart, till tear-drops rush,
Unbidden and uncall'd for, to the eye ;
When, save the music of the fountain's gush,
Or the far wailing of the night-bird's cry,
Unbroken silence hangs o'er earth, and wave, and sky.

But now the majesty of midnight storm
Is gathering, in its grandeur, o'er the sky ;
The deep black clouds in mustering squadrons form
And the low, fitful blast, that passes by,
Hath a strange fearful thrilling—like the sigh
Of a sick slumberer ; even that hath died,
And in their quiet sleep the waters lie,
As though the winds ne'er curl'd them in its pride,
Or shook the still bent leaves that hang above the tide

How steadily that ebon mass moves on !
Stretching across the sky in one dark line,
Like a huge wall of blackness ; there do none
Of the thin silvery vapours hang supine,
Or those bright clouds that sometimes seem to twine
A coronal to grace the brow of night ;
Stars in Orion's studded baldrick shine,
In all their wonted brightness ; and the light
Of an unclouded moon half dims the dazzled sight

The tempest hurries onward—how the flash
Of the red lightning leaps from cloud to cloud !
The gathering thunder bursts in one wild crash,
And sinks a moment—then, returning loud,
Seems bounding o'er the sky, as if 't were proud
Of its own potency. We need not now,
A sharer in the thoughts that round us crowd ;
The soul is its own world, and the deep glow
Of the rapt spirit seeks no fellowship below.

The wildness of the storm hath pass'd; the rain
Drips from the wet leaves only, and the sky,
With its deep azure beauty, gleams again
Through the rent clouds; the sunken wind swells by,
With a low sobbing; and the clouds, heap'd high,
With the rich moonbeams' streaming flood of light
Pour'd full upon them, swell before the eye
Like distant snow-clad mountains. Night! O night!
Thou art most glorious! most beautifully bright!

REMINISCENCE.

AWAY and away to memory's land!
To seize the past with a daring hand,
And bear it back from oblivion's bowers,
To brighten again this dull world of ours.

There's many a walk beneath summer skies,
Starry and blue as some earthly eyes;
There's many an eve by the winter's hearth,
Sparkling all over with friendship and mirth.

There's many a ramble through wood and glen,
Away from the sight and the haunts of men;
There's climbing of rocks, and gathering flowers,
And watching the stream through summer showers.

There's many an hour that quickly went,
In the boughs of the old hill grape-vine spent:
There's many a ride, and many a walk,
And many a theme of friendly talk.

How freshly comes to the spirit back,
The merry light of its early track!—
But let it pass, for around my brow
Far deeper thoughts are gathering now.

I have learn'd too much of woe and wrong,
Of hearts all crush'd by oppression strong,
To deem the earth, as in other days,
A fairy theme for a poet's lays.

How may I linger within the bowers,
Bedight with memory's fairy flowers,
While woman's cry, as she drains the cup
Of her bitter lot, to the sky goes up?

How may I joy in my better fate,
While her heart is bleeding and desolate?—
Or give my thoughts to their blissful dreams,
While no bright ray on her darkness gleams?

JUAN DE PARESA,

THE PAINTER'S SLAVE.

'T WAS sunset upon Spain. The sky of June
Bent o'er her airy hills, and on their tops,
The mountain cork-trees caught the fading light
Of a resplendent day. The painter threw
His pencil down, and with a glance of pride
Upon his beautiful and finish'd work,
Went from his rooms. And Juan stood alone—
Gazing upon the canvas, with his arms
Folded across his bosom, and his eye
Fill'd with deep admiration, till a shade
Of earnest thought stole o'er it. With a sigh,
He turn'd away, and leaning listlessly
Against the open casement, look'd abroad.
The cool fresh breezes of the evening came,
To bathe his temples with the scented breath
Of orange blossoms; and the caroll'd song
Of the light-hearted muleteer, who climb'd
The mountain pass—the tinkling of the bells,
That cheer'd his dumb companions on their way—
The passing vesper chime—the song of birds—
And the soft hum of insects—soothingly
Stole in with blended sweetness to his ear.
And then the scene! 't was of Spain's loveliest;
Mountain and forest, emerald pasture slopes,
Dark olive groves, and bowers of lemon-trees;
Vineyards, and tangled glens, the swift cascade,
Leaping from rock to rock, the calm bright stream,

The castle, and the peasant hut, were there,
All group'd in one bright landscape. Juan gazed,
Until the spirit of its beauty pass'd,
Like some fine subtle influence to his heart,
Filling it with rich thoughts. He had not known
The teachings of Philosophy, nor fed
The cravings of his spirit, from the page
Of intellectual glory ; but his eye
Had been unseal'd by Nature, and his mind
Was full of nice perceptions ; and a love,
Deep and intense, for what was beautiful,
Thrill'd like vitality around his heart,
With an ennobling influence.

He had stood
Beside the easel, day by day, to feed
The pallet of the Painter with the hues
That lived upon the canvas, and had watch'd
The fine and skilful touch, that made a thing
Of magic of the pencil, till he caught
The o'ermastering glow of spirit, and he long'd
So to pour out his soul, and give the forms
Of beauty, that were thronging it, to life.
Such thoughts were on him now. His fine form lean'd
Earnestly forward, and within his eye
There flash'd a tremulous glory, and his hand
Was press'd upon his heart, as if to quell
Its hopeless longings—for he was a slave!
The bended brow, o'er which the gathering blood
Rush'd burningly, as bitter tears sprang out
From under his closed eyelids, wore the stain
Of Afric's lineage :—and, alas for him !
His master was the haughtiest lord of all
Castile's proud nobles, and Paresa knew
That even his life would scarce suffice to pay
The forfeit of the daring, that should seek,
With the profaning fingers of a slave,
To grasp the meed of genius.

Yet his eye,
When he uncover'd it, was calm and bright,
And his curl'd lip set faintly in the strength
Of his fix'd purpose.

Day by day, he gave
 His spirit to the glorious dreams that throng'd
 Around it, and pursued his secret toil,
 Feeding his mind with its own fervid thoughts,
 Till he had won its brightest images
 Within his grasp.

At length his task was done.
 The last nice touch was given, and he laid
 His pencil by, and scann'd it, o'er and o'er,
 With a keen gaze, and turn'd away, and still
 Again resumed his scrutiny severe,
 Till satisfied at last, with trembling hand
 He bore it to its station.

'T was the hour
 At which the king was often wont to seek
 The chambers of the artist, and the slave
 Knew that the monarch had a painter's heart,
 And critic's eye for beauty, and to him,
 He had resolved to trust his fate.

They came—
 The monarch and the painter; and the breath
 Rush'd quick and tremulous from Juan's lips,
 As they pass'd slowly round, with brief remark
 Of praise or censure, till at length the king
 Stood forth alone, and check'd his loitering step.
 "Turn me this canvas." And Paresa did
 His bidding silently, and stood aside
 To wait his destiny of life or death.
 Long gazed the king in silence—but his limbs
 Lost their loose careless tension, and his eye
 Lit gradually up, and the fine curve
 Of his expanded nostril and curl'd lip
 Breathed with a kindling spirit.—"Beautiful!"
 At last he murmur'd—"Oh, how beautiful!"
 And Juan, with a glance of conscious pride
 He could not conquer, even while he lay
 A suppliant at Philip's feet, confess'd
 The guilt of having won a monarch's praise.

* * * * *

'T was a star-lit eve—and Juan stood once more
 Alone, but not in sadness ; on his brow,
 His free, enfranchised brow, there linger'd yet
 The glow of triumph, soften'd in his eye,
 By the sweet tear of gratitude. His heart
 Was full to overflowing, and when words
 At last broke forth, almost insensibly
 He moulded them to song :

“ Look on me stars ! pour down your light
 Deep, deep, into my very soul ;
 There is no darkness there to-night,
 No bondage with its dread control.
 What blessedness it is to gaze
 On all that God has made so fair,
 And feel no blight within to raise,
 O'er all a cloud of dull despair.

“ Free ! free ! yet I will leave thee not,
 Thou who hast burst my galling chain !
 To love thee, serve thee, be my lot,
 Till death shall chill my throbbing vein.
 The past, with all its grief and shame,
 Shall be annull'd by memory now ;
 But not the hour when Freedom's name
 Was written on my burning brow.”

THE SLAVE-MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

MAY God have mercy on thee, son, for man's stern heart hath
 none !
 My gentle boy, my beautiful, my loved and only one !
 I would the bitter tears that steep thy young and grief-doom'd
 head,
 Were springing from a broken heart, that mourn'd thee with the
 dead.

And yet how often have I watch'd above thine infant sleep,
 With love whose gushing tenderness strove vainly not to weep,

When starting through my timid heart, the thought that thou
couldst die,
Shot, even amidst a mother's bliss, a pang of agony.

My boy! my boy! Oh cling not thus around me in thy grief,
Thy mother's arm, thy mother's love, can yield thee no relief;
The tiger's bloody jaw hath not a gripe more fierce and fell
Than that which tears thee from my arms—thou who wert
loved so well!

How may I live bereft of thee? Thy smile was all that flung
A ray of gladness 'midst the gloom, forever round me hung:
How may a mother's heart endure to think upon thy fate,
Thou doom'd to misery and chains!—so young and desolate!

Farewell! farewell!—They tear thee hence!—and yet my
heart beats on;
How can it bear the weight of life, when thou art from me gone?
Mine own! mine own! Yet cruel hands have barter'd thee for
gold,
And torn thee, with a ruthless grasp, forever from my hold!

REPENTANCE.

Our Father, God! behold us raise
Our hopes, our thoughts, our hearts, to thee;
Yet not to lift the hymn of praise,
But humbly bow the suppliant knee.

For we have sinn'd before thy face,
Have seen unmoved our brothers' woe,
Though on his cheeks hot tear-drops trace
Deep furrows in their burning flow.

We knew that on his limbs were bound
The fetters man should never wear;
We knew that darkness hemm'd him round,
And grief, and anguish, and despair.

We knew—but in our selfish hearts,
There waked no throb of answering pain ;
Yet, now, at last, the tear-drop starts,
We weep the oppress'd one's galling chain.

We weep, repenting of the pride
That chill'd our narrow souls so long ;
Oh, Father ! may that suppliant tide
Efface our deep and cruel wrong.

CHRISTMAS.

MOTHER, when christmas comes once more,
I do not wish that you
Should buy sweet things for me again,
As you were used to do :

The taste of cakes and sugar-plums
Is pleasant to me yet,
And temptingly the gay shops look,
With their fresh stores outset.

But I have learn'd, dear mother,
That the poor and wretched slave
Must toil to win their sweetness,
From the cradle to the grave.

And when he faints with weariness
Beneath the torrid sun,
The keen lash urges on his toil,
Until the day is done.

But when the holy angels' hymn,
On Judea's plains afar,
Peal'd sweetly on the shepherds' ear,
'Neath Bethlehem's wondrous star,

They sung of glory to our God,—
“Peace and good will to men,”—
For Christ, the Saviour of the world,
Was born amidst them then.

And is it for His glory, men
Are made to toil,
With weary limbs and breaking hearts,
Upon another's soil?

That they are taught not of his law,
To know his holy will,
And that He hates the deed of sin,
And loves the righteous still?

And is it peace and love to men,
To bind them with the chain,
And sell them like the beasts that feed
Upon the grassy plain?

To tear their flesh with scourgings rude,
And from the aching heart,
The ties to which it fondest clings,
For evermore to part?

And 'tis because of all this sin, my mother,
That I shun
To taste the tempting sweets for which
Such wickedness is done.

If men to men will be unjust, if slavery must be,
Mother, the chain must not be worn; the scourge
be plied for me.

MY COTTAGE HOME.

My cottage home! my cottage home!
How beautiful it lies,
Amid its quiet loveliness,
Beneath our bright blue skies.
A stranger's eye might mark it not,
Nor deem that it was fair;—
To me it is a lovely spot,
For those I love are there.

In summer there are wild flowers round,
And the tall forest weaves
A drapery of light and shade,
With its green and pleasant leaves ;
And thousand birds are pouring out,
To the gay and singing breeze,
From the wild joys of their leaping hearts,
A thousand melodies.

The shadowing of an oak's green boughs
Is flung the low roof o'er ;
And clambering vines their blossoms hang
About the open door.
And round the harvest's ripening wealth
Waves in its yellow light ;
And the feathery tassels of the maize
Bend gracefully and slight.

But were it thousand times more fair—
If o'er the fertile soil
Oppression shook her manacles,
And scourged the slave to toil—
To me the rudest desert wild
Were better for my home,
So never on its arid breeze
The voice of wrong might come.

But round my home, my cottage home,
The tyrant never treads,
And o'er the field's luxuriant wealth
No slave his sad tear sheds.
And were it not that I have learn'd
In other scenes to know
Of deeds of cruelty and wrong,
And of the oppress'd ones' woe—
And were it not that still a tale
Is wafted on the air,
Telling of fearful injuries,
And anguish and despair ;

I might, perchance, almost forget
The guilt and wrongs of earth,
And deem that brightness gleam'd, alone,
Around the household hearth.

But woe for man's dark cruelty !
His selfishness and pride !
For him the earth is drench'd with tears,
With human life-blood dyed.
In his own freedom glorying,
He lifts his voice on high,
While on his brother's shrinking form
His crushing fetters lie.

THE CONSCRIPT'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, father ;—
I had hoped that I should be
In thine age a staff for thee ;
But when years have mark'd thy brow,
When thy step is weak and slow,
When thy hair is thin and white,
And thine eye hath lost its light,
I shall never seek thy side,
And thy faltering footsteps guide.
Where my country's banners fly
Proudly 'neath a distant sky,
To the battle forth I speed,
There to fight and there to bleed ;
Not because the foeman's lance
Glitters in the vales of France ;
Not because a stranger's mirth
Rises round my father's hearth ;
Not at glory's trumpet call,
Nor in freedom's cause to fall ;
But because ambitious power
Tears me from my peaceful bower.
Yet amidst the battle strife,
In the closing hours of life,

Think not that my heart shall quail,
Spirit droop, or courage fail.
Where the boldest deed is done,
Where the laurel-wreath is won,
Where the standard eagles fly,
There thy son shall proudly die ;
Though, perhaps, no voice may tell
How the nameless conscript fell !
Thy blessing, father.

Farewell, mother ;—
It is hard to part from thee,
And my tears are flowing free.
While around thee gloom and night
Quench'd religion's blessed light,
Still thou bad'st my lisping voice
In the evening hymn rejoice ;
And my childhood's prayer was said,
Ere thou bless'd my pillow'd head.
Oh, before I leave thee now,
Place thy hand upon my brow,
And with every treasured word,
That my infant ears have heard,
Bless me, mother.

Farewell, brother ;—
Many an hour of boyish glee,
I have pass'd in joy with thee ;
If with careless act or tongue
I have ever done thee wrong,
Think upon thy brother's lot,
And be all his faults forgot ;
Thou may'st dry our mother's tears,
Soothe our sisters' anxious fears,
Be their shield, their guide, their stay
Throughout many a coming day ;
Freely with thy father share
All his secret weight of care ;
Be what it were mine to be,
Had I still remain'd with thee,
And love me, brother.

Farewell, sisters ;—
Yonder is our favourite vine,
You must now its tendrils twine,
And when 'neath its leafy bower,
You are met at evening hour,
Think how oft in by-past days,
There we waked the song of praise,
Till your beaming eyes are wet
With the tears of fond regret ;
Then together fondly bend,
And your gentle voices blend.
Pray for me, sisters.

THE WOODS WANDERER.

DAY after day, I wander'd on alone—
The stricken heart is fearless ; and the woods,
Amidst whose far-stretch'd depths a solemn moan
Of winds was ever sounding, and whose floods,
Pour'd 'midst unbroken solitudes, had ceased
To waken mine to terror. I had learn'd,
E'en when no moon-beam the pale night clouds fleeced,
To thread their trackless mazes, while I turn'd
For guidance to the stars that high above me burn'd.

They who have never seen the broad blue sky,
Save through the smoke-dimm'd air of crowded streets
Can never know how truly gloriously
It bendeth o'er the wilderness, and meets
The tall brows of the mountains. It must be
The veriest clod that wears a human form,
Who round him those majestic forms could see,
And o'er his head the eagle and the storm,
Nor feel a nobler pulse within his bosom warm.

I had laid down to slumber—but there came
A sound that night upon the fitful wind,
That kept me waking. No electric flame
Flash'd o'er the heavens—yet my thoughts could fin.
No sound more like to it, than the low growl

Of worn-out thunder ; wrapt in thought I lay,
With nature's glory telling to my soul
Of God's own presence, till the coming day
O'er the fair orient stole, to light me on my way.

I stood, at sunrise, where Lake Erie's wave
Caught on its foamy crest the rosy light ;
All round was solitude and silence, save
The voice of nature's joy. Against the bright
And pearly sky, a thin blue smoke-curl rose
From the far shore, and floated on the air,
And the slant sunbeam might to view disclose
One distant piroque that its waters bare ;
All else was lone and wild, as it was lovely, there.

Still sent that deep sound forth its solemn tone,
Louder and louder, as I onward fared,
Northward where Niagara led me on,
O'er tangled brake, and green, and flower-strewn sward.
At length I reached the spot—and such a sight !
Even now the wild blood rushes through my brain,
And my heart reels with faintness, as the light
Of memory restores that scene again,
And paints it to my view as I beheld it then.

Broad, dark, and deep, the river hurried on,
Pouring the volume of its mighty flood
Right to the yawning steep !—no pause—down—down
The gather'd sea was hurl'd ! half stunn'd I stood
Upon the shaken earth, and almost wept
With awe and fear and admiration, wild
And passionate ;—like clouds on high were swept
In spray the shatter'd waves ; while bending mild,
Over the turbulent gulf, a gorgeous rainbow smiled.

The sun went down on that vast solitude,—
And underneath the solemn stars, alone
With God, and his stupendous works, I stood ;
Where, since their first creation, haply none
Save the rude Indian, e'er had trod or gazed

On that magnificence ! to earth I bent
My humbled brow, yet with a soul upraised,
And conscious of a nobler being, bent
By the felt presence of the great Omnipotent.

THE FOREST VINE.

It grew in the old wilderness—The vine
Is linked with thoughts of sunny Italy,
Or the fair hills of France, or the sweet vales
Where flows the Guadalquivir. But this grew
Where, as the sunlight look'd through lacing boughs,
The shadows of the stern, tall, primal wood
Fell round us, and across the silent flood,
That wash'd the deep ravine. The pauseless lapse
Of ages had beheld no change in all
The aspect of that scene ; or but such change,
As Time himself had made ; the slow decay
Of the old patriarch oaks, and as they fell
And moulder'd on the earth, the silent growth
Of the young sturdy stem, that rear'd itself
To stretch its branches in their former place.
The wild flower stretch'd its tender petals out,
Lending strange brightness to the forest gloom ;
The fleet deer toss'd his antlers to the breeze,
Graceful and shy ; and when the sun went down,
The tangled thicket rustled to the tread
Of the gaunt wolf—just as in former years.
But the red hunter was no longer there ;
And the bright flowers were no more twined to deck
The brow of Indian maid.

We stood beside
A fallen oak ; its aged limbs were spread
Prone to the earth, upturn by the rude wind,
And perishing on the soil that once had fed
Their giant strength : clinging around its roots
And its decaying trunk, a grape-vine wreathed
Its fresh green foliage, draping the still grave
With its luxuriance—meet garniture

For such a sepulchre ! a sepulchre most meet
 To wrap the bones of the old forest race !
 For we had checked our idle wanderings
 To gaze upon the relics of the dead—
 The dead of other ages ! they who trod
 When that fallen tree was fresh in its green prime,—
 The earth that it now cumber'd ; they who once
 In savage freedom bounded through the wild,
 And quaff'd the limpid spring, or shot along
 The swift canoe upon yon rushing wave,
 Or yell'd the fierce and horrid war whoop round,
 Or gather'd to the council fire, or sprang
 With proud firm step to mingle in the dance,
 And vaunt of their own triumphs ;—there they lie,
 Brittle and time-blanch'd fragments ! bones—dry bones !
 Prison'd for lingering years beneath the sod,
 And now that the strong wind hath torn away
 The bars of their dark cell, restored again
 To the clear sunshine. It seems strange to think
 That those wan relics once were clothed with life—
 Breathing and living flesh—and sprang away
 O'er the green hills at morning, and at eve,
 Return'd again to the low cabin home,
 And found its shadows happiness.

That dust—

Gather some to thee—the keen eye can mark
 No difference from that spread widely round—
 The common earth we tread upon ; yet this
 Once help'd to form the garment of a mind
 Once wrapp'd a human heart, and thrill'd with all
 The emotions of man's nature ; love and hate,
 Sweet hope and stern revenge—ay, even faith
 In an undying world.

So let them rest !

That faith, erring and dark as it might be,
 Was yet not wholly vain. We may not know
 Of what the dark grave hideth ; but the soul,
 Immortal as eternity itself,
 Is in the hands of One most merciful.

SOLILOQUY OF A DUELLIST.

THEY all at length have left me—long I wish'd
While round me with officious care they stood,
To dress this paltry wound, to be alone ;
And now I find that solitude is dreadful—
Dreadful to one, upon whose burning soul,
The weight of murder rests! Oh, would to heaven
This day were blotted from the scroll of time :
Or, as indeed it seems, that some wild dream
Had wrapp'd me in its horrid tangled maze.
It is a dream,—it must be,—o'er my brain
Such strange bewildering scenes in memory crowd,
As are not, cannot be reality ;
And yet this agony is too intense,
'T would rive the chains of sleep. This stiffen'd arm,
These bandages, and the sharp pain which shoots
Across my burning temples—these are real—
Oh, no—'t is not the phantasy of sleep—
He does lie bleeding, yonder, pale and dead ;
I, too, am slightly wounded.—Would to heaven
The erring ball, that pierced this guilty arm,
Had found a goal within my guiltier breast,
Ere I had lived to be a murderer—
A hateful murderer, still living on
Beneath the weight, the torment of a curse,
Heavy as that of Cain, the stain of blood
Forever on my conscience, crying out
To heaven for vengeance. Yet my wounded honour
Claim'd, sure, some reparation for the blot
His language on it cast. Could I have lived
Beneath the brand of cowardice, and borne
The sneer and the expression of contempt,
That would have follow'd me from every lip ?
He gave the challenge, and could I refuse ?
I could not—yet I might—I could—I could—
The offence was mine, and mine is all the guilt.
Why o'er my heated passions could I not
One instant hold the reins of self-control ?

One single moment of deliberate thought
And cloudless reason, would have spared me all
This guilt, this agony. The approving smiles
Of peaceful conscience, and mine own respect,
Had balanced well the idle laugh of fools—
And now, what am I now? I dare not think!
The stain of life-blood is upon my soul—
The life-blood of my friend—he was my friend,
And I have kill'd him! Oh, that this dark hour
Of deep remorseful anguish might recall
The moments that have pass'd. My wife!—my wife!
I cannot meet thee thus. I hate myself—
All whom I have loved, and e'en thou wilt hate me.
Oh! would that I were dead—I will not live
To meet thy tearful eye in sorrow bent
O'er one who once could wake its proudest smile.
I cannot pray—I dare not call on Heaven,
To pardon my offence—before the throne,
Even at the mercy-seat, his bleeding form
Would mock my agony, and drive me thence.
How can I look on those whose hearts my hand
Has made so desolate? His mother's eye
Has often smiled in kindness on my boyhood,
And such has been my gratitude, to wring
The last bright drops of comfort from her heart,
And cloud the evening of her life with woe.
His sisters, in their tears, demand of me
Their loved, their murder'd one—and there he lies,
Cut off in all the bloom of health and youth.
There lies the fatal instrument, and there
Its fellow lies to tempt me—loaded still;
I dare not think—the future and the past
Are fraught alike with images of horror.
Blood calls for blood, and mine own hand shall pay
The debt of justice. Crime shall wash out crime—
I dare not look into eternity—
Oh, God! Oh, God! forgive me for this deed!

THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

LOUD howls the wintry blast, the rain descends,
And patters heavy on the ice-glazed roof;
But yet he comes not. 'Tis a dreary night—
Long since, the midnight bell hath toll'd the hour.
And long, long since, my womanish fears had framed
Some reason dread, for absence thus prolong'd,
But that so oft 'tis thus. Oh! had I once
But even thought that thus thy love might change,
I should have shudder'd at the bare surmise,
And chid myself in anger for the thought.
But now, I feel it true, and yet I live,
I live to feel thy heart, thyself estranged,
From all that once it loved—to sit alone,
And number out the weary midnight hours
That waste with thee in revelry and mirth,
And weep in sadness at thy long delay.
Oh, Henry! once—but I will not look back,
Nor think of present, past, or future scenes,
Or thought would madden me. But hark! again
The watch proclaims the second morning hour,
And still he lingers. Sure, some dire mischance
Delays his coming—but it is not so—
How often I have wept in terror wild,
And almost wish'd 't were rather guilt, than harm,
That kept him from my arms—and he has come,
And I have half forgotten all my woe,
In joy at his approach, till his cold frown
Has chill'd my heart to stone! And yet this night,
While all the elements seem bent on war,
He surely could not, would not, leave me thus,
And join the laugh of riot. Oh, Henry, Henry,
Changed, cruel, as thou art, I love thee still!
My peace, my life, are woven in thy fate,
And freely would I give that life for thine.
And thou—thou couldst not change, so wholly change
From all I knew thee once—thou lov'st me yet;
It is some secret anguish breaks thy peace,
And thence thine alter'd looks—But, hark! he comes,
Thank heaven, he is safe! Be dry, my tears!

My face must wear a smile at his approach ;
I will not greet him save with looks of joy,
Although my aching heart in anguish bleeds,
And mourns his early alienated love !

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

THE Slave-ship was winding her course o'er the ocean,
The winds and the waters had sunk into rest ;
All hush'd was the whirl of the tempest's commotion,
That late had awaken'd the sailor's devotion,
When terror had kindled remorse in his breast.

And onward she rode, though by curses attended,
Though heavy with guilt was the freight that she bore,
Though with shrieks of despair was the midnight air rended,
And ceaseless the groans of the wretches ascended,
That from friends and from country forever she tore.

On the deck, with his head on his fetter'd hand rested,
He who once was a chief and a warrior stood ;
One moment he gain'd, by his foes unmolested,
To think o'er his woes, and the fate he detested,
Till madness was firing his brain and his blood.

“ Oh, never !” he murmur'd in anguish, “ no, never !
These limbs shall be bent to the menial's toil !
They have reft us, my bride—but they shall not forever
Your chief from his home and his country dis sever—
No ! never will I be the conqueror's spoil

“ Say ! long didst thou wait for my coming, my mother ?
Did ye bend o'er the desert, my sister, your eye ?
And weep at the lengthen'd delay of your brother,
As each slow passing moment was chased by another,
And still he appear'd not a tear-drop to dry.

“ But ye shall—yes, again ye shall fondly embrace me !
We will meet my young bride in the land of the blest :
Death, death once again in my country shall place me,
One bound shall forever from fetters release me !”
He burst them, and sunk in the ocean's dark breast.

THE TREATY OF PENN.

INDIAN CHIEF.

ART thou chief of the white men that crowd on the strand?
No broad gleaming sword flashes bright in thy hand—
No plume, proudly waving, sits light on thy brow—
Nor with hate and contempt does thine eye darkly glow.
I have seen the white chieftains, but proudly they stood;
Though they call'd us their brethren, they thirst for our blood:
With the peace-belt of wampum they stretch'd forth one hand,
With the other they wielded the death-doing brand.
On their lip was the calumet—war on their brow;
But thine scowls not with hatred—a chieftain art thou?—

PENN.

My brethren are those whom thou see'st on the strand,
My friends, whom I govern with fatherly hand;
We worship the spirit who rules from above,
Our watchword is peace, and our motto is love.
We fight not, we war not, for life or for land,
And the weapons of death never darken our hand.
The land that in purchase ye cheerfully give,
Will we, for our friends and our brethren, receive;
But we will not deprive you, by force or by fraud,
Of the land that yourselves and your fathers have trod.

CHIEF.

Then deep be the tomahawk buried from sight;
The peace-tree shall bloom where it slumbers in night.
We will bury from sight and from mem'ry the dead;
We will plant o'er the spot where their blood has been shed;
O'er their grave shall the green maize its tassels expand:—
But whether the white men by force wrest our land,
Or whether they win it in war or in peace,
Our hunting grounds narrow, our tribes still decrease.

PENN.

O'er the land that I purchase ye freely may rove;
We will dwell in the spirit of brotherly love—
By mutual kindness we both shall be blest,
Your wrongs, as the white man's, be promptly redrest.

We will teach you with justice, our knowledge impart,
And teach you each useful and civilized art.
We extend you, in truth and in friendship, our hand,
We will turn to the plough-share the death-dealing brand.
One hand hath created the white man and red ;
One spirit we worship, though different our creed ;
And that *God* who looks down on our acts from above,
Still conceals in dark frowns the fair face of his love
From the land that is darken'd with bloodshed and rage,
Where brethren with brethren in battle engage.

CHIEF.

We have listen'd, my father, your peaceable talk ;
In the path you have chosen we cheerfully walk.
The white men have wrong'd us, have crimson'd our plains,
Where our forefathers sleep, with the blood of our veins.
Of those plains they have reft us, the fairest and best,
And have forced us to seek other homes in the west ;
Through the wilds of the forest to follow the chase,
Till brambles have choked up the pathway of peace.
Yet as still we receded our heroes were slain,
Our wives and our children lie dead on the plain.
Then we dug from the earth the fell hatchet of war,
While our whoop of destruction was heard from afar.
We rush'd on our foemen, we fought and we bled,
But our arms with the blood of the white men were red ;
Yet, father, the red man delights not in war,
And thy words shall the spring-time of friendship restore.
Now again we will bury the hatchet, again
We will burnish the links of our amity's chain.
We will root out the weeds from the path of our peace,
And all hatred and battle betwixt us shall cease.

MIDNIGHT.

How solemn is the silence of this hour !
The world is hush'd ! all nature lies in sleep—
Save where rude jollity upholds her power,
Or wearied wretches waken but to weep.
Strange contrast ! that there revelry should keep

Her wassail wild amid the gloom of night,
And here, her thorny couch pale sorrow steep
With bitter tears, and strain her aching sight,
To catch the first pale streak that ushers in the light.

E'en now perchance some widow'd mother hangs,
In hopeless anguish, o'er her dying child,
And marks with bursting heart its parting pangs,
Or covers its pale lips with kisses wild;
While memory tells how oft it has beguiled
Of half its loneliness her dreary heart—
And when in its bright joyousness it smiled,
Albeit within her eye the tear might start,
She knew not, could not know, that they so soon must part

Its closing eye is faintly turn'd on her,
Its breath comes thickly, and the dews of death
Are on its forehead—one convulsive stir—
One half-form'd smile to speed the parting breath—
Then all is past—and gazing on that scathe
Of all her hopes—in tearless agony,
The mother stands, until awakening faith
Points out another world—a hope on high—
And fast her feelings gush in torrents to her eye!

But this is fancy—for no sound is near,
Of joy or sadness—all around is still!
Not e'en the night-bird's voice salutes mine ear,
Nor the faint murmur of the distant rill—
The very winds are hush'd—and on the hill
The trees are motionless—the whisp'ring sigh,
That lingers where the blast was piping shrill,
Moves not the branches as it passes by,
Nor lifts the bending leaves that on the waters lie.

The deep blue heaven with clust'ring stars is bright,
And in the midst the moon, sublimely fair,
Sheds o'er the fleecy clouds her silvery light,
That in bright wreaths are floating lightly there,
Like snow-flakes scattered o'er the silent air.

And coldly still that moon's pale lustre lies,
 Alike on haunts of misery and despair ;
 And where the sounds of wassail joy arise,
 Disturbing with rude mirth the quiet of the skies.

The earth is slumbering ! but I will not sleep,
 For I do love to gaze on yon bright sky,
 And all those countless orbs, that seem to keep
 Their nightly ward so silently on high—
 My heart may swell, but 't is not with the sigh
 Of painful feeling—nor does aught of woe
 Awake the tear-drop in my moisten'd eye ;
 But unexpress'd emotion, and the glow
 Of all the crowding thoughts, that round my bosom flow.



THE NEGRO FATHER'S LAMENTATION OVER THE BODY OF HIS INFANT SON.

THOU'RT dead, my boy !—my son !—my only child !—
 And yet I may not shed one tear for thee,
 Nor hanging o'er thy bier in anguish wild,
 Upbraid the hand that bore thee far from me :
 I cannot wish that thou hadst lived to share
 Thy father's fate—his woes—and his despair !

I loved thee—oh ! I need not say how well !
 Thou wert my all of hopes or bliss on earth !
 Yet I will not repine that thou dost dwell
 In happiness, with her who gave thee birth,
 While I, like yon dark rock of naked stone,
 Must bear the storms that round me beat, alone.

'Tis well ! Thou wilt not share those storms with me,
 That is my all of comfort in this hour—
 I weep not, though I would have died for thee !
 Ay, more than died—*that* sacrifice were poor—
 I would have spurn'd the hand that set me free,
 And clasp'd my chain, and lived a *slave*, for thee.

My boy ! my darling boy ! farewell, farewell !

Thou ne'er shalt feel the pangs that rend me now,
For still my heart with agony will swell,

To think, that never more upon my brow,
Thy little lips with fondness shall be prest,
As when I oft have clasp'd thee to my breast.

Yes ! fare thee well ! thy fond caress no more

Shall soothe the tortured throbbing of my heart,
As it full oft has done, when tyrant power

Has trampled me to earth, and round me prest
The chain of slavery, till my swelling heart
Has madden'd into frenzy with the smart.

Yet even then, though thou couldst calm my soul,

With thy soft lisping voice and childish glee,
While clasping thee, sad thoughts would o'er me roll,

Of what must be thy future destiny,
Till my hot tears have wet thy little face,
And thou hast wonder'd at my wild embrace.

But thou art dead !—it ne'er will be thy fate

To tremble at a cruel tyrant's frowns—
To bend in servile toil, to feed his state,

To feel the lash, and hear him mock thy groans.
Then fare thee well !—thy father will not weep,
Or wish to wake thee from thy peaceful sleep.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF TWO CHILDREN,

WRITTEN WHEN BUT FIFTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

THEY sleep ! but not theirs is the slumber that breaketh,
When night with its gloom and its darkness hath flown ;
The morn in the light of its beauty awaketh,

But in silence and darkness they still slumber on :

They sleep, but no visions of sleep are around them,
That silence, that darkness, can never confound them ;
For death, icy death, in his fetters hath bound them,

And round the young spirit his cold spell hath thrown,

Together in youth's brightest bloom they have wither'd,
Ere grief their young spirits had clouded with gloom,
And like flowers, in the light of their loveliness gather'd,
Whose fragrance is sweetest when faded their bloom;
So still shall their memory fondly be nourish'd,
In the hearts of their friends shall their virtues be cherish'd,
And though in the prime of their life they have perish'd,
Their remembrance shall be as a grateful perfume.

It is sad to see youth in its loveliness dying,
Ere the freshness of spirit hath wasted away,
While the earth seems around like a paradise lying,
And the hopes of the bosom too bright for decay—
Before life's cup of care hath imparted its fever—
Ere hope, smiling hope hath been proved a deceiver—
This world seems too lovely to part with forever,
To mingle again with inanimate clay.

And thus have they died while their hopes were the fairest,
While life only seem'd like a beautiful dream,
Adorn'd with whatever is richest or rarest,
Whatever most bright to the senses may seem—
They died, and the cold turf is resting above them—
They heed not the grief of the bosoms that love them,
The tears of affection no longer can move them,
Or wake them again to the day's joyous beam.

Consumption! 't is thou that their life-springs hast wasted!
'T is thou that hast wither'd the bud in its bloom!
'T is thou the young tree in its greenness hast blasted,
And o'er them hast thrown the dark veil of the tomb!
Thou foe to the lovely, the gay, and the blooming!
How soon the bright spirit, the features illuming,
Will fade from the cheek and the eye at thy coming,
Save when the bright hectic disperses their gloom.

O Death! it is strange how thy cold touch will alter
The forms that so lately were healthy and gay—
On the lips once so bright, life a moment will falter,
The next, they are pallid and motionless clay.
The lips and the eyes with bright happiness glowing,
The bosom proud beating of sorrow unknowing,

The gush of emotion around the heart glowing,
How soon will they perish and wither away !

And yet, it were better to die in life's morning,
Before we have seen its illusions depart,
Than to live when the flowers that our life were adorning,
Have wither'd, and hope hath deserted the heart—
'T were better, when mandate of death has been spoken,
That slowly and singly life's chords should be broken,
Than in health's brightest bloom without warning or token
At once to be stricken by death's fatal dart.

Had they lived, other ties to the earth would have bound them,
Withholding the spirit from rising on high,
And dearer and warmer affections twined round them,
Embittering doubly the life-parting sigh—
When parents for stay on the young are reclining
When husband or wife round the bosom are twining,
Or orphans are left in the cold world repining,
Oh ! then it indeed must be anguish to die.

It is painful to stand by the couch of the dying,
And watch the pale form speeding fast to decay,
In anguish to list to the half-broken sighing,
That tells from the heart life is stealing away,
Yet then—while its flight the loved spirit is winging,
While in agony round the pale form we are clinging,
Even then—brighter hopes in the bosom are springing,
As we feel that our parting is but for to-day.

TO A FRIEND OF MY YOUTH.

WE met in childhood—careless met,
Nor wept to think that we must sever ;
We parted with no fond regret—
No tear lest we should part forever.

Our souls had not commingled then ;
The wreath of Friendship had not bound us ;
We knew not we should meet again,—
And yet our parting did not wound us.

Again we met—long years have flown,
The sun of youth has risen o'er us,
And friends we loved have smiled and gone,
And changing scenes have pass'd before us.—

We meet !—but not again to part,
Without one transient pang of mourning ;
Oh no ! the burning tear would start,
At thought of joys no more returning.

For we have stray'd at silent eve,
Beneath the crescent brightly beaming,
And social converse loved to weave,
Around the warm hearth cheerful gleaming.

We yet may part—in distant land
Afar to roam we know not whither—
But still be Friendship's flowery band
The wreath that twines our souls together.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE sun hath set in glory—and a fold
Of burnish'd purple lies upon the sky,
Like the rich thought of some just parted joy,
Yet thrilling vividly around the heart.
The year's first sunset ;—'t is most beautiful !
Would it might be an augury of good
To the fair land it shines on. But, alas !
What may we hope of blessing for the head
Of unrepenting guilt ;—or, for the hand
—Red with the stain of murder, full of wrong
And foul oppression—shamelessly stretch'd out
To scatter to the winds the solemn oaths
Of broken treaty bands. The red man looks
Across his fathers' lands, and thinks how once
They fed the white-brow'd stranger, when he came
With his weak hand to their low forest hut,
And they could well have crush'd him. Now he seeks
From the poor wasted remnant of their sons,

To rend their last few acres,—sacred spots
 Where the dead lie unsepulchred!—and drive
 The newly blest ones from their scarce found joys
 Of home and social love, to be again
 Sad houseless wanderers!

Years go circling by
 With all their rolling suns and changing scenes,
 In regular progression, and the slave
 Still bends his aching forehead to the toil
 That brings him no reward. Another year!—
 And still the Christian loads his brother's neck
 With the vile weight of fetters—tasks his arm
 And goads his sinews to their daily toil,
 With the keen lash, or, in the market-place,
 Bids him be number'd with the brute and sold!
 Another year! and shall that too go by,
 And find his wrongs uncared for? Shall he still
 Groan 'neath his lot till life at last goes out,
 And win no sympathy? Oh ye who love
 Your Maker's image, even in the slave,
 Shake from your hearts all thoughts of selfishness,
 And with tears, prayers, and every energy,
 Stretch'd to its firmest purpose, in his cause,
 Cease not to plead, to struggle, to persuade,
 'Till ye have won him back his long lost rights,
 Or your own hearts are slumbering in death.

TO A*****.

My own Annette! my own Annette!
 How often turn my thoughts to thee,
 And those sweet hours when erst we met,
 And shared our thoughts in converse free!

Around me the soft moonshine pours
 A quiet flood of silver light;
 And thus o'er memory's hoarded stores,
 The star of thought is gleaming bright.

Yet, though long years have glided past,
Since last thy hand was clasp'd in mine,
The chain that friendship o'er us cast,
Hath felt no link of love untwine.

And we may meet in other hours,
And love where we have loved, again;
And talk of all the early flowers
We gather'd on life's by-past plain.

But there are stronger ties than ours,
Remorseless rent by cruel hands;
Torn hearts, o'er which no future hours
Shall fling again the sever'd bands.

Oh! let us weep with those who weep,
Beneath oppression's crushing hand;
And in our thoughts their anguish keep
Who till in tears our guilty land.

REMEMBER ME.

WHEN the sinking sunbeams lie
On the forest branches high;
When the twilight hour steals on,
With its hush and soothing tone,
And the care that day hath wrought
Passes from the soften'd thought,
Remember me.

When, like smiles from those we love,
Falls the moonlight from above;
When with evening's earliest star,
Wakes the thought of those afar,
And around thy bosom's cell,
Memory flings her holiest spell,
Remember me.

When the poet's high-wrought words—
When the song of woodland birds—

When the gush of shaded streams
 Mingles with thy spirit's dreams,
 And whate'er o'er thought may cast
 Pensive hues of moments past,
 Remember me.

SCHUYLKILL.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

SUN-LIT and shadow'd waters, leaping by
 'Midst flowers and greenness, singing as they pass,
 Or sleeping in some deep and shaded pool,
 Lake-like, and dimpled by the playful touch
 Of stooping branches, rocks vine-garlanded,
 And the green pleasant woods, and over all
 The wide blue glorious sky—oh it is sweet
 To breathe amid such scenes!

Look on the page
 Of Schuylkill's pictured beauty! that is such—
 And thou may'st gaze, till it shall waken thoughts
 Treasured in memory—for thou hast watch'd
 The flashing of its waters, and hast stood,
 Perchance, beside them, when the moonlight made
 The scene a paradise, and friends were nigh,
 Smiling with their glad eyes upon thy joy;
 And music floated off upon the air,
 As if the zephyrs breathed in melody.
 Now other scenes are round thee—it is fair—
 This wide extended landscape—but unlike
 To that the Schuylkill mirrors. The old trees
 That lift their tall green heads against the sky,
 Are relics of past ages, and there seems,
 Beneath their dim gray shade, to linger yet
 A faint and mournful echo of the tones
 Of the old forest tribes.

But when the hush,
 And the dim beauty of the twilight steals
 O'er the calm earth, and on thy spirit lies
 A shadow and a pensiveness as sweet,

Then memory will lift the mystic screen
 That veils departed years, and give them back
 The consecrated past ; and thou shalt stand
 'Midst scenes where thou hast stood in other days ;
 And the gay laugh, and the remember'd tone,
 Will seem, with startling vividness, to thrill
 Across thy ear—but mine will not be there ;
 Thy memory hath no garner'd thought of me—
 Yet think of me, for there may gleam a light
 Amidst thy twilight dreams, from scenes to which
 I turn for my most sweet remembrances ;
 Oh, how one charmed word will start to life
 A thousand breathing memories of the past !
 Schuylkill ! sweet Schuylkill ! and still dearer loved,
 And hallow'd with yet deeper, sweeter thoughts,
 My own dear native vale, and the bright flood*
 That makes it beautiful ! name them again,
 For thou hast trodden there, and let me dwell
 With thee upon the past ! Yet they will come
 To thee, with but a stranger's parting glance
 Of brief and pleasant memory—to me—
 With tales of childhood's years, of hours of glee,
 Friendships, and tears, and rainbow-pinion'd hopes,
 And all the sacred thoughts that halo home !

DEATH.

I HAVE been gazing on the resting place
 Of the cold sleepers of the earth—who trod
 This busy planet for a little space,
 Then laid them down, and took the verdant sod
 To curtain the low cot wherein they slept,
 Forgotten save by some few hearts that o'er them wept.
 'Tis strange—so lately they were living forms,
 Breathing and moving ; now the vernal sun
 Looks down upon their silent graves, nor warms
 One pulse to action—life with them is done ;
 And the turf blooms as quietly, as though
 No forms of human mould were slumbering below.

* The Brandywine.

And this shall be my lot!—a little while,
 And I shall, too, lie down and be at rest,
 In silence and in darkness; earth will smile
 In spring's rich garniture, and o'er my breast
 The wild-flower shed its sweets—but there will be
 No gladness in bright hues or fragrant breath for me.

Oh, Death! they call thee terrible—but life
 Hath pain, and blighted hopes and bitter tears,
 The pang of keen remorse, the daily strife
 'Twixt jarring passions, the false smile that sears
 The heart to kindly feelings, and the dread,
 That e'en what bliss is ours, within our grasp will fade.

Nor is it very dreadful to lie down
 In momentary darkness, and awake
 In a bright world of happiness, unknown,
 And unimagined! But 't is sad to take
 The last farewell of earthly things, and know
 That we have left fond hearts to lingering years of woe.

And herein lies the bitterness—but when
 The parting pang is over, need we fear
 To tread thy narrow pathway—and cling then
 To life's poor relics?—It is true, that here
 We have bright moments, scenes and hours of joy;
 Yet seldom is our bliss unmix'd with some alloy.

It should be so—there is enough of bliss,
 To make the hours of life glide swiftly on,
 Yet sadness dims the brightest cup—and this
 Recalls the heart from trusting what must soon
 Forever vanish from our grasp, when we
 Are call'd from things of time to dread eternity.

TO MY COUSIN.

COME out with me into the moonlight, coz!
 Fling by that page of romance—the hot breath
 Of the dim taper, ill befits an eve
 So beautiful as this—I know there is

A deep bewildering interest in that tale ;
 For the low drooping head, the parted lip,
 The feverish glow that brightens cheek and eye,
 And the light finger press'd upon the page,
 As if that volume were the magic link
 That bound thee to illusion—all proclaim
 The spell that hath enchain'd thee. Yet come out,
 And I will show thee full as bright a page,
 And one where thou may'st read as wild a tale
 Of love and chivalry, as that from which
 My voice hath won thee.—Is it not, sweet coz,
 A most delicious night ? and how could I
 Gaze upward on that moon, and thou not here—
 Our arms entwining thus—and the light touch
 Of those soft fingers resting upon mine,
 That I may feel their gentle pressure tell
 Thy voiceless feelings—when I turn to say
 “ How very beautiful ! ”—It is a night
 For Poetry—and the low breeze comes by
 As 't were a holy whisper, sent to quell
 The spirit's fever.—We will fling aside
 Like a dull robe the thought of present things,
 And wrap ourselves in dreams.

And yet 't is not
 A scene like that we gazed on when yon moon
 Last moved, so empress-like, across the sky—
 Nay, thou rememberest—I know it well
 By the curl'd lip turn'd towards me with a smile
 Of recollected pleasure : yet again
 Look towards yon concave : other eyes than ours
 Are gazing on that orb, and kindly lips
 Perchance are naming us.

Did we not say
 Yon planet should be written, like a book,
 With cherish'd memories ?—and when the hour
 Of her arising came, that we would think
 On those from whom we parted ?—Look, Annette !
 Couldst thou not fancy that a friendly eye
 Was smiling on thee from the distant sphere ?
 Nay, laugh not, cousin,—'t was a silly thought !—
 But who would fetter fancy's wildest wing

Upon a night like this? The very light
 That falls around us hath a dreamy spell,
 And gives the scene a dim unreal shade,
 Like a forgotten thought come back again.
 It is most beautiful! yet on the heart
 The sense of pleasure presses, with a weight
 That half hath started tears—'t is strange that even
 Our happiness should be so link'd with pain!
 And beauty—perfect beauty—only wake
 The knowledge that our spirits are too weak,
 To feel it in its full deep blessedness!

Didst never wish to be an angel, coz?
 That thou might understand the pencilling
 Writ on the sunset sky—and send abroad
 A soul unfetter'd on a night like this!

Well, let us wander on—did I not say
 I knew a history of the olden time,
 That I would tell to thee?—we should have been
 Beneath our grape-vine bower—thou know'st it, love,
 And I thine own true knight to sing thee,
 While thou didst touch the lute—

But 'tis not so—

And while I tell the tale of which I spake,
 If I can win from thee one gentle sigh,
 I will not ask for music!—

'T was a night
 Moon-lit, and calm, and beautiful,—like this;
 Music was swelling out, upon the breeze,
 From a gay festive hall—and starry lamps
 Flung out their perfumed splendour upon brows
 Of alabaster whiteness, and dark hair
 Enwreathed with dazzling gems: light forms went by
 Graceful and fairy-like, amid the dance,
 Beside a nation's chivalry—and songs
 Melted away in liquid melody
 From rosy lips, and the gay laugh broke forth;
 Or, when the ancient minstrel breathed some tale
 Of love and sadness, gentle tears fell forth
 From eyes that shone more lovely through their mist

But there was one, had stolen from that scene
Of smiles and joyousness, to where the moon
Look'd downward, silently, through jasmine leaves,
And the low night-breeze kiss'd the drooping bells
Of the sweet clematis.

And there she stood—
Her head bent slightly back, and the long fringe
Of her dark melancholy eye raised up
And laid against her brow, as if her soul
Were lifted in that long deep glance to Heaven!
Her cheek was pale—so pale, that its faint tinge
Of lingering carmine scarce sufficed to tell
That the slight form, round which the white robes fell
So gracefully, was not in very deed
A sculptor's form of beauty—her dark hair
Was carelessly thrown backward, and her hand
Twisted among its tresses, look'd as 't were
A wandering moon-beam—'t was so delicate!
A deeper sadness gather'd on the brow,
The queenly brow, of that young worshipper,
Until it droop'd upon her breast, and tears
Came crowding to her eyelids. Could it be
That grief had paled a cheek so beautiful?
That gush of tears went by—and she raised up
Her forehead to the breeze, and touch'd the lute,
That lay beside her, to a mournful strain,
The while she sung to it:—

“ This faded cheek, this faded cheek,
Pale lip and alter'd brow,
Are all the outward signs that speak
The love I bear thee now.
I name thee not amid the halls,
Where mirthful glances shine;
But not one tear in secret falls,
That is not truly thine.

“ They told me, that the vows we spake
Were soon forgot by thee;
But though my heart, perchance, may break,
'T will ne'er be false to thee.

Nor would'st thou, dearest, all so soon
That one deep vow forget,
The first, the last, the only one,
That told our hearts had met.

“They told me thou wast false, that pride
Might dry my burning tears,
When I should learn that thou hadst died
Amid thine early years.
They did not know how deeply dear
Was every thought of thee,
More fondly, truly, cherish'd here,
Than living love could be.”

The strain was hush'd—A rustle midst the leaves
Hath caught the maiden's ear, and a low voice
Whisper'd the name of “Eva!” Could it be
That the dark grave had given up its dead?
Or was that breath a summons from the land
Of parted spirits? But a moment more,
And her own knight was kneeling at her feet—
Her head fell on his bosom—hours past on,
And when the gray dawn made a pause amid
The mirth of their gay revelling, they came
To seek that absent one,—and both were there,
Silent and motionless as they had sunk,
When the first shock was over—one in death,
And one in cold despair!

FORGET ME NOT.

TO A. G. C.

FORGET me not! though fate from thine,
My path of life may sever,
Still think of days of “auld lang syne,”
And moments fled forever,

When many a year has pass'd away,
And other ties have bound us,
Oh! then let memory sometimes stray,
To those that now surround us,

Should pomp and pride be round thee then—
 When day's bright beam is o'er thee,
 And other forms shall meet thy ken—
 Mine may not stand before thee.

But when the orb of day hath set,
 Beneath the burning ocean,
 And holy thoughts around thee met,
 Have still'd the heart's commotion—

Oh! then may memory's hallow'd rays
 Around *my* image hover,
 And in the thoughts of other days,
 These hours be then glanced over.

Forget me not! though fate from thine,
 My path of life may sever,
 But sometimes think of "auld lang syne,"
 And moments fled forever.

THE GENIUS OF PAINTING.

ADDRESSED TO D—— M——

THE Genius of Painting one summer eve stray'd,
 In a moment of leisure, to Flora's bright bower,
 Where, scatter'd around, by the hand of the maid,
 In the richest profusion, bloom'd many a flower.

"Oh, see," Flora cried, as the Genius drew nigh,
 "What an Eden of beauty is blossoming here!
 But yet"—and a tear-drop stood bright in her eye,—
 "How soon will its loveliness all disappear!

"Oh Genius! bid them still live in your art,
 And my gratitude well shall your kindness repay;
 To some favour'd mortal your spirit impart,
 And teach him to rescue my flowers from decay."

Behold I have rear'd, in my favourite bower,
A shrine, and an altar, dear Painting, for you;
And there will I offer each loveliest flower,
As often as morning their sweets shall renew."

"Many thanks, dearest Flora!" the Genius cried,
"Though many an altar and temple is mine,
That with richer and costlier gifts are supplied,
Yet none of them all shall be dearer than thine.

"I will gift with my spirit whoever you will,
Yet choose not, dear Flora, the renegade man;
For the ingrate from you will be wandering still,
O'er fields more extended and varied to scan."

At this instant, a maiden drew near to the bower,
And Flora's own fondness beam'd soft from her eye,
As with rapture she hung o'er each beautiful flower,
Or heaved o'er the dying a tremulous sigh.

Flora turn'd on the Genius a smile of delight—
"There, Painting," she cried, "is my favourite maid!
Infuse in her bosom your genius bright,
And soon shall your altar be richly array'd."

"On that maid, then," said he, "shall my spirit descend,
A bright, and unfading, and beautiful gem;
The young favourite of Flora my shrine shall attend,
And the priestess of painting shall still be D. M."

A VISION.

NIGHT o'er the earth her dusky robe had spread,
With gloom unwonted, moon and stars conceal'd
By dense and murky clouds, denied their light.
I musing lay reclined, involved in thought,
And pondering o'er the various changing scenes
This land had witness'd, until slumbers soft
Succeeded to my reverie, yet stole

So lightly over me, that I was still
Unconscious that I slept ; and still my thoughts
Pursued the path, and wander'd o'er the scenes
Where they had waking roved. What ! I exclaim'd,
Would be the feelings, or the words of Penn,
Did he now view the fair wide commonwealth,
Whose infancy was foster'd by his care ?
I scarce had spoken, when an airy form
Before me stood. Her dark and piercing eye
Was lighted by a smile, that o'er her face,
In female beauty rich, benignant play'd.
Her tresses unadorn'd, save with a wreath
Of dewy wild-flowers, o'er her shoulders flung,
In glossy ringlets waved, or shaded light,
Her polish'd brow. Yet seem'd she not of gross
Corporeal mould ; but rather like the air,
Condensed and visible. I knew the form—
'Twas one whose aid I often had invoked,
What time I tuned or swept mine airy lyre,
Imagination ! with a kindly smile,
She lightly touch'd, and bade me follow her.
My soul, unfetter'd, instant soar'd aloft,
Far, far above the confines of the earth,
Then paused ; and while we hover'd, light in air,
My fair conductress bade me look around.
I look'd ! beneath us Pennsylvania lay,
Her ripen'd harvests waving in the breeze,
And wet with dew of morning ; for not yet
The sun had risen from his wavy bed,
But reddn'd by his beams, the fleecy clouds,
Bright glowing, spoke his near approach. Toward one
That rested nearest earth, with purple tinged,
My guide conducted me. As near we drew,
With wonder I beheld, within its breast,
A form reposed as in an airy car,
Which bore (though half conceal'd and indistinct)
The human likeness. O'er his face beam'd love,
Compassion mild, benevolence divine
And universal. Sin no place had there,
Nor earthly passions—but bright peace serene,
Pure piety, and happiness unmix'd.

“Behold!” exclaim’d my guide, “with awe behold
The sainted spirit of the righteous Penn!”
Quick throbb’d my bosom at the name revered,
With mix’d emotions. Mute with awe I gazed
Upon the sacred form. Silent awhile,
He view’d the beauteous scene, till the fair town
Whose name denotes the love he bore to man,
Right ’neath us lay. As with a father’s love
He fondly gazed, then utterance gave to thought.
“Fair happy State! by Heaven’s mercy risen
From a waste wilderness, a savage wild,
Uncultured, now transform’d to harvest plains,
With villages and cities studded thick.—
How changed art thou from what thou wert when first
I saw thee! now thou bear’st no middle rank
Among thy sisters—to thy farthest verge
The flowing tide of population rolls.
Then, Philadelphia! where thou spreadest now
Thy goodly domes, the Indian drove the chase.
Ye white men, ye have reft by slow degrees
Your brethren of their land. O give them then,
What for the loss alone can compensatè,
Your virtuous knowledge, justice, and your love.
Ye have escaped the ignominious stain,
Shameful and foul, that brands with deep disgrace
Your brethren of the south, the heavy curse
Of slavery. Then free the Indian from the bonds of vice
He ceased. And now the streets below were throng’d
With early passengers: among them came,
By the rude dress and tawny skin reveal’d,
Some stranger Indians. In wonder wrapp’d,
They view’d the various scenes, till they were shown
(Where stands the wretched maniacs’ abode)
The form of Miquen.* Instant at its base
With mingled reverence and love they knelt,
And while a tear unwonted dew’d their eyes,
Pray’d the great spirit, to protect, and bless
The friends of Miquen. In the eye of Penn
An answering tear-drop glow’d, an answering prayer”

* The Indian name of Penn.

He breathed for them. "Yes, grateful men," he said,
"Time has not from your memory yet erased
The elm-tree treaty." Silence reign'd once more—
And like the morning mist the scene dissolved,
And disappear'd. I waked!—'t was darkness all;—
The rain beat heavily, rough blew the blast,
And all was silence, solitude, and night!

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING,
TO A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS.

A KINDLY greeting to you all—
To all an opening year of gladness;
May never sorrow round you fall
More dark than evening's twilight sadness

The wintry blast may whistle shrill,
And clouds may dim the face of heaven;
But Friendship's wreath shall blossom still,
On this our gladsome New-Year's even.

While lips and hearts are smiling thus,
And hands are fondly clasp'd together,
Oh what are cloudy skies to us,
Or fortune's bright or sunny weather?

We may not meet, to hail again
Another year with hearts of lightness;
Some beating pulse may rest ere then,
Some eye have lost its wonted brightness

We may have met, perchance—alas!
To mingle hearts and then be parted;
Or some dark blight may o'er us pass,
And leave us lone and broken-hearted.

But let the future smile, or frown,
The wing of hope is waving o'er us;
One gem of bliss is still our own,
And one bright rose of joy before us.

Then may the rose be cherish'd well—
The sparkling gem be sullied never—
And parted Friendship's only knell,
Be when our hearts are still'd forever.

TO A PARTICULAR FRIEND.

“We took sweet counsel together, we went to the house of the Lord in company.”——PSALMS.

WE'VE sat beside the forest stream,
And watch'd the bright wave rippling by,
Now flashing back the summer beam,
Then dark'ning like a half-shut eye,
As whispering to the joyous breeze,
Down closer bent the shadowing trees.

Thy hand was clasp'd in mine, my friend,
And heart to heart was answering then;
Although, perchance, our tones might send
No echo down the rocky glen—
Or if we spoke, 't was language fraught
With all the others' voiceless thought.

Oh! it was sweet to linger there,
Beneath a sky so purely blue,
And breathe the gather'd sweets, the air
Had stolen from flowers it wander'd through—
How could there come a thought of ill
Amidst a scene so calm and still!

But yet, a holier chord than this,
Around our breasts its power hath twined;
And though, perchance, those hours of bliss
May fade, like moonlight, from the mind,
Can love aside be careless cast,
O'er which the breath of prayer hath past?

Oh, no! and though not oft we meet,
Within the house of worship now,—

The hours may come, less calm and sweet
Than those beneath the greenwood bough;
Those hearts may ne'er be wholly riven,
Which side by side have bow'd to Heaven.

WHERE ARE THEY?

"I came to the halls of my fathers, and asked, "Where are they?"
and the echoes answered "where."

WHERE are they? where! they all are gone,
Whose smiles were wont to answer mine,
When in the hours that long have flown,
These halls were fond affection's shrine?

Gray moss is on the smooth flag-stone,
That once was worn with bounding feet,
When eyes, now dim, all brightly shone,
And minstrel's song resounded sweet.

The harp still decks the mouldering walls,
With all its tuneful chords unstrung,
And silent are the echoing halls,
Where oft the merry laugh has rung.

Where now are all the lips and eyes,
Whose smiles once cheer'd my native bower?
And where are those whose parting sighs,
I've treasured many a weary hour?

There many a cheek was wet with tears,
And choking voices sigh'd adieu,
But now no friendly form appears,
Of all the wanderer's childhood knew.

I called, Where are they? but in vain—
There was no friend to greet me there—
The harp's last chord then burst in twain,
And echo only answer'd "Where?"

[The piece below, was written upon the perusal of an article in a newspaper, announcing the Decree issued by the Executive of the Republic of Mexico, totally abolishing the system of Slavery within its limits, on the anniversary of National Independence, in the year 1829.]

EMANCIPATION.

GLADNESS in Mexico ! A pealing shout,
 From franchised men, goes proudly o'er her hills ;
 And the rich hymn is swelling up to Heaven,
 Bearing the full heart's gratitude. No more
 The wild bird springing upward from its nest,
 Or the free waters in their gushing glee,
 Seem taunting man that they are masterless,
 While his proud thoughts and swelling pulse are crush'd
 Beneath vile bonds. No more at eventide,
 The serf stalks gloomily to seek a home,
 He scarce can call his own ; or goes at dawn
 Unwillingly to toil :—the heavy spell,
 That 'numb'd his veins with leaden sluggishness,
 Hath lost its power ; and now, his glad limbs bound
 Across the glorious earth, as though they were
 Nought but an essence. Hear ye not the voice
 Of his wild carol pour'd upon the air,
 As like the woodland bird "with folded wing
 He drops into his nest"—or goes at morn,
 With light and eager spirit to the toil
 From which no hand withholds the just reward !
 Oh, it is sweet to wear a heart, whose throbs
 Are stifled by no fetters—and an eye
 That quails not to the mightiest ! But the soul
 Of him whose hand hath wrench'd the bonds of thrall
 From the sad bosoms that beneath them pined,
 Hath yet a higher joy !—and there is one,*
 Whose name the grateful Mexican shall teach
 His son to lisp, ere yet his infant lip
 Hath learn'd to murmur, father.

But our land !—

The curse is on it still !—the slave-fiend stalks

* Guerrero.

Amidst our pleasant valleys and green hills ;
 A tyrant to the tyrants he has made ;
 Muttering fierce threats, and crowding on their hearts
 Visions and shapes of terror, like the wild
 And elfish faces that look forth at eve,
 On wilder'd travellers, 'midst the cheating shades,
 And gibe and chatter at the fears they raise.
 So men go crouching to the demon power,
 Scarce daring e'en to syllable his name,
 Lest they should waken up his smother'd rage ;
 And offering human victims at his shrine,
 Instead of nobly standing forth, like men,
 To drive him yelling from the glorious earth,
 That he pollutes and blackens with his tread.

Whom call ye slaves ? Are not the cravens such,
 Who dare not act with justice ?—Men who prate
 In sweet smooth sentences, of christian love,
 And with much sympathy, lament the fate
 Of those from whose swell'n limbs they will not strike
 One single link, in all their weight of chains ?
 Strange ! that the high capacities of mind,
 Should be so blinded by the gleam of gold—
 Till even the soul itself is valued less,
 Than “ so much trash as may be grasped thus.”

THE CHEROKEE.

GAZE on this landscape ! once in fleet career,
 The desert chieftain trod exulting here !
 Cleft with light bark the still and shaded floods,
 Pierced the recesses of the old gray woods ;
 Pour'd 'midst their hidden dells his wild halloo,
 And the light shaft with aim unerring threw.

Proud was his spirit, fierce, untamed and free,
 Scorning to crouch to pain, from death to flee,
 With feelings suited to his savage state,
 Faithful alike to friendship or to hate,
 Seeking no meed beyond a warrior's fame,
 And fearing nought except a coward's shame.

These wilds were his ;—amidst his chosen dell,
Where clustering wild-flowers fringed the gushing well,
His hut was rear'd ; and there at closing day,
He heard his children's laughter-shout of play,
While, weary with the chase, his limbs were laid
In listless rest beneath the oak-tree's shade.

Then o'er the ocean-sea the white man came,
Held to his lips the cup of liquid flame,
With smooth, false words, and bold encroaching hand,
Wrench'd from the Cherokee his father's land,
Still on his fast receding footsteps prest,
And urged him onward to the distant west,
Till all the precincts of his narrowed ground,
Was closely hemm'd with cultured life around,
And burning cottages and mangled slain,
Had mark'd war's footsteps o'er the ravaged plain.

Wearied, at length, the pale-brow'd stranger swore,
To seek the Indian's hunting grounds no more ;
Treaties and oaths the solemn compact seal'd,
And plenty crown'd once more the blood-stain'd field ;
Then o'er the red-man's alter'd nature smiled
A kindlier spirit, and a soul more mild ;
Bright knowledge pour'd its sunlight o'er his mind,
His feelings soften'd, and his heart refined.

No longer then, when pass'd the storm-flash by,
He saw the lightning of Manitto's eye,
Or listen'd trembling, while his anger spoke,
As high o'er head the pealing thunder broke.
He learn'd to light in heaven his spirit's flame,
And blend a Saviour's with Jehovah's name.
Then tell us, ye, who have the power to save,
Shall all his hopes be crush'd in one wide grave ?
Shall lawless force, with rude, remorseless hand,
Drive out the Indian from his father's land,
Burst all the ties that bind the heart to home,
And thrust him forth 'mid distant wilds to roam ?
Oh no ! to mercy's pleading voice give ear,
The wak'ning wrath of outraged justice fear,

Stain not with broken faith our country's name,
 Nor weigh her tresses to the dust with shame !
 Remember yet the solemn pledge you gave,
 And lift the potent arm to shield and save !

GAYASHUTA TO THE SONS OF ONAS.

The following lines are a versification of a speech or letter delivered by the Cornplanter to the "Sons of Onas" (William Penn) from Gayashuta, a chief of the Seneca Nation.

My brothers ! Sons of Onas ! hear my voice !
 And Gayashuta's spirit shall rejoice ;
 For age has settled on his drooping head ;
 His hopes have wither'd, and his joys have fled.
 When youth and strength were seated on his brow,
 He felt not hunger, pain, and want, as now ;
 For then the wild deer bounded o'er the plain,
 And never was his arrow sped in vain.
 Our land embraced the mountain and the flood,
 The chase—our pleasure—furnish'd us with food.
 The red man's tribes the mighty Spirit bless'd,
 And every stranger was his welcome guest.
 With pleasure, when they sought our lonely haunts,
 We gave them shelter, and relieved their wants.
 My brothers ! when your fathers sought our shores,
 The wide extended fertile plains were ours.
 They loved the land their mighty ships had found,
 And Onas call'd his red-skin'd brethren round—
 They ask'd us, and we gave them of our land,
 Whereon to plant, and where their wigwams stand :
 And Gayashuta's voice was foremost heard,
 To urge and aid the suit his friend preferr'd.
 My brothers ! Gayashuta had not thought,
 When first the Groves of Pines* your fathers sought,
 Of age or weakness—strength was in his frame,
 And cowards shrunk beneath his eye of flame.

* The place where Philadelphia now stands was called by the Indians the Grove of the long pine trees.

Your fathers saw him then,—he now is old,
And you will ne'er his alter'd form behold,
His wither'd, bending form, that scarce appears
The ghost of what it was in former years.
He wonders, when his shadow meets his eye,
It is so shrunk, so changed from days gone by !
No longer can he track the flying game,
Or point the arrow with unerring aim ;
He has no children to supply his wants,
The whites have scared the wild deer from his haunts.
In hunting all the day the youth must toil,
And scarce the chase will yield sufficient spoil
To satisfy themselves—there is none left
For those who are of friends and strength bereft.
For Gayashuta is not here alone—
A remnant yet remains of days long gone.
They were your fathers' friends, they now are weak,
And poor and feeble—shall they vainly speak !
My brothers ! Sons of Onas ! in his youth,
Your fathers gave this belt, the badge of truth,
To Gayashuta, this he sends to you,
The ancient bond of friendship to renew.
Look on this belt ! and should it warm your heart,
Then comfort to your fathers' friends impart,
My brothers ! *we are men*, and only say
That we are hungry, naked, old, and gray,
We have no other friends on whom to call,
Than you, the Sons of Onas, friends to all,

THE SLAVE.

It was a glorious sunset hour :—a scent
Of rich perfume, from many a twisted wreath
Of summer blossoms, clustering in their wild
And free profusion, 'neath a southern sky,
Came on the evening breeze, and streams went by
With a glad tone, and the hush'd birds came forth
From the thick woods, and lifted up the voice
Of their hearts' mirthful music. Painted wings

Were fluttering on the breeze, and the bees' hum
Made a glad melody.—

At a hill's foot,
Beside a gushing stream, and 'neath a clump
Of close embowering trees, there stood a cot,
At whose low door a mother sung to rest,
With a sad lullaby, her infant boy.

I.

These southern climes are bright, are bright,
With their gorgeous summer flowers !
But I would my head might rest to-night
In my own loved native bowers :
They say this land is proudly blest
All other lands above,
But afar from heré is the spot, that best
In the wide, wide world I love.

II.

It may want the perfumed airs of this,
It may want the glorious clime—
But *there* is the thought of all the bliss
Of my happy childhood's time.
Better to roam 'neath burning skies,
Upon wastes of desert sand,
Than to load the air with slavery's sighs,
And to wear on your heart its brand.

III.

Rest, love, and sleep—for thine infant years
Are a dream that knows no sorrow ;
Too soon wilt thou waken to bitter tears,
When manhood shall come like the morrow.
Rest, love, rest !—for thou know'st not yet,
What a fearful doom is o'er thee !
That the name of slave on thy brow is set,
And a life of woe before thee.

THE OUTCAST.

“There is a race of people inhabiting the Vale of Lieze, on the French side of the Pyrenees, who are supposed to be descended from the Saracens, and are entirely excluded from communion with the rest of mankind.—They are even obliged to enter the churches by a separate door, and no one will make use of the holy water which their touch has polluted.”

THE vineyards of France 'neath their fruitage were bending,
And spread their rich clusters of blue to the sun,
And high o'er the steep of the mountain ascending,
The soft voice of song, with wild merriment blending,
Told where the gay harvester's toil was begun.

The sun its last glance o'er the landscape was flinging,
And sounds from afar came distinctly and clear ;
The birds from each covert their vespers were singing,
And far in the vale the deep convent-bell ringing,
Sent up its sad tones to the wanderer's ear.

He flung himself down with an aspect of sadness,
And listlessly gazed on the landscape below ;
His spirit by scorn had been goaded to madness,
And now that bright scene, and those murmurs of gladness,
Seem'd rising before him to mock at his woe.

“Oh why,” he exclaim'd, as the bitter tear started,
“Oh why was I form'd with a bosom to feel !
Since thus I was doom'd from mankind to be parted,
An outcast on earth, lone, and desolate-hearted,
Too vile with the vilest in worship to kneel.

“And thou—loved and lost one—oh why didst thou nourish
The weed that was trampled by all, save by thee ;
The gleamings of light in my young spirit cherish,
And waken high feelings and hopes but to perish,
And leave my dark fate doubly dreadful to me ?

“In the hours of my slumber proud visions come o’er me,
And life for a moment seems brightly to smile,
The pathway of glory and fame is before me,
The noble caress, and the lovely adore me,
And every sad thought from my bosom beguile.

“But, ah ! from those dreams soon and sadly I waken,
To find all around me thrice gloomy and drear ;
To know that thou, too, from my arms hast been taken,
Thou blest and revered one, whose friendship unshaken,
The darkest, the saddest, of moments would cheer.

“Oh death ! thou stern foe to the lovely and blooming,
Thou terror to those who are blessing and blest !
How freely this bosom would welcome thy coming,
How gladly, thy garment of darkness assuming,
Sink down into slumber and peace on thy breast !”

STANZAS.

’Tis sweet to think of days gone by,
When life and all its charms were new,
And seem’d as bright to childhood’s eye,
As morning’s liquid gems of dew.

To think of joys that long have fled,
Of youthful hopes indulged in vain,
Of feelings waken’d from the dead,
And sorrows that have ceased to pain.

To let the thoughts excursive rove,
In many a wild prophetic dream,
To pour the prayer for those we love
And feel that we are dear to them—

To think of friends we fondly loved,
 Who calmly now in darkness sleep,
 By all our joys and griefs unmoved—
 To think with soften'd breast and weep!

Oh! well such moments can repay,
 For lingering hours of darker thought,
 When hope has bent 'neath sorrow's sway,
 And feeling is with anguish fraught.

THE CHINESE SON.

The following lines were suggested by reading a narrative of a Chinese youth, whose mother felt great alarm during the prevalence of a thunder-storm, and whose filial affection always prompted him to be present with his mother on such occasions, and even after her death to visit and remain at her grave, during their continuance.

I COME to thee, my mother! the black sky
 Is swollen with its thunder, and the air
 Seems palpable with darkness, save when high,
 The lurid lightning streams a ruddy glare
 Across the heavens, rousing from their lair
 The deep-voiced thunders! how the mounting storm
 Strides o'er the firmament! yet I can dare
 Its fiercest terrors, mother, that my arm
 May wind its shield of love around thy sleeping form.

What uproar! raging winds, and smiting hail,
 The lightning's blaze, and deaf'ning thunder's crash,
 Let loose at once for havoc! I should quail
 Before the terrors of the forked flash,
 Did not the thought of thee triumphant dash
 All selfish fears aside, and bid me fly
 To kneel beside thy grave; the rain-drops plash
 Heavily round thee from the rifted sky;
 Yet I am here, fear not—beside thy couch I lie.

Thou canst not hear me—the storm brings not now,
One terror to thy bosom—yet 'tis sweet
To call to mind the smile, wherewith thy brow
Was wont in by-gone days my step to greet,
When o'er the earth the summer tempest beat,
And the loosed thunder shook the heavens—but when
Was there a look of mine that did not meet
A smile of love from thee? the world of men
A friend, like thou hast been, will never yield again.

Oh! mother, mother, how could love like thine
Pass from the earth away! on other eyes,
The glances of maternal love will shine,
And still on other hearts the blessing lies,
That made mine blissful; yet far less they prize
That boon of happiness—and in their glee,
Around their spirits gather many ties
Of joy and tenderness—but all to me
That made the earth seem bright, is sepulchred with thee.

They sometimes strive to lead me to the halls,
Where wine and mirth the fleeting moments wing,
But on my clouded spirit sadness falls,
More darkly then, than when the cave-glooms fling
Their shadows round me, and the night-winds sing
Through the torn rocks their melancholy dirge,
Or when as now the echoing thunder rings
O'er the wide heavens, and the mad gales urge
Unto an answering cry, the overmastering surge.

The storms of nature pass, and soon no trace
Is left to mark their ravage—but long years
Pass lingeringly onward, nor efface
The deep-cut channel of our burning tears,
Or aching scars, that wasting sorrow sears
Upon the breast: lo! even now, a gleam
Of moonlight through the broken clouds appears,
To bless the earth again. I fain would dream,
It was a smile of thine, to bless me with its beam.

TO A CROCUS.

AN' so ye've oped your leaves at last—
I've often pitied ye, when fast
The drivin' snaw has o'er ye past,
 Puir bonnie thing,
Ye dared too soon the moody blast,
 This damp cauld spring.

Ye've lifted up your gou'den head,
Too soon from off its wintry bed,
When late the faithless sunshine shed,
 A saft warm gleam,
Then left ye, ere your leaves could spread,
 Beneath its beam.

Sic' is the hapless doom of those
Round whom her chain stern slavery throws,
Wha, born to naught but wrongs and woes,
 An' mony a tear,
Find storms and gloom around them close,
 In life's young year.

But o'er ye now the brightening sky
Is bending wi' a milder eye,
A safter breeze your buds will dry,
 An' fan your bloom;
O'er them oppression's clouds still lie
 In murky gloom.

Yet e'en for them, a feeble light
Seems breaking o'er the horizon's night,
Distant, and faint, yet palely bright,
 Wi' hope's blest beam,
Telling that soon across their sight
 'T will broadly gleam.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

THEY say this world is fraught with guile
 They say that lips may wear a smile,
 And yet the heart be cold the while,
 As Zembla's sparkling icicle.

They say that those beloved for years,
 Will fly when adverse fate appears,
 And meet us 'midst our lonely tears,
 With eye averted scornfully.

Believe it not—oh no! oh no!
 True hearts there are, that love not so,
 But closer twine in grief and woe,
 And love ev'n more in misery!

There may be some, perchance, whose eye
 Will only smile when hope is high,
 And from the couch of sorrow fly,
 To meet in sounds of revelry.

Yet think not all are false and fair!
 Though hearts of truth, alas! be rare,
 Some, some, at least, will surely bear
 The test of dark adversity.

 A SKETCH.

[Extracted from a manuscript poem.]

YOUNG Harwald's burning coal-black eye,
 And clustering locks of raven dye—
 That o'er his lofty forehead hung,
 In thick neglected masses flung,—
 Contrasted strangely with the cheek
 So wan, so sunken, and so pale,—
 Save when the hectic's transient streak
 Pass'd over it—and told a tale
 Of silent suffering and decay,
 That wore the springs of life away.

"Scarce five and twenty years," he said,
"The light of heaven has round me shed ;
But these few years of woe and crime,
Have done the lingering work of time.
I was a spoil'd and wayward boy,
In infancy my father's toy ;
Each wild caprice, each childish whim,
Was humour'd and indulged by him ;
Until my passions, unrestrain'd,
A fearful empire o'er me gain'd ;
And in this form, so changed, decay'd,
Behold the wreck that they have made.

"Thou knowest now what I have been,
And what I am :—but no, unseen,
Unknown, forever, must remain
The dreary loneliness,—the pain
Of blighted hopes, remorse's sting,
And all the vulture forms that cling
Around this heart, where they were nursed,
Till they have render'd it accursed !

"Nay, nay ! speak not to me of peace,
Of pardoning love, and heavenly grace ;
My callous heart is scorch'd and sear,
It has naught now to hope or fear.
It may be, in my days of youth,
Before my heart was warp'd from truth,
Thy words had not been vain—but now
The mark of Cain is on my brow !
Ay ! spurn me from thee, if thou wilt—
'Tis just—this hand is red with guilt ;
And 't is not meet that it should clasp,
With one so pure, in friendly grasp.

"I could not weep—no, not one tear,
Though it might change my final sentence :
I feel it—it is written here—
And my scorch'd heart is waste and drear
With vain remorse, but no repentance.

It is too late!—the time of grace,
 So vainly offer'd, now is spent;
 There is no longer left a place,
 Where I might turn me, and repent.
 There is a God! I doubt it not—
 Though I have scorn'd his holy name—
 'Tis written where no hand can blot
 Those characters of living flame.
 No!—I have scoff'd at things above,
 Have spurn'd a Saviour's proffer'd love,
 Have made a mockery of faith,
 And hopèd, beyond the power of death—
 But never, in my wildest hour,
 My heart has disbelieved His power!

“ No!—I have strove to think, in vain,
 That it was superstition's chain.
 I knew he lived!—yet dared his wrath,
 Defied his vengeance and his death:
 But never, save in one dark hour,
 Hath this parch'd lip denied his name—
 For when I would have mock'd his power,
 My mother's form before me came,
 With that same look she used to wear,
 When she had knelt for me in prayer.
 I know not, if I yet believe,
 What you as sacred truths receive;
 But I have felt, when near my bed,
 Thy lips the word of truth have read,—
 And memory has recall'd the sigh,
 That bore her last faint prayer on high,—
 That there must be some soothing charm,
 Some power, in what could thus disarm
 The scenes of death and suffering
 Of half the anguish of their sting.”

* * * * *

At length, he felt that there was yet
 Some respite from the gnawing pain,
 That, like a burning brand, had set
 Its impress on his heart and brain.

He was not happy—but despair
Had soften'd into sadness now—
And lingering nights of tears and prayer,
And days of penitential woe,—
For time misspent, and hours of folly,
For passions high, and deeds of ill,—
Had brought a soften'd melancholy,
And hope that there was mercy still.
He felt that yet his heart had ties
To bind him to the bright green earth,
And that although for him must rise
No more the joyous voice of mirth,
There still might be an hour of peace,
When life and woe at once should cease.

TO THE LADIES' FREE PRODUCE SOCIETY.

These lines were addressed to the Ladies' "Free Produce Society, of Philadelphia," a short time previous to one of its stated meetings, after the author had removed from the city.

YOUR gathering day! and I am not,
As erst, amid you set;
But even from this distant spot,
My thoughts are with you yet,
As freshly as in hours forgot,
When I was with you met.

His blessing on your high career!
Go, press unwearied on,
From month to month, from year to year,
Till when your task is done,
The franchised negro's grateful tear
Proclaims your victory won.

Oh faint you not, ye gathered band !
 Although your way be long,
 And they who rang'd against you stand,
 Are numberless and strong ;
 While you but bear a feeble hand,
 Unused to cope with wrong.

Upon your injured brother look,
 And nerve ye with the sight !
 Could you the good, the gentle, brook
 To wear your days in light,
 Regardless that by sorrow struck,
 He pines in rayless night ?

Oh surely 't is a blessed fate,
 A lot like that ye bear—
 To bid the crush'd and desolate,
 Not yield them to despair,
 For even amidst their low estate,
 Some hearts their sufferings share.

And never your high task forget,
 Till they are chainless—free !
 Alas ! that ye should be so met,
 And I not with you be ;
 Yet sometimes when you thus are set,
 One heart may turn to me.



TO PRUDENCE CRANDALL.

HEAVEN bless thee, noble lady, in thy purpose good and high !
 Give knowledge to the thirsting mind, light to the asking eye ;
 Unseal the intellectual page, for those from whom dark pride,
 With tyrant and unholy hands, would fain its treasures hide.

Still bear thou up unyielding 'gainst persecution's shock,
 Gentle as woman's self, yet firm, and moveless as a rock ;
 A thousand spirits yield to thee their gushing sympathies,
 The blessing of a thousand hearts around thy pathway lies.

W O M A N.

THERE are who lightly speak with scornful smiles,
Of woman's faith, of woman's artful wiles ;
Who call her false in heart, and weak in mind,
The slave of fashion, and to reason blind.
She may be such among the gilded bowers,
Where changing follies serve to waste the hours—
But bear her from the giddy world afar,
And place her lonely, like the evening star,
And with as bright, as pure, as calm a beam,
Her milder virtues will serenely gleam :
Go, place her by the couch of pale disease,
And bid her give the feverish pulses ease—
Say, will she not the task unmurmuring bear,
To soothe the anguish'd brow with tender care—
To trim the midnight lamp, and from her eye,
Though dim with watching, bid soft slumber fly—
With lightly whisper'd voice, and noiseless tread,
Glide, like an angel, round the sick man's bed—
With tireless patience watch the speaking eye,
And all unask'd his slightest wants supply ?
It is not hers to guide the storm of war,
To rule the state, or thunder at the bar—
It is not hers to captivate the heart
With potent eloquence, resistless art—
To sit with men in legislative hall,
To govern realms, or mark their rise and fall ;
These things are not for her. 'Tis woman's care
Alone, to rear the shoots that flourish there—
To list the lisping voice, with joy refined,
To watch the first unfolding of the mind,
The springing dawn of intellectual day,
The brighter beam of reason's perfect ray ;
To wipe the starting tear from childhood's eye,
To soothe his little woes, and balms apply,
To drink of science' fount, that she may store
His opening mind with all her gather'd lore ;
To guard his morals with unceasing care,
And bend, for him, the suppliant knee in prayer.

Then give him, in his full and perfect worth,
To serve the land that smiled upon his birth.

Such woman is—and shall proud man forbear,
The converse of the mind with her to share ?
No ! she with him shall knowledge' pages scan,
And be the partner, not the toy, of man !
When smit with angry fortune's adverse gale,
E'en his stern spirit seems at length to quail—
When all his hopes are wreck'd, his health has flown,
And strangers claim the land he calls his own :
When friends who flatter'd 'neath the summer sky,
With brow estranged, his alter'd fortunes fly,
Then, woman, it is thine, with changeless heart,
In all his wretchedness to bear a part :
To quit the scenes thy smiles could once illumine,
And sink with him to poverty and gloom ;
To soothe his sorrows, calm his aching head,
And hang in speechless fondness o'er his bed,
His woes, his wants, his sufferings to share,
Thine alter'd lot without one plaint to bear ;
To lock thy silent sorrows in thy breast,
And smile, as thou wert wont, in days more blest ;
His steps to follow to earth's farthest verge,
O'er icy mount, or ocean's foaming surge ;
With hopes of better days his heart to cheer,
And with thy smile, to shed the first fond tear.
Such changeless faith is woman's—constant still,
Through each reversing scene of good and ill.
When man is crush'd by storms that o'er him roll,
Then rises woman's timid, shrinking soul :
Pain, peril, want, she fearlessly will bear,
To dash from man the cup of dark despair ;
And only asks for all her tireless zeal,
To share his fate—whate'er he feels, to feel—
To breathe in his fond arms her latest breath,
And murmur out the loved one's name in death.

THE INDIAN MOTHER TO HER SON.

THY foot is on thy father's grave,
Thine eye is on thy father's foes,
Here sleeps what once was free and brave!
There, last his war-whoop yell arose!
And where thy sire's last deed was done,
There first thine arm shall wake, my son.

Thou see'st this flower—thy father's heart
Hath nourish'd up its early bloom;
And thou, to me, hast been a part
Of life, and hope, through years of gloom.—
The flowret's stem is rent—and thou
Must tear thee from thy mother now.

Ay, hie thee forth—the red man's yell,
To-night, shall break our foemen's sleep;
And shrieks, and flames, and blood, shall tell,
How Indian hearts their vengeance keep!
How Indian sons in memory nurse
Their dying sires' revengeful curse.

Yon evening wreath of fleecy smoke
Curls gently up against the sky,—
But once through darker volumes broke
The midnight flame, the mother's cry!
And there again the day-beam's smile,
Shall view a black deserted pile.

The morning of thy life was there
Where white man's foot now blights the soil;
And there return'd from chase or war,
Thy sire was wont to share his spoil—
Revenge his death! I charge thee, boy—
And win the warrior's noble joy.

THE INDIAN CAMP.

I stood amidst its solitude ! where erst
The mighty of the desert dwelt, ere yet
The thunder-cloud of desolation burst
In darkness o'er them ; ere their sun had set,
And pale-faced strangers from the ocean's strand,
Had look'd with evil eye across their fathers' land.

When, like the wild-deer of their own dark woods,
They trod with bounding steps its gloomy maze
Fearless and free ; or stemm'd the rushing flood
In light canoe ; and pausing but to raise
Their whoop of terror, rush'd to distant war,
With breast and brow still mark'd with many a former scar.

Methinks I see them now, as evening came,
Returning homeward from the lengthen'd chase,
The haughty fierceness of their brows grown tame,
And round their necks fond childhood's soft embrace ;
While lips of age their simple welcome spoke,
And silent smiles of love in gentle eyes awoke.

But there was left no relic of them there,
Save that tradition told of one lone spot,
Where they had long been sepulchred ; it bore
No stone, no monument, that they might not
Be all forgotten ; but the forest bough,
In aged strength bent down above each mouldering brow.

The gushing stream beside whose limpid waves
They oft had flung them when the chase was o'er,
Or paused amid its hurrying course to lave
Their thirsty lips, and heated brows, of yore,
Still rushes nigh them with its shining waves,
But pours them only round their silent graves.

ESSAYS

PHILANTHROPIC AND MORAL.

1

A







ESSAYS,

PHILANTHROPIC AND MORAL,

BY

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER:

PRINCIPALLY RELATING

TO THE

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

"Daughters of the Pilgrim sires,
Dwellers by their mouldering graves,
Watchers of their altar fires,
Look upon your country's slaves!"

* * * * *

"Are not woman's pulses warm,
Beating in this anguish'd breast?
Is it not a sister's form,
On whose limbs these fetters rest?
Oh then, save her from a doom,
Worse than all that ye may bear;
Let her pass not to the tomb
'Midst her bondage and despair."

PHILADELPHIA:

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1836.



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PHILANTHROPIC AND MORAL ESSAYS,

BY

ELIZABETH MARGARET CHANDLER.

EFFECTS OF SLAVERY.

"A wretch ! a coward ! ay, because a slave !"

AND it must be ever thus !—it is in the very nature of slavery to cast a benumbing influence, like that of the torpedo, over its unhappy victims—degrading every nobler faculty, and freezing up the very life-springs of intellectual excellence. Men say, truly, that the slave is a degraded being, debased—ay, almost beneath the level of humanity. What matters it then, that he should be scorned, and despised, and trampled upon ? A slave ! that vilest thing in creation—who shall extend the hand of benevolence to wipe the cold dews of suffering from *his* forehead, or stoop to whisper in his ear the words of hope and consolation ?—A shade of sadness may cloud the brow of the master, when his faithful *dog* sinks to death at his feet—but will he shed one tear over the grave of the wretch, who has lived from youth to age, toiling, toiling on, through summer's heat, and winter's cold, in one unvarying round of labour for his service ?—And why should he ?—It was the scourge of the task-master, not the ready impulse of grateful affection, that urged him on in his daily routine of toil—and though his lip might sometimes murmur the words of ready obedience, the tyrant well knew that the low deep curses of deadly hatred were flung back in secret return for oft-repeated blows and menaces.

What wonder is it that the slave should be the veriest outcast on the face of God's beautiful creation ? But who has made him thus ? Was it the omnipotent Jehovah !—the God of love,

of justice, and of mercy?—No! the answer must come in the deep voice of thunder, and in the still small whisper of the midnight couch—no!—it was man—his brother—created by the same hand, and in the same image—that hath become his oppressor, and wrought him this foul wrong. “Yoked with the brute, and fetter’d to the soil,” with the iron hand of tyranny pressing him to the earth—and the thick veil of intellectual darkness drawn forever around him—how could he be otherwise than as he is? But, “give liberty to the captive”—fling aside his fetters—and bid him stand proudly erect in all the majesty of a freeman—and his soul—his mind—his whole character will soon remodel itself to the dignity of his outward form—he will be again a man, the image and noblest work of his Creator! Would to Heaven the hour of his emancipation had already arrived! That it is approaching by slowly progressive footsteps, there can be no doubt. The system of slavery must not, will not, forever cast its dark stigma on the fair pages of our country’s annals. Already the voice of justice and of mercy has gone forth. Man has arisen in his compassionate strength, to aid the cause of the oppressed—and the gentler sympathies of woman’s soul have been awakened from their long slumber. She has remembered that many of her cherished luxuries have been wet with the tears of wretchedness, and that the zephyr which flutters around her tasteful garb, comes heavily laden with the sighs of the oppressed. Oh! will she not then cast from her whatever is to others the source of a sore evil—and bathe her lip, and array her form, only in those things which are untainted by the hot breath of human agony? Much may be effected by woman—important consequences have, in all ages of the world, been produced by her influence—and when was she ever a loiterer in the cause of justice and humanity?

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE great effort of female education should be, to qualify woman to discharge her duties, not to exalt her till she despises them; to make it her ambition to merit and display the character of the most amiable and intelligent of her sex, rather than aspire to emulate the conduct and capacity of men. In our

country, where, under the mild light of Christianity, free institutions guaranty freedom of thought, of expression, of action, the full and free development of mind may be expected; and here, if in any country on earth, women may hope to take their true, their most dignified stations, as the helpers, the companions, of educated and independent men. And while our citizens are endeavouring so to improve their inestimable privileges, that the men of future ages may be better and happier for their labours, have women no share in the important task? Their influence on the manners is readily and willingly conceded by every one; might not their influence on the *mind* be made quite as irresistible, and far more beneficial, and that, too, without violating in the least, the *propriety* which, to make their examples valuable, should ever mark their conduct? The business of *instruction* is one of vast interest, because fraught with such important consequences to Americans. It is necessary that *all* our people should be instructed, as universal education is the main pillar that must eventually support the temple of our liberty. It is therefore a duty sacredly binding on our legislators to provide for the instruction, during childhood and youth, of every member of our republic. But while there are so many pursuits, more lucrative and agreeable to active and ambitious young men, there will be a lack of *good* instructors—of those who are willing to make it their business. Let, then, the employment of *school-keeping* be principally appropriated to females. They are both by temper and habit admirably qualified for the task—they have patience, fondness for children, and are accustomed to seclusion, and inured to self-government. Is it objected that they do not possess sufficient soundness of learning—that their acquirements are showy, superficial, frivolous? The fault is in their education, not in the female mind. Only afford them opportunities for improvement, and motives for exertion; let them be assured, that,

“to sing, to dance,

To dress, to troll the tongue, and roll their eyes,”

is not all that is required to make young ladies agreeable or sought by the gentlemen—that they may converse sensibly without the charge of pedantry, and be intelligent without the appellation of a *blue*; in short, that they are expected to be rational, and required to be useful—and they will not disappoint public expectation.

DREAMING.

It is a pleasant thing to dream. I do not mean in sleep,—for such dreams are generally too vague and indistinct—but when you are broad awake at mid-day or in the dim twilight. Upon a hot August noon, when there is not one cloud rioting upon the face of the dazzling sky, to give your eye a momentary relief from its intense brightness—when the clear sun-beams are poured, with a scorching light, full upon the glaring brick buildings opposite to your apartment, and reflected back from the hot pavement, till the lazy air, that lingers about among them, seems almost to become visible from the heat it has gathered, and comes to you with a heavy, parching sultriness. Or on a dreary November day, when the rain commences with a slow, steady drizzle, increasing gradually into larger drops, till it comes down in a heavy, regular, monotonous shower—and the trees, if there happen to be any within sight of your window, seem actually to shiver with the damp chilliness of the weather, as they stand stretching out their wet limbs, with the rain dripping rapidly from the few brown and curled leaves left upon them, to those that lie still more withered beneath—oh, it is delicious then to shut the door of your thoughts upon the outward creation that is around you, and forget yourself in an ideal world—glorious and beautiful! Fancy, like a loosened falcon, springs up on an exulting wing, and bears you free and unfettered wherever you may list.—The morning sun seems to light up for your eyes, the magnificence of Alpine scenery; or the twilight air of Cashmere steals luxuriously over your lips and forehead, bathing them with the gathered fragrance of her roses. You may weave around yourself a tissue of romantic adventures, or exchange the low ceiling and narrow walls of your own apartment, for the mountain breezes of the Catskill, or the dazzling display of lights, beauty and fashion, in a ball-room at Saratoga.

Nor have your own “transmogrifications” a whit less of the wonderful. Were it not that yourself has been the magician, you would be positively in doubt as to your own identity. Your little lead-coloured eyes, the light of whose beams could never be persuaded to turn in the same direction, are transformed into heavenly azure, and their long lids drop over them with a most amiable expression of melancholy—your non-descript

nose becomes suddenly twisted into perfection, and your whole face, which, after a month's daily inspection in the glass, with the hope of discovering some unobtrusive loveliness, you were compelled to acknowledge monstrously "plain," you find astonishingly altered into the very extremity of beauty—while your silken tresses, which had formerly approached somewhat too near to the colour of *vermilion*, to be accurately described by the poetical epithet of "Golden," in a most appropriate manner "cap the climax" of your loveliness. Then you may imagine yourself peerless and unrivalled, the brightest star on the horizon of fashion—and practise, if you please, the haughty curl of your exquisite lip, with which you intend to receive the adoration of your worshippers, or the graceful bend of your superlative head with which you will accede to Mr. ——'s entreaty that you will allow him that infinity of honour, the pleasure of dancing with you.

If you prefer the "sentimental," you may fancy yourself seated with your guitar, where the quiet moonbeams steal in between clustering branches of the rose and honeysuckle, to listen to your melody. But woe to your dream, should you forget so deeply as to give sound to the witching of your voice! alas, alas, you have never yet been able to persuade the ungentleness of your voice into the formation of one note of harmony, or prevail upon your disobliging ear to retain the recollection of a tune—and the beautiful bubble world of your fancy, with all its glorious rain-bow hues, is dashed at once into nothing!

But better and pleasanter than all this, is it to go out on a calm Sabbath morning, into the thick woods, and lie down on a green bank, by the twisted roots of an old tree—where the stream that steals with a gentle voice between the grassy banks, hath a purer melody in its tone than the rich swell of church-music;—and the sweet wild flowers, those fair and perishing things, frail as our brightest hopes, and like them springing up everywhere around us—lift up their delicate leaves with a lesson for your heart to study;—and the honey-bee, that comes with its soft hum to drink their sweets, is a kind monitor, teaching you thus to gather into the storehouse of your thoughts, the sweet recollections of well-spent moments.

The dreams of our sleep are sometimes happy—but they have ever their waking hour; and the beautiful creations of our unslumbering fancy, too soon leave us only the remem-

brance that they were but shadows—with sometimes, too, a sigh over the far different fate that heaven hath assigned us. But that visionary mood which purifies the heart while it gives it happiness, leaves nothing of bitterness, even when it is broken in upon by the ruder voice of the world.

You will “find calm thoughts beneath the whispering tree,” and the low rustle of the forest leaves, that comes to you with the cool breeze, hath a soothing influence for the heart. The song of the birds will be understood like a familiar language, and the insect forms that flit past you in the scattered sunshine, have each a separate history; or you may gift them with higher perceptibilities, and they will be to you for friends and fellow-worshippers.

INDIFFERENCE.

WE believe it is generally acknowledged that there is more danger to be apprehended to any cause, from the lukewarmness of its pretended friends, than from the bitterest hostility of its professed enemies. The attacks of the one will always rouse up opponents to repel them. The lethargy of the other palsies even the hand of zeal, and infects with a benumbing influence the energies of the warmest hearted. It is this lifelessness, this apathy, that is the more dangerous enemy to the cause of Emancipation. We have been frequently astonished at the perfect indifference manifested when this subject is adverted to, even by those whom we might suppose would be most easily interested, and among some who openly profess to reprobate the system of slavery. You may speak of the wrongs and sufferings of our coloured population; you may tell them of all the evils attendant upon slavery; you may recount, if they will listen to you so long, a harrowing tale of human misery, till your own cheek burns, and heart swells at the recital, and when you have concluded, they will turn coldly away, and answer, “All this may be very true—but why do you tell it to us? the fault is not ours, nor the remedy in our power; it is useless, therefore, to distress ourselves with the thought of wretchedness which we cannot relieve.” Yet they will almost always conclude with acknowledging that the sys-

tem of slavery is both criminal and disgraceful, and with a wish that it was abolished altogether :—while at the same time, to judge from their conduct, they seem perfectly determined not to raise so much as a little finger in aid of that object. “And what more can we do,” such persons may perhaps exclaim, “than to give our best wishes to the cause of emancipation?” You can do a great deal more—you can give it your *active exertions*—and you *must* do so, if you would ever behold the day when the cry of the oppressed shall be heard no more “within our borders.” You should form yourselves into societies for the opposition of slavery. Your interest will, by that means, be kept awake, you will have better opportunities both of acquiring and diffusing information upon the subject, and your aid, altogether, will be more effective. Nor should you imagine you have completed your duty by declaring yourselves the enemies of oppression—you should endeavour to *prevail upon your friends to do likewise*.

The subject is one of the utmost importance, both to the moral and political interests of our country, and should occupy your thoughts, and be made the theme of your conversation, not only in your stated meetings for its discussion, but while you are engaged in your daily occupations, or when you have gathered into a friendly circle around the evening hearth. We do not expect the influence of women to have any immediate or perceptible effect upon the councils of the Senate-house—but let their efforts be steadily directed to arousing the public mind to the importance of this subject, and keeping awake that attention by every means in their power, and we have no doubt but they will be speedily and beneficially felt. It is useless to talk of the difficulties of the case, of the danger of intermeddling with a subject which even men approach with timidity, and of the total impossibility of our effecting any change in the course of circumstances. We do not see the least impossibility in the matter, and we deny that there is any. But we do know that it is impossible to remove from the bosom of our country a crime that should weigh her plumed head in shame to the very dust, by sitting passively down, and wishing it were otherwise. That there may be difficulties in the case, we admit, but it would be absurd to suppose that it is entirely without remedy. Let the general attention be but thoroughly excited, let men be forced into the necessity of acting, and effi-

cient remedial measures will soon be devised and adopted :— and so we may yet see the folds of our “ star-spangled banner ” floating unsullied on the free air, and the dark sin, which hath so long polluted our country, atoned for and forgiven.

OUR DUTIES.

“ It will do no good ”—is an answer we have received so often, when endeavouring to awaken our friends to the subject of emancipation, that we are positively weary of hearing it repeated, and almost out of patience—just as if the success or failure of our endeavours could in the least affect the question of right or wrong !

Is the performance of duties to God and our fellow-creatures the less emphatically urged upon us, because we choose to imagine it will have no effect on the mass of human crime and misery ? Nay, is there not even guilt in such reasoning ? Because we think that other people will do wrong in spite of our efforts to prevent them, should we join in upholding them in their iniquity, and participate with them in the enjoyment of the fruits of it ? And in such a case we need scarcely demand, which would be most deeply criminal—those who thoughtlessly and blindly press forward on a career of guilt, or those, who, fully awake to its sinfulness, persist in lending their support ?

That the system of slavery, as existing among us in the very bosom of these free States, is a dark outrage upon justice and humanity, we presume there are few among our own sex hardy enough to dispute. If there be any such, they must daringly maintain a false argument in the very face of conscience, or have been strangely blinded by a long series of years of prejudice.

“ But what signifies our combating an evil that we can never subdue ? ” What signifies a conscience void of offence in the sight of the everlasting One ? What signifies the calm retrospective reflection of the twilight hour, broken in upon by no secret consciousness of blood-guiltiness ? It is only for you to *act*, and to leave to Him—the Omnipotent—the judgment and direction of your usefulness.

Because you, in the short-sightedness of mortality, behold no way for the redemption out of their bonds, of an oppressed

people, is His power limited, "His hand shortened, that it cannot save?" And have we not good grounds for believing, that on the offering, however humble, of a sincere and contrite spirit, he will bestow his blessing? We are told that faith—trusting and unfaltering faith—in the power of the Almighty, is sufficient for the removal of mountains—and yet you, because to the eye of human reason your path seems clouded with difficulties, sit down in utter apathy, nor lift up even so much as your voices of prayer, in behalf of a smitten people!

Yet, though there are a fearful number who still listen with a strange indifference to the soul-harrowing eloquence of human suffering, thank heaven! we have no cause of despair. A voice has gone forth over the sleeping pool, to trouble its waters, and there are many who have already gone down and cleansed themselves from the guilt of African oppression. A spirit is at work among the people that will not easily be quieted—a leaven, whose vital principle will not be destroyed till the whole mass is leavened.

CHARITY.

"THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels," saith St. Paul, "and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mystery, and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Now as we profess to be a nation of Christians, it is but natural to suppose, that a quality, which appears to be the most essential principle of that religion, should be in good esteem among us, and that the outward form of it, at least, should be held in observance. But is this the case? We will read you a description of charity, by the same inspired writer, and bid you ask the same question of your consciences.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

Now which of all these principles does not slavery violate? Where is the long suffering that our slave-holders exhibit, when the most trifling offence on the part of their human cattle is visited by the horsewhip? What is their kindness in claiming from their brethren a daily routine of unmitigated, unrewarded toil, through a long series of years, to feed their luxury?

“Charity envieth not”—and truly envy herself could scarcely grudge the few poor comforts we have left the slave—but is not envy of the superior luxuries and comforts of others, one of the main inducing causes of that oppression? As for that humility which is so distinguishing a feature in charity and in the Christian religion, we know that it is utterly inconsistent with the very nature of absolute power. Are we not mightily puffed up with our own superiority? Do we not proudly vaunt ourselves as being even of a higher species than our negro brethren? And is it seemly that we should cause oppression with a high hand to rule upon the earth, rioting in the groans of human agony? Charity seeketh not even that which is her own, but we uphold those who wring with violence from the hands of others that which is not their own. Go ask the poor victim, a female, too, perhaps—who stands there all bleeding and lacerated with many stripes, what was the magnitude of the offence that hath been punished with such severe chastisement—and what will be the answer? Some trifling employment forgotten or neglected—or perhaps the passionate outpourings of grief for some beloved one from whom she has been forcibly separated!

Yet will this very text, in the very seat of slavery, be solemnly pronounced from the pulpit, and be characterised as containing some of the sublimest principles of our religion, and commented upon with overpowering eloquence, till the heart of man will glow within his bosom, and the warm tears gush out from the gentle eyes of women—and they will go out from the house of worship, and forget that they are nourishing up within their own households, a system that is at open variance both with that, and every other principle of the Christian religion.

THE HARMANS.

Is it not a delightful evening? We will go down the hill by the old school-house—but we shall not meet any merry groups of the scholars, for it is the harvest holy-days—then turn at the mill, and pass Robert Harman's pretty farm-house. If you look over the hill, you can see the top of one of its chimneys peeping out from among the trees, now;—there—where that smoke-curl is rising.

The wood sweeps in a curve round the foot of the hill before we reach it; but you will not be fatigued, for when we descend a few steps further we shall quite lose the warm sunshine. How beautiful it looks on the top of that old wood—and here on this hill slope, the long tree-shadows are drawn so distinctly!

When we pass this clump of oaks, we shall come within sight of the open fields and meadows. Do you see yon clover-field? It is quite purple with blossoms, and the first breeze that comes this way will be loaded with perfume; there is mingled with it a scent of fresh hay, too—farmer Harman cannot yet have finished carrying in his first crop. Ah! there he is, with his "hands" all busily employed around him; the wagon has just been brought out, and they are about to commence loading. I intend you shall be acquainted with Robert Harman: he is one of the finest specimens of our western country farmer—the most useful man in the neighbourhood, and respected by all about him. He was elected to a seat in the state legislature, a couple of years since, and there is considerable talk of his being held up for senator at the next election.

Ha! there goes Rolla scampering across the field, to seek out his crony, little George Harman. Many a joyous frolic have they had together, while I have looked on and wondered which of the two was most delighted—the boy or the dog. There is Ned, too, staggering under the weight of a fork-load of hay, which he fancies he can deposit on the wagon.—There it comes! down in a thick shower about his head, almost smothering him: he is fairly covered with it! I wish you could see his face now, as he turns to romp with Rolla. I can almost see the flash of his black eyes from here! He is one of the wildest young rogues in the neighbourhood, and almost as big as his brother Robert, who is two years older.—Bob is

most like his mother, both in looks and character—quieter and more delicate. Yet gentle and timid as you would take him to be, there are few *men* more inflexible or more courageous on any point of duty or principle: the Indian's torture would scarcely make him flinch.

Here is the house: you cannot more than catch an occasional glimpse of the stone walls, it is so thickly covered with vines. That multiflora rose almost covers the end of the long piazza—and the beautiful coral, and the scented monthly honeysuckle, creep in twisted luxuriance up its pillars. Then there are the sweet clematis, and the passion-vine, and the jessamine, scattered about on frames; but the two last are not yet in bloom. Then there are the Washington-bower, and the glaciina, with its profusion of blue flowers, climbing up the sides of the house, and almost covering even the chimney. Those trees, almost bending beneath the multitude of their blossoms, are the scented acacia: that which is loaded with red flowers, on the other side of the house, is a horse-chestnut—and this so covered with white waxen-like flowers is the philadelphus. Then do but look what a quantity of roses! white and red, of all shades!—from the delicate purity of the white bramble, to the deep crimson of the small burgundy, or still deeper coloured velvet rose. Some of them almost look in at the windows of the pretty little parlour; and if you would look in there too, you would see a plain room, to be sure, but the most perfect neatness, and a large book-case filled with well selected books. You would know that by the very binding—and the last numbers of several periodicals, lying on the table. There is a piano, too—and some good engravings and pictures in water-colours hanging about the wall.

There is Mary Harman herself!—spreading the supper-table, under that great tree. She is a pretty woman, and she is what is a great deal better—very amiable, and an excellent wife and mother. Let us walk on a little further, to a seat which I will find for you on the banks of the creek, and I will tell you something of her history.

Do you recollect the large house situated on the left of Col. Carlington's plantation, in Virginia? That, with the farm attached to it, was formerly the property of Robert Harman. It was a much handsomer place then, than it is now; for the trees

have been cut down from about it, and the shrubbery has been sadly neglected of late years.

Well, I will tell you of a conversation that took place between Robert and his wife, on the green lawn in front of that very house. Little Bob, the oldest boy, was just one year old at the time, and his father had given the slaves a holy-day, because it was his birth-day.

"How happy their black faces looked!" said Robert, as they left the lawn, after having each received a trifling present from their mistress. Mary turned her face towards her husband; but there was a shade of sadness mingled with the tenderness of its expression.

"Nay, now," continued he, laughing, "I know all you are going to say about happiness being incompatible with slavery—but I am sure they are better off than if they were free, you are so kind to them!"

"They are slaves, nevertheless:" said she, "and though they may seem gay and mirthful—even contented—their light-heartedness is only the absence of immediate care, not the indwelling sense of a deep happiness. How can they know the fullness of bliss which I feel when hanging on your arm, or pressing my lips upon the fair forehead of my babe, in the consciousness, that no hand, save that of our God, hath the power to separate us! What do they know of the delight of studying the beauties of the natural or the intellectual world! You say truly, that your plough-horses know scarcely less of the harassing cares of life than they! but is the mere absence of care sufficient for the happiness of a rational being? Would you, dear Robert, purchase a dull forgetfulness of evil, at the expense of the high nature of your intellectual being, sensitive as it is to pain, as well as gladness? I know you would not! Yet, poor as it is, even that much of bliss is denied to the slave—for, debased as his nature may be, he is still human—and he can *think*! We imagine they rush exultingly to the dance, when it may be only to drown the bitterness of their dark forebodings. I wish you had sometimes watched their dark countenances, as I have done, when you have carelessly spoken of liberty! and then the sin—oh! Robert, surely there must be deep sin in making merchandize thus of our brethren—deeming them scarcely better than the clods they till—they whom God hath created in his own image."

"But what can I do, dear Mary? I will acknowledge that I do not think the system of slavery is right; but you know that I received most of them from my father, with the plantation. The estate is already mortgaged for more than half its value, and if I free the slaves, which form the most valuable part of my property, I shall probably have to dispose of it altogether. For myself, I should care but little, for I am already almost wearied of this life of inaction; but I could not become a tiller of the earth *here*—where we have mated with the proudest—for your sake, I could not! Could I bear to see eyes look coldly on you, that have been accustomed to gaze only in admiration and respect? Can I drag you down from the station in which I found you in your father's house, and plunge you in comparative poverty?—Would not our boy, too, in future upbraid me? I wish, from the bottom of my soul, I wish that the system of slavery was abolished altogether—it is a national iniquity—a shameful blot upon our boasted constitution—but for an individual to attempt its extinction were folly!"

Mary raised her eyes—they were suffused with tears. "Dearly as I love you, Robert, dearly as I love this boy; better, far better, than my own life, I would rather behold you, even day by day, winning an uncertain subsistence by your own exertions, than to share with you in this guilty luxury and splendour—for guilty that must be, which is purchased with wrong to another. Do not think of me, do not fear for me—the loss of wealth cannot render me unhappy—oh no! the thought of wealth like that comes with a deadly sickness upon the heart, a sensation of utter hollowness! even poverty, abject poverty, would be preferable to such splendour; but that will not be consequent on the emancipation of your slaves; it is but somewhat to circumscribe our wishes, and we shall still be independent. We must both be more actively employed, it is true—but it will be better than living in idleness on the labour of others. Then how many temptations will you not escape from! From how many evils will this boy be preserved! for what is there so likely to harden the heart, and to nourish up all its evil passions, as the possession of absolute power?"

"Well, Mary," said her husband, "my slaves shall be free!—but then we must leave here; and I have no other property than those western lands—will you go there?"

"Oh how willingly!" exclaimed she; and her husband then

first saw the deep thankfulness of her countenance. She had caught his hand to her lips, when he spoke the word 'free,' and he felt her hot tears raining upon it ; but she did not speak nor lift her face till he had concluded.

"Remember, love, you must leave these vines that you have nourished up into beauty, and the bowers beneath which we sat together so often, and all the pleasant remembered places where we have passed our 'happy bridal days,' and the comforts that you have enjoyed so long, and all the familiar faces that we have known, and the friends, too, that we have loved—and go out into a place unknown to us, and a comparative wilderness—will you go, dear Mary?"

Her face was still wet with that passion of grateful tears, but it was now serene and smiling. "I will!"

"And can you leave the home of your childhood, and your father, and your mother, and your brothers, and the sister who has grown up by your side, and been to you like another self, almost, for so many years?"

Mary's face grew very white, and there was a deep, but momentary struggle ; she was firm in the unfaltering sense of her duty, her woman's spirit grew strong within her, and she answered calmly and steadily—"I will go!"

And they came.

WILHELMINE.

I LOVE to wander amid the silence of a rural burial-place ; where the long grass curtains so luxuriantly the low couches of the sleepers there ; and the low branches of the ancient trees fling over them a deep shadow.

There is one down in that wooded valley, where I have sat for hours together, almost as if I were holding communion with its still inhabitants. It has no tomb-stones, and if it were not for the deep eloquence of those heaped-up mounds of earth, and the air of solemnity about that venerable building, you might take it to be a common pasture-field. Let us go sit down upon one of those old graves, and I will tell you the history of the first gentle bride that plighted her nuptial troth within these gray walls.

Beautiful Wilhelmine! many a year hath gone by, since there, from her heart's pure altar, the quiet incense of her devotion rose up into the high courts of heaven! Long since has she passed away from the pleasant places where she was once a dweller, but her memory is still lingering about among them, as the spirit of fragrance will hover over the frail blossom, long after its beauty has departed.

It was a century since, almost, that the meek girl of whom I spake, stood up within that low-roofed worship-house, to breathe the vows of her unchangeable fidelity. She was of the race of England's noblest; but the power of God's word had come upon her heart and smote her, so that all the gauds and vanities of her high estate became to her as nothing, and she grew to be one of the humblest worshippers of a despised sect—a sister in the faith of Fox and Penn and Whitehead.

Then the magnificence of her apparelling, the brilliance of her dazzling jewelry, and the splendour of her father's house, came to be as a heavy burden upon her gentle spirit; her heart turned sick within her at the empty glories of the world, and for the sake of her soul's peace, she dared not any more bow down to its idle vanities. So the affectionate girl was made to endure rather to be an alien from her father's house, and from the love of her stately mother, than to win back their parental blessing and forgiveness by a sinful apostacy from the high nature of her religious testimony.

Many a sore struggle had she, that gentle creature, with the yearning tenderness, the agonising affection of her smitten heart, before her spirit was made strong for the sacrifice, and she gave herself wholly up to God. Then there was a deep peace settled upon her soul; and in her meek humility, she became a beloved friend in the house of one who had once been a menial in that of her father. And they came hither to this beautiful wilderness—her aged protectors in the calm unbendingness of their piety, and that young Christian unfaltering in her high trust, that they might worship in the peacefulness of their pure religion.

But the glorious spirit of that exalted creature was not long unaccompanied here in these solitary places. There was a youth, not indeed of her own proud rank, but one who, for the majestic capacities of his intellect, might have been the mate of princes. But he, too, had subdued the earthliness of his

spirit, till his pulse stirred no longer at the promptings of ambition, and he became to her a dear friend.

It was by his side that she stood up, beneath that forest-covered roof, at the time of which I told you, to breathe, in the calm steadfastness of her heart, the promise of her nuptial troth. It was the first Christian bridal that had been celebrated in these, then, almost untrodden places, and there was a still profounder depth of sympathizing silence gathered over their lone temple, as they rose up and stood side by side, with their hands clasped together, she, in the stainlessness of her exceeding beauty,—a most sublime creature,—with the simplicity of her bridal robes, bearing no other ornament than their perfect whiteness; and he bending over her in the depth of his holy affection, and uttering the solemn words of his love, severally and distinctly, in the low, deep cadences of the heart's tones.

There was a short pause, and then her sweet musical voice spake over the same words, only less audible, and disturbed with the swelling up of a few tears.

But why should I go on to tell you further? For a brief space she moved about, the light and blessing of his quiet home. But there was a gradual change at work upon her, breathing still more of spirituality into the dazzlingness of her beauty, and seeming even in this world to be overpowering the remains of her mortal nature, till it became as a mere shadow, and then she slept.

THE COUNTRY.

The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common air, the sun, the skies,
 To him are opening paradise.

GRAY.

I PITY the man who can glance his eye over the above beautiful lines, without feeling that they have often been the unspoken language of his own heart. To myself, their discovery formed an epoch in the annals of imagination; and often when I have been alone amid the loveliness of nature, they

have come to my thought like a channel, whereby my heart might pour out the overflowing of its happiness.

But in order to feel the full force of the sentiment, the reader should watch, as I have done, the slowly progressive footsteps of Spring, from the first green blade that peeps out from the withered grass, like an advanced guard sent forward to reconnoitre, till even the complaining boughs of the sturdy old forests brighten into good humour beneath her smiles, and wear her livery as meekly as the humblest blossom they shadow. He should see, from day to day, the tints of the evening sky, gradually mellowing into their most perfect softness, and know how pleasantly the streams are murmuring in their green places, where the flowers that he loves are blossoming the brightest, and the birds carolling the same songs that he listened to in his early years, when he delighted to watch them flitting around him, till he almost fancied he could recognize their individual forms. He must know and feel all this, and yet be pent up to breathe the air of a populous city, till his heart, like a caged bird, sickens for liberty—and then find himself at once, as it were, transported into the midst of the green hills and shaded waters of his childhood's home. They may talk of the pleasure of a summer excursion to Long-Branch, or to Saratoga—and pleasure there may undoubtedly be—but it is nothing, absolutely nothing, to the delight of having escaped from

The cold heartless city,
With its forms and dull routine,

into a very paradise of rocks, hills, woods, wild flowers, and waterfalls, where you may revel like a child in fresh air and sunshine, till you feel that even existence alone is blessed; where the name of stranger is in itself a passport to hospitality, but where the name of a friend secures to you a reception, like that of a child of their own families, in the homes of a plain, but unsophisticated and warm-hearted people.

JOHN WOOLMAN.

HAVE you ever, gentle reader, chanced to meet with the History of the Life of John Woolman?

If you have not, then go, I pray you, to the library of some ancient Quaker of your acquaintance, and borrow it. But do not read it then—not, at least, if the “Wept of the Wish-ton-wish,” with half its leaves still uncut, is lying upon your table—or if you have only just peeped between the pages of one of the annuals;—but when you are wearied of all these things; when you sit among your “pleasant company of books,” listless and discontented; when your heart turns sick with the long details of human crime and misery, written within your volumes of history; when biography serves but to humble you, with the knowledge that the best have been so frail, and the wisest so ignorant; when philosophy, which has led you with a proud wing among the secret influences of nature, leaves you but a knowledge of your own ignorance—and poetry, glorious poetry, that you thought had almost become a portion of the life-spring of your heart,—you fed so long on its magnificent imaginings—comes only with a dazzling garishness to your worn and feverish spirit—then go forget yourself for a while, in the unpretendingness of John Woolman’s auto-biography.

Were you ever ill of a fever?—and do you recollect the blessedness with which you closed your eyes, when the cool fingers of a beloved friend, came and pushed aside the loose hair, and were laid upon your hot forehead. With such a moonlight feeling, will the pure simplicity of Woolman come to your sick heart. There is no glitter of fancy, no display of stupendous intellect, no splendid imaginations to bewilder you into tears, with their intensity of brightness; it is not even a tale of striking or romantic incident; but it is the beautiful history of a meek heart laid open before you, in all its guilelessness. You will become familiar with a character of the most perfect humility, full of a simple majesty, yet gentle as a very child, unfaltering in its quiet self-denial, and unbending to its own weaknesses, assuming no superior sanctity, lifting not up the voice of stern judgment against the frailties of others, and gifted with all the holy and affectionate charities of life.

You will feel a purifying influence steal gradually over your

heart, while you bend over the quiet pages, calming the rude beatings of its pulse into a thankful evenness, and cooling the impatient irritation of your spirit, with the lesson of its gentle words, till you feel almost as if the unworldly moments of your childhood's time had again come back to you.

THE SIGHTLESS.

I DID not always think, Ellen, said Catherine Dorman, that I could have been so happy as I now feel, under this affliction. When I first knew that I was no more to see the familiar faces that I had so long loved, I thought that as deep a darkness would be forever upon my heart, as that which dwelt perpetually around me in the outward world.

The speaker was a young pale girl, who was sitting with the companion she addressed upon the steps of a vine-wreathed portico. As she turned her face while she spoke, it caught a slight flush from the rich glow of a summer sunset, and her beautiful eye—beautiful even amidst its darkness—seemed to discourse almost as eloquently as in former hours.

Ellen answered only by stooping to touch her lips to the quiet brow of her companion.

It is true, resumed the gentle speaker, that there are sometimes moments when I feel impatient and sorrowful ; but when I hear the soft step of my mother, or the approaching tread of your own light foot, Ellen, your affection seems such a deep fountain of blessedness, that I wonder how I could for an instant have yielded to repinings. I did not love you half so well, my friend, when I could read your eloquent thoughts in your gentle eyes, as now that your face has become to me only as a memory.

Then how finely acute are the other perceptions rendered by blindness ! I did not know half the exquisite touches of the human voice till now—nor the thousand melodies of nature—nor the numberless delicate varieties of perfume that are mingled in the smell of the sweet flowers—nor the almost impalpable differences of touch ; and, although I can no longer look abroad upon the living forms of nature, I have them all pictured here upon my heart, vividly and distinctly—as a lens

will throw back into a darkened apartment, in beautiful miniature proportions, a perfect shadowing of the outward scene.

It is true I cannot see the beautiful blossoms that are clustering in such profusion about my head, but I could tell them all over by their names; and although I may not look again, dear Ellen, upon the glorious sunset sky, that we have watched together so often, yet I *know* how the clouds are sprinkled, in their golden shadowing, over the blue concave—so I will not be sad that you must gaze upon them in loneliness.

Surely, “God tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb,” murmured Ellen, while an affectionate tear trembled on her eyelids: then in a quicker and clearer voice she added, “Shall we sing, dear Catherine?”—and the music of their sweet voices went up together:

Oh, hallow the beautiful sunset hour,
When it comes with the hush of its chastening power!
Though the thoughts of the world, through the day-glare have been
Betwixt God and thy heart like a shadowing screen,
Now the hot pulse of nature is still'd into rest,
So cool thou the fever that burns in thy breast.

The time of the twilight!—oh! cherish it well,
For its whispering hush hath a holy spell!
And the weary burden of earthly care,
Is flung from the heart by the spirit's prayer;
And the haunting thoughts of the sinful day,
Should pass with its garish beam away.

The sunset hour!—how its bright hues speak
Of the dying smile on the Christian's cheek!
And the stirring leaves, with their low sweet tone,
Have a voice to the listening spirit known;
And holier thoughts on your breast have power,
Midst the hush of the beautiful sunset hour.

OPPOSITION TO SLAVERY.

THE subject of Emancipation appears, frequently, to be considered merely as one of taste or fancy, which is to be engaged in only by those whose inclination leads them to consider it an object of interest. But opposition to slavery is not a thing to

be entered upon only through a transient excitement, or for a display of benevolent feeling, or the indulgence of an amiable humanity ; and which it is allowable to neglect in the absence of these or any other selfish motives. It should be considered the conscientious discharge of an imperative duty, and the only means of avoiding a participation in guilt. It is folly to say that we have no agency in the oppression of the slave, while we are revelling in the luxuries produced by his extorted labour. It is vain to endeavour to clear ourselves of the obloquy, by heaping execrations on those more immediately concerned ; so long as we continue to be partakers of its fruits, are we active supporters of the system of slavery. It may be said that we do this unwillingly—that we cannot, in fact, altogether avoid it—and that our principles are in direct opposition to slavery. But this does not absolve us from the necessity of making some *exertion* to remedy the evil of which we complain. If it is so very difficult, in the present state of things, to keep ourselves from partaking of the fruits of iniquity, then ought we to feel the more urgently constrained to make use of every effort in our power to exterminate the system which so widely extends its poisonous influence.

If you find it impossible now to obtain all the articles you may wish, “uncontaminated by the taint of slavery,” then it rests with you to relax not your endeavours until it is *no longer* impossible. Make use of the products of free labour, whenever by any efforts you are able to procure them. Do not suffer yourselves to remain inert, because you suppose your exertions will be unfelt : it is well to be engaged in a good cause, even if all the energies devoted to its service should be ineffectual to advance its interests one step. But here your exertions will not be wasted—you can do much. Besides promoting the consumption of free produce, the influence of woman may be widely felt in awaking a more general interest in the cause of Emancipation. By forming societies for the publication and distribution of tracts and pamphlets relative to that subject, information respecting slavery might be largely disseminated, and the feelings of many hitherto unthinking persons aroused into detestation of a system which is a source of so much misery and degradation. The evil is of a nature, that, in the present state of mental cultivation, cannot be long or generally tolerated, after its character has been fully exposed and reflect-

ed upon. In England much good has been done by this means. Thousands of pamphlets and cards, containing a concise account of the nature of colonial slavery, have been distributed by female societies, and a large portion of our own sex are engaged, heart and hand, with their brethren in the work of its extermination. The same measure would, no doubt, here be productive of equally beneficial results, and we hope ere long to see it adopted.

A LEGEND OF BRANDYWINE.

“We went on
In vain—there was no living one—
But many an English mother’s care,
And many a lady’s love, lay there.

* * * * *

Oh blessed Virgin! who might be
Unmoved that mournful sight to see!

’T was a warrior youth, whose golden hair
All lightly waved in the dewy air;
Slumbering he seem’d, but drew no breath,
His sleep was the heavy sleep of death.”

“Now, by the dukedom of Northumberland, but this is strange!” exclaimed a young British officer, as he reined in his steed, on the brow of a hill, and gazed earnestly at the surrounding landscape.

“What is it that is so strange, Percy?” demanded a fellow-soldier who rode up to him at the instant.

The speakers were both young men, and the first of them eminently beautiful.

The profusion of fair curls that clustered over his white forehead, the regularity of his features, the delicacy of his complexion, and the gentle expression of his blue eye, might have given a feminine loveliness to his countenance, had it not been for the manly firmness that was written on his serious lip, and the high-thoughted melancholy of his brow. The companions

continued conversing in a low tone, as they passed slowly down the declivity—at length their voices became more distinct.

“Ay,” said Percy; “the scenery that I have loved from my childhood is not more familiar to me than this.”

“What can you mean?” exclaimed his friend, in evident surprise. “That I am to die here!” answered Percy. His face was very pale, and though he spoke steadily, it was with an evident effort.

“I am serious—I am not raving, Ashton. I have seen that landscape again and again—it has come to my dreams, and been before me when I have closed my eyes in the dim twilight. There was a fearful conflict here, too—and I was in the midst, with a burning cheek, and a flashing eye, caring not for the sight of blood, nor for the carnage that was around me, till I lay upon the red, wet earth, amidst the ghastly faces of slain men.

“Then for a while there was an indistinctness in the vision, till presently I was no longer in the open air, and my whole frame was burning with insupportable agony. The groans of the maimed and dying wretches who were near me, rang continually in my ears, and unknown faces were bending over me in offices of kindness. I was sensible then, and I knew that I was dying, and the thought of my mother came like a gush of fiery lead upon my heart. Yet *then*, after the dream had left me, I cared but little for its monitions. I felt, it is true, that I ought not to come here bathing my hands causelessly in human blood, yet a wild indignation for a fancied wrong, and a thirst for the glory of a conqueror, urged me on—so my mother’s prayers were wasted, and I came. And now I know that I am to die here.”

His friend listened in painful silence, and after a short pause, Percy continued. “This is not cowardice, Ashton, though you may perhaps consider it such—but no—you will not—we have been known to each other too long and too intimately for such a thought.”

He took out his watch, and after looking at the hour, placed it in his friend’s hand. “I shall never need it more, but you will keep it, Ashton, in remembrance of one who loved you—and these papers—will you take charge of them? there is a letter which I wish you to deliver to my mother; and tell”——

At this instant the advanced lines of the American army

appeared hurrying forward at a quick run, and in a few moments the friends were mingling in the wild affray of battle.

The day was fast wearing to a close. The smoke-clouds were still hovering over the war-field of Brandywine, but its wild uproar had died away into a fearful silence; for the victory was won and lost. On what had been that day the scene of the deadliest conflict, stood the low walls and shaded roof of a Quaker worship-house. On its floor warm life-blood was poured out, as if it had been a libation of red wine; and instead of the quiet prayer and thanksgiving that had been wont to ascend from those walls, the convulsive groans of mortal agony, and the wild beseeching prayer for mercy to the parting spirit, now went up together.

The floor and the rude benches were covered with the wounded, and many of the peaceful men who had met there on the last Sabbath in their accustomed worship, were now, though sick and pale with the carnage around them, administering aid and comfort to the sufferers. One of these knelt to support the head of a young officer, who lay apparently lifeless in his arms, while another bent over his form, holding one of his hands, and occasionally moistening his lips, and bathing his pale brow.

"Does he live?" demanded Ashton gaspingly, as he entered and stole hurriedly towards the group.

"He breathes, but life is waxing faint—very;" was the answer.

Ashton gazed a moment upon that still white countenance, till he felt as if a sudden blindness had come over him, and, flinging himself on his knees by the side of his friend, he sobbed audibly.

"Percy, *dear* Percy!" he exclaimed in his agony, "will you not speak to me, will you only *look* at me but once more?"

His voice seemed to rekindle for an instant the fleeting spark of animation in the bosom of Percy, for he half lifted his heavy eyelids, and stretched out his hand towards his friend.

"God bless you, Ashton," murmured he; "tell my mother that my last earthly thoughts were of her—that I died happy, and I trust, forgiven of my sins—and tell Constance—but no, it will be better not—but do not let them take the portrait from my neck, Ashton."

His voice grew fainter as he concluded, and when, with a

feeble pressure of the venerable hand that still retained his within its grasp, he strove to speak somewhat of his kindly thanks, the words died away inarticulately from his lips. Ashton bent over him—tearless, breathless, with the intensity of his feelings—but no warm breath came upwards to his cheek. Percy was dead.

* * * * *

How I love the beautiful repose of a country Sabbath. The very breezes seem to go by with a quieter tone, and the light clouds to rest even more peacefully than their wont, upon the bosom of the pure sky. Then what an air of serenity has the venerable house of prayer, that stands so embowered among its shadowing trees—surely the heart that enters there must be hushed and softened with its purifying influence. Shall we not go up, and join with those who worship there?

Ay, let us go—for we may well humble ourselves before our God, upon a spot that was once scathed by the desolation of man's ravage. This valley, that now looks so lovely in its slumbering tranquillity, once rang with all the wild turmoil of battle. Behind yonder hills, you may hear the murmurs of the shaded Brandywine, and here, where you now stand, the earth was red with slaughter, on the day of that fight. On that height Lafayette received his first wound in the service of our country—these fields, where the luxuriant corn is now bending so gracefully to the breeze, were then the death-couch of many men—and that building, around which young and old are so quietly gathering, stood once the centre of a sanguinary conflict, and was crowded with its victims.

This, then, is the battle scene of Brandywine, and here, if tradition may be credited, lie unmarked by a single memorial, the remains of one of the proud race of Northumberland.

THE NEW YEAR.

“Passing away, is written upon the world, and all that it contains.”

THE year hath gone by. Winter, with its piercing chillness; its storms and its melancholy blasts; its pleasant gatherings round the cheerful fireside, and its hours of suffering to

those against whom it has been leagued with poverty—Spring, following in his footsteps, like pity after sorrow, and “pouring balm into the wounds he made,” has flung the garment of gladness over stricken Nature in her hour of desolation—Summer, with his hot breath, his thunderbolts, his forked lightnings, and the blessings of his plenteous fruits—and Autumn, gathering those fruits into the garner, and again pressing upon the brow of Nature the signet of decay,—have lingered with us for their allotted time, and have all departed.

It is well for us, at the close of the year, to look back at the moments that have past, and consider whether they have made us wiser and better than we were at its commencement, or whether too great a portion of them has not been unprofitably wasted. When we call back to memory these forgotten hours, what shall we find in the account which they have carried in against us? Have we been properly grateful for the good gifts we have received from the Giver of all good, and bowed submissively to the afflictions with which he has been pleased to visit us? Have we offered up “the morning and the evening sacrifice” of a spirit conscious of its own frailties, and seeking after holier things? Or have we to reproach ourselves, that “we have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and have done those things which we ought not to have done?” That we have nurtured pride and vanity secretly within our hearts, and suffered anger and discontent too frequently to obtain an undue empire over us?

A year! How rapidly it has passed away! seeming to some of us scarcely more than the memory of an indistinct dream, it has wrought upon us so little change. To others it has been an important era, crowded with eventful incident, and indelibly impressed upon the recollection by the alterations it has made in character, or feeling, or circumstance. Thousands hailed its entrance with gladness, whose hearts are now crushed by some unsparing desolation, or lie cold and pulseless beneath the withered grass.

And who, of those that now interchange the customary salutations of the New Year, may say that they will ever be witnesses of its dying hour? Surely, then, it is fitting that the present moments should not be suffered to pass unprofitably—that we should erect in our hearts some monument of good deeds, whereby we may know that they have been.

Then, amid the festivities that are attendant upon the season, and the serious thoughts that ought to be gathered around its passing hours, shall the poor and miserable plead in vain for the dole of compassion? Woman was not formed to look upon scenes of suffering with a careless eye: it is alike her privilege and her duty to impart consolation to the sorrows of the afflicted, and relief to the necessities of the destitute. And whose cup is so crowded with wretchedness as that of the slave? from whom may he hope for sympathy, if her heart is closed against the cry of his agony? The New Year! oh, suffer it not to go by and leave him still bending hopelessly beneath the weight of his fetters—uncheered by the soothing of compassion, and the knowledge that the exertions of Woman, at least, will be given to the cause of his Emancipation!

RIGHT AND WRONG.

THAT the errors of one person are no excuse for those of another, most persons are very willing to admit—when the aphorism is not used in application to themselves. Yet how often is it urged in palliation of offences, that others are equally guilty! If we had no conscience; if the laws of God were neither written upon our hearts, nor within the volume of truth, this plea might justly be available. But as it is, however powerful the force of example may be, the errors of the best and wisest cannot justify those of the weakest individual. Therefore, the moment it is proved to us by those laws, that any course of conduct is wrong, that instant it behoves us to alter it, before an infatuated persistence deepens our fault into a dark iniquity. No matter though it is a subject which all whom we have been accustomed most to reverence, look upon with carelessness and indifference—no matter for the example of the most pious—if you are acting contrary to the commands of God, shall the opinions of men sustain you in a career of sinfulness? If the characters of the most righteous are still imperfect, then it is needful that they become better than they have yet been; and for those who have many sins to rise up against them, is there not more cause that they should garner up the memory of some good deeds in the store-house of conscience? It is true that in many matters there exists a great

contrariety of opinion ; some persons esteeming innocent those things which others condemn as deeply sinful ;—but this doubt can exist only with regard to secondary duties—the “weightier matters of the law” are so plain, that unless they are wilfully blind, “those who run may read ;” and those things we can neither neglect ourselves, nor support the violation of them in others, without positive guilt.

If, then, right and wrong are distinctly pointed out before us, are we to be governed in our choice of them by *expediency*, or the customs of the world, or the opinions of men ? Certainly not. We are not to calculate upon the good or the evil, that may ensue by our adherence to the principles of right—nor what sacrifices must be made—nor what privations may have to be endured—it is for God’s creatures to act as he has been pleased to designate, labouring diligently in his service, and trusting to him to apportion the increase.

HARRIET ROGERS.

How very beautiful ! I exclaimed mentally.

I was in a village house of worship, and the above observation was excited by a female who sat opposite to me. She was not very young—she might have been twenty-eight, or possibly thirty years ; but her features were finely regular, and her complexion still wore an undiminished brilliancy. It *must* have been undiminished in its beauty, for it was one of the most perfect whiteness I have ever seen, smooth and polished—more like a sheet of hot-pressed letter-paper than any thing else I can think of—and with a tinge of carmine scarcely deeper than that of the most delicate petal of the damask rose. In common with many others, she had laid aside her bonnet on account of the excessive heat of the weather, and her dark hair, arranged with the utmost simplicity beneath a plain gauze cap, contrasted beautifully with the fine intellectual forehead over which it was parted. Her lip had probably once been redder than it was at present, and past hours might have seen a more frequent flush of laughing sunlight upon her cheek, for now the long fringes of her eye bent over it with a continual pensiveness. For that eye—think of all the descriptions you have ever read in poetry of the eye of woman—of its veined

lid, with the long drooping curled lash—its expressive diamond light—its melting liquid lustre—and its pencilled, arched, indescribable brow—and separate whatever may seem to you most beautiful, to attach to the idea of a large melancholy hazel eye.

It was this subdued sadness, mingled too as it was with so much sweetness of expression, such perfect unrepiningness, that interested me far more than I should otherwise have been. Even the gladness of the lovely faces that sometimes flit around me like scattered sunshine, frequently awakens only a feeling of pensiveness that it should be so little abiding—but a countenance like hers, over which the world's sorrow had already flung a veil of spirituality—how could I pass it by unnoticed?

By her sat a little urchin as unlike her as possible. Not in feature, for in that there was some trifling resemblance—but in her whole manner and character. I never saw such an expression of untameable joy, as was exhibited in the face of that child; it seemed blended with the very existence of the light-hearted creature; and though it was now subdued into comparative seriousness, the lashes of her dark blue eyes were occasionally lifted with an animated glance that actually seemed to emit flashes of light. You could scarcely look on her without a feeling of gladness—yet once, when she looked up suddenly, while her mother's eyes were fixed on her in sad tenderness, the smile for a moment entirely forsook her lip, and I saw a large tear gathering over her eye-lashes.

After the worship was concluded, I enquired the history of that woman. They told me she was one to whom the Angel of Grief had ministered—but that I already knew—and that she had drunk deeply of the bitterness of his vial.

She had wedded in her bright youth, with a high hope that life should be to her a long sunny dream of happiness. But she had leaned her heart upon a broken reed, and it gave way and crushed her. They told me there were three graves out in their grassy burial place, over which hot tears had fallen, when were laid there the perished blossoms of her heart—and the strong stem, round which its tendrils had entwined themselves—perhaps too fondly.

I told you that she had wedded with high hopes;—but they had been crushed by another hand than that of death. *He* came by only to finish the ruin. Long before Harriet Rogers became a widow, had her husband ceased to be worthy of her.

Yet intemperate and unprincipled as he became, she still clung to him, in the steadfastness of her woman's heart, with a depth of holy affection that no unkindness could subdue, with a hope of his being yet restored to virtue, that no unworthiness could crush.

But death, a fearful unprepared-for doom, came suddenly upon him; and then she felt that all the tears she had shed over the pure beings whom she had already laid to rest, were happiness—ay bliss—to the few scalding drops that fell as if they were wrung one by one from her seared heart, slowly and separately upon his still brow;—noble and beautiful as it was, and yet so stricken with the shame of guilt!—about to go down to the grave with such a deep cloud forever resting upon it! And then the thoughts of what was beyond those gloomy portals!—she could not dwell upon it, and with a half-uttered groan, she covered up her face, and they bore her away insensible.

She did not see him again; but day by day there grew to be less of agony in her prayers, and as the darkness passed gradually away from her heart, she mingled once more, as she had been wont to do, among her beloved friends. The pure piety of her spirit, refined and deepened by suffering, dared not waste itself in gloomy repinings:—but, though long years had passed away, she never could forget.

And I wondered no more at the melancholy written upon her beautiful countenance.

SLAVERY.

THE more we reflect upon this subject, the more strange does it appear, that it can be tolerated in a Christian country—among a people, too, refined and enlightened as we proudly claim to be, whose laws stoop even to the protection of the brute creation. Yet even in the very face of our republican courts, are men publicly sold and purchased by their fellow-men, in the open market-places, and in the broad gaze of the pure daylight; while the hot gush of shame, that should blind and suffocate them with the consciousness of ignominy, is totally unfelt. Woman, too—"bright, high-souled, glorious woman,"—will suffer herself to be ministered to by the hand of slavery—

can behold herself surrounded by miserable and degraded beings, yet make no effort to snatch them from the pit into which they have been thrust.

The patriotism of the American ladies has been lauded to the skies, for having refused the use of *tea* during the revolutionary contest, because that article had been one of the exciting causes of the quarrel. It is probable that under similar circumstances, most of them, at the present day, would act after the same manner. And do not the calls of patriotism, as well as of religion, still more imperatively urge to every exertion that may tend to remove their country from the darkness of crime and infamy? Yet they, who, amid the gloom of former years, unhesitatingly bore privations and sacrifices, that they might strengthen the hands of those, who, on the field of warfare, were contending for liberty, now shrink not from the luxuries which have been wrung with heart-sickening inhumanity from the hands of the helpless and oppressed. If there were no other cause for hate, to the system of slavery, its mean selfishness should alone be sufficient to raise every voice in opprobrium against it. But when we reflect, that disgusting and dishonourable as it is, this is one of the fairest traits in its character, it is really surprising how the gentle and the good can be so little offended by its vileness. We should imagine that the tears of contrition for the past, could be dried only by the high resolve of instant reformation, and the nobler and better conduct of future life. But, alas! how few are there, who, like a Minge, a Smith, or a Ridgely, have the nobility of spirit, that can refuse to weigh the claims of interest against those of right. Yet the cause of emancipation is a holy one, and however tardy may be its progress, there can be no doubt but it will eventually triumph. With reference to this subject, we have liberty to quote the encouraging sentiments of one of our own sex, whose interest in the subject is probably inferior to none, and who has looked with a watchful eye upon the signs of the times.

“All reformations are slow (or gradual) in proportion to the abuse designed to be removed; hence from all necessity, this must be slow, as it exceeds in magnitude all others on the habitable globe; for what degradation, either of body or mind, can be named, which is not comprehended in this greatest of abominations, African slavery? the demoralizing effects of

which, not less to the master than to the slave, exceeds all others in the known world; for evidence of which, we need only refer to the state of mankind, in those parts of the earth cursed by its existence.

“But a good work is begun, and I believe a change in public opinion is taking place; and if we can but have patience with dull, heedless, and inattentive lukewarm professors, I doubt not many of us will see a brighter day. Much anxiety, labour, and toil, must first be endured; but what is this, in comparison to restoring to the most inestimable rights of man, hundreds of thousands of our fellow-beings?”

FASHION SPECTACLES.

HE was a strange looking old man, and he bewildered me exceedingly. Whether he belonged to the rank of magicians, sprites, or genii, I was unable to determine; but that he was something out of the common way, I was quite certain. Once I had half made up my mind, that it was the famous old wizard, Michael Scott—for he had a high pointed cap, and a long beard hanging down upon his breast, and trimmed into a peak: then I tried to move, so as to place him between myself and the candle, that I might discover whether, like Ossian's ghost-heroes, the light would “twinkle dimly through his form,”—but with that inability for motion, which we so frequently feel in dreams, I remained fastened to my seat, and my doubts were totally insolvable. But whatever he might be, his appearance was certainly very *queer*.

“What are you doing?” said the strange old man.

“I am altering this dress,” answered I; “it is old fashioned.”

“When was it made?”

“Last month.”

“Put on these spectacles,” said the strange old man.

I stammered a little, for the proposition startled me: “I thank you. But I could do nothing with them.—I can see to rip this seam perfectly well, I assure you.”

“Put them on, I tell you!” exclaimed he, with such a terrible frown, that they were over my eyes almost before I was aware.

The scene was all changed before me. I was in a mighty

temple, where thousands of my own sex were gathered to worship the presiding divinity. The rarest productions of the loom, of various kinds, but of the finest texture, and the choicest colours, were fantastically twisted around each other, so as to form a kind of throne, on which she was seated. On the altar before her, lay heaps of jewelry, strings of pearl, diamonds, and other precious stones, and all manner of personal ornaments, piled up in glittering confusion. Envoys from different quarters of the globe, were continually bringing their offerings to her feet, and numberless females, who officiated as priestesses, were employed about her person, altering its decorations, and adorning her in a different manner. But I observed that her dress had no sooner been adjusted according to her directions, than she became dissatisfied with it, and ordered some other form substituted for that which she had but the instant before applauded.

These various changes were instantly imitated by her votaries, whose manner of worship seemed to be by thus humouring her caprice. Those who were too far distant to discover the manner of the goddess herself, copied, as well as they were able, that of the most favoured devotees; so that the whole place seemed to be continually in motion.

"This is the *Temple of Fashion*," said my companion; "come with me, and I will show you from whose hands are gathered the oblations which crowd her altar."

He conducted me to a window at one side of the edifice, and I looked out upon a widely diversified scene. Far off in the distance, I could catch a shadowy glance of mines, where men were wearing out their lives in search of the glittering treasures of the earth. In another quarter, groups of people,—men, women, and children—were embracing each other, with tears and bitter lamentations, till others, who stood by, forcibly separated them from each other, leaving some to weep in lonely desolation, and bearing others away to a distant market-place, where they were publicly sold. Still I watched their destination, as they were borne away by their future masters. They were placed among a people who were accounted wise and virtuous; they were surrounded by cultivation and refinement, yet they were ignorant and degraded, for the book of knowledge was forbidden to be unfolded before them. They were driven unwillingly to toil, day after day, and the fruits of their

labour were claimed by others. Those to whom my attention was principally directed, were employed in the care and cultivation of a species of tree, from whose pods, when ripe, they gathered a white, downy substance, which was collected into large quantities, and carried away into a place where hundreds of beings—many of them squalid, debased, and miserable—were employed throughout their whole lives, in causing it to undergo various operations, till it came from their hands transformed into fabrics of exquisite delicacy and beauty, meet to be employed in forming the garments of Fashion. Others passed their days in watching the life and death of successive races of a certain species of insect, that from its shroud they might form her festival robes. Men dared the torrid sunbeams, that they might minister to her fancied wants, or gathered the spoils of the cold regions of the north, that her votaries might lay them at her footstool.

Neither was it over dress only, that she exercised so despotic a sway. Manners, opinions, and taste, were all regulated according to her will. Nay, so enthusiastically infatuated were some of her worshippers, that they would unhesitatingly sacrifice comfort, health, moral principle, and the holiest affections of the heart, in obedience to her dictates.

But without, in front of the temple, methought I heard the clamour of many voices, uttering murmurs and revilings against the witcheries of the tyrant, and the obsequious compliance with which her orders were attended to. These were fathers and husbands, who had been ruined, both in happiness and wealth, by the folly and extravagance of their relatives. The voice of lamentation, mingled also with that of execrations for some who had stood high among her list of favourites, after having expended their whole fortune in her service, were now cast out destitute, to wail their former devotion to her will, or for their lost station, now occupied by more fortunate competitors.

I was about to give utterance to some very wise and moral reflections, upon the folly of the assembled multitude, when the strange old man, with an exclamation of impatience, dashed the spectacles violently from my eyes, and the whole scene vanished. The old man, too, had vanished—cap, beard, and all—I began to be in doubt of my own substantiality! Yet there I was, broad awake, too, by this time, with my disorgan-

ized dress lying upon my lap.—The extricated sleeve had fallen on the hearth during my dream, and was almost totally consumed. Fortunately, however, the fashion had changed while I was asleep, and the quantity of stuff which had been required for the formation of one sleeve, was now amply sufficient for both.

IGNORANCE.

ONE of the worst features in the character of slavery, is the perpetual darkness which it so assiduously gathers round the minds of its victims. Knowledge and rebellion appear to be almost synonymous terms in the mind of the slaveholder, or at least the idea of the latter appears to succeed that of the former, almost as regularly as though it were thus properly defined. Then, too, it affords such a convenient avenue to escape from the reproaches of others, or of their own consciences, from the degrading ignorance of their negroes to plead the danger that would result from their instruction. But if mention is made of the propriety of emancipating the slaves in their present condition, then instantly their masters are alarmed at the consequences that they are pleased to think must necessarily ensue, if so many uneducated and degraded beings were, as they term it, “let loose upon society.” Thus, although they acknowledge that slavery is an evil, and very willingly join in lamentations for its existence, they cannot consent that it should be abolished, until their slaves are fitted for emancipation by a preparatory education, and still, on account of a just regard to their own safety, cannot suffer them to receive the blessings of instruction while they continue in a state of bondage. This, we believe, is nearly the sum of much of the reasoning employed by the southern planters with regard to the subject in question. We are willing to make all due allowances for the effects of long continued habits and prejudices; we feel more disposed to compassionate than to blame—but we cannot acknowledge that any arguments are reasonable, which have for their object the support of injustice. Yet even if elevating and refining their minds by some degree of literary attainments, might have some tendency to render the weight of their fetters a less endurable burden, surely, not the least shadow of such danger

could be apprehended from their instruction in morality and religion. Oh! let all those of our own sex, with whom the power may lie, contribute their utmost to the advancement of the eternal welfare of those immortal beings, over whom fortune has given them the temporal control. Will they not extend the hand of christian and sisterly fellowship to those, who, females though they be, are debarred from so many of the dearest privileges of the sex? Will they not plead with those over whose minds they may exercise a pure and rightful influence, to rescue the female slave from her present state of degradation? Certainly, we may hope that they will do so, unless the poisonous properties of slavery are such as to deaden the vital principle of every good thing within the reach of its effects.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY.

No. I.

To the Ladies of Baltimore.

IN thus addressing you upon the subject of American Slavery, we cannot hope to offer to your notice much newness or brilliancy of argument or reasoning—much original information—or many unappropriated sentiments;—the wrongs of the Negroes, and the injustice of their oppressors, have been long since pourtrayed by the thrilling lip of eloquence—and the means for their emancipation, to which we shall invite your attention, have been already pointed out. We can, therefore, do but little more than reiterate what has been said by others. Yet notwithstanding we have confessed thus much, we are still induced to address you; in the hope that an appeal directed particularly to yourselves, condensing what we consider the most important arguments, and presenting the subject in such a point of view as we conceive may be most interesting to you, may, perhaps, succeed in arresting your attention, and bending an hour of your serious thought upon the miserable beings by whom you are surrounded.

We need not waste words in attempting to inspire you with a conviction of the criminality of the slave system. It must certainly be, to every one of you, self-evident! Both its barbarity and iniquity have been long since acknowledged, and

that too, in an age which we are apt to consider as far less enlightened than this. Until the minds of christians were blinded by a participation in this evil, an abhorrence of the idea of enslaving their fellow-creatures was a necessary consequence of its suggestion.—A late writer upon this subject, has the following passage, with respect to the commencement of African Slavery :

“The infamy of being the first who brought the miserable sons of Africa as slaves from their native soil, attaches itself to the Portuguese, who, as early as 1481, built a castle on the Gold coast, and from thence ravaged the country, and carried off the inhabitants to Portugal, where they were sold into bondage. In 1503, slaves were first taken from the Portuguese settlements in Africa to the Spanish possessions in America ; and from that time to 1511, large numbers were exported to the colonies of Spain, by permission of King Ferdinand V. After his death, a proposal was made to the regent of Spain, Cardinal Ximenes, by Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, to establish a regular commerce in African slaves, under the plausible and well-intentioned, but fallacious pretext of substituting their labour in the colonies for that of the native Indians, who were rapidly becoming exterminated by the severity of their labour, and the cruel treatment of their Spanish masters. To the immortal honour of Cardinal Ximenes, he rejected the proposition on the ground of the iniquity of slavery itself in the abstract, and also, the great injustice of making slaves of one nation, for the liberation of another. The Cardinal appears, therefore, to have been the first avowed opponent of this traffic in men.

“After the death of this prelate, the Emperor, Charles V. in 1517, encouraged the slave-trade, and granted letters patent for carrying it on ; but he lived to see his error, and most nobly renounced it, for he ordered, and had executed, a complete manumission of all African slaves in his American dominions. About this time, Pope Leo X. gave to the world this noble declaration : ‘That not only the Christian religion, but nature, herself, cried out against a state of slavery!’ In the year 1562, in the reign of Elizabeth, the English first stained their hands with the negro traffic ; Captain, afterwards Sir J. Hawkins, made a descent on the African coast, and carried away a number of the natives, whom he sold to the Spaniards in

Hispaniola ; and, although censured by the Queen, it appears that he still continued to prosecute the trade. The French commenced this business about the same time, although Louis XIII. gave the royal sanction with reluctance, and only when soothed by the delusive pretext of converting the Africans to Christianity."

The importation of slaves into the British colonies was strongly opposed by many of them, and in particular by some of those who are now most tenacious of the evil thus entailed upon them. Can any circumstances have occurred since then, to render slavery more humane or more christian-like in its character ? We think not. Every succeeding year that has been suffered to elapse without an effort to remove this stain, has but served, in an increasing ratio, to magnify the iniquity of the practice. Every year—nay, every month, every day, that still passes idly by, must continue to deepen the enormity of our country's guilt.

Can then the female sex, who form so large a part of her population, be free from the pollution of this sin ? Had they all used properly their influence as christian women, in opposition to this crime, would it till this day have darkened the volumes of our country's history ? We have no hesitation in saying that it would not, nor in asserting that they have yet a duty to perform for the advancement of its abolition.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY.

No. II.

To the Ladies of Baltimore.

WE have already said, that we have nothing new to communicate on the subject of slavery. It has been long since pronounced iniquitous and inhuman. The wise and good have, from its very commencement, poured out denunciations upon its execrable tyranny. What is wanted, therefore, is not so much an acknowledgement of its wickedness, as a general desire for its immediate extinction, and an individual resolution to promote that end. Are there any among you, who do not wish that its abolition was already accomplished throughout all the borders of our land ? Is there one of you, over whose thoughts

it has not come like a chilling damp, in her moments of patriotic enthusiasm? Yet at the very moment you acknowledge slavery, in the aggregate, to be sinful, there are, perhaps, slaves employed in some of your own households, or those of your dearest friends, without your ever "laying it to heart," that you or they are partaking in the unrighteousness you reprobate. It is true that you have the ready plea of custom and the laws of the state, but the very arguments that are used for its palliation, tend only to prove the whole system radically wrong. We do not impute to you any other than gentle and humane treatment of those under your charge—we do not allude reproachfully to the circumstance of your possessing them. You have grown up with this system of things tolerated everywhere around you, till it appears to you natural, and you almost forget the possibility of its being otherwise. You have so long seen it sanctioned by the practice of those whom you have been accustomed to esteem and reverence, that you scarcely look upon it as requiring individual disapprobation; though were you questioned on the subject, you would probably express a wish that it had never been introduced into our country. There are others among you, who would not so far tolerate the practice of slavery, as to hold negroes in their own possession, and who probably consider, that by this passive act, they perform all the duty that is required of them in this respect. But what difference can there be, whether the luxuries with which their tables are spread, or the tasteful garb that arrays their forms, be the productions of slaves in the employ of another or themselves? We beseech all those whom we are addressing, to reason with themselves calmly upon this subject. Think of slavery as it exists in other states of the union—think of the domestic slave-trade, with all its horrors—wives and husbands forcibly torn asunder—parents parted from their children—friend from friend, brother from sister,—never again to meet on the earth. these are not circumstances of singular or rare occurrence. "New Orleans is the complete mart of the domestic slave-trade, and the Mississippi is becoming a common highway for this traffic." To what scenes of heart-rending misery is not a clue given by these few words! Shrink not for once from their contemplation, we conjure you! Let imagination call up before you the glazed eye of despair—let the fearful shrieks of hearts

that are bursting with their insupportable agony, ring in your ears,—place *yourselves* for a moment in the situation of these miserable victims—fancy yourselves, after the delirious wildness of that separation had past, immured in the suffocating hold of the ship, gasping in vain for one breath of the pure air of heaven, with an indistinct weight of misery pressing on your hot brain, and your hearts crushed and stupified with their wretchedness, forgetting the language of hope forever! Oh! would you not entreat to be preserved from such a doom, with far more earnestness than you would petition for life itself! And surely, those who are hourly liable to be the victims of so much suffering, will not plead in vain for your compassion.

LETTERS ON SLAVERY

No. III.

To the Ladies of Baltimore.

ONCE more, for a few moments, we solicit your attention. We need not attempt any further to excite your compassion for the slave, nor horror for the system which is the source of his calamities. If a knowledge of the sufferings of the one, and the iniquity of the other, has not been sufficient to awaken these feelings, and your own benevolent natures have failed to prompt your ready sympathy, we can have but little hope of arousing the dormant principle. But we think not that your heart-pulses beat so languid a response to the voice of misery; we know that there are at least some among you, who have long felt upon this subject, as it best becomes them to feel—who look with anxiety and regret on the broad cloud that flings its deep shadow over their country—and reflect with pain and humiliation on the degradation which she still continues to heap upon so many of her children. We would converse with you, then, on the means that may be most efficient in alleviating their condition, and most successful in loosening the fetters of their bondage; and in what measure your own power may be instrumental in effecting this purpose. Shrink not back under a conviction of your own weakness—remember that though your exertions may be apparently insufficient to tear one link

from the shackles of human slavery, your influence, like a reviving leaven, will be silently diffusing a corresponding feeling over the minds of others, and thus, to speak in the figurative language of the Indian, clearing away the briars that now obstruct the path of Emancipation. Let an association be formed among you, having for its object the support of the free system and the diffusion of your principles. Union will give you activity and strength—it will enable you to devise and carry into effect plans, which you would find it otherwise impossible to execute; and while it imparts authority to the sentiments you inculcate, will give a wider extent to the sphere of your usefulness. In other states of the Union, the voice of woman has been already heard pleading that the bruised reed, Ethiopia, may not be utterly broken; that the wounds that have been inflicted upon her heart may be bound up, and the tears of suffering may be wiped away from her eyes. And will not you, also, stretch forth the ready hand of assistance, and strive to lift up from the earth, the mourning brow of the trodden and oppressed one? Can you be insensible to the bliss of shedding light over the soul that was in darkness, or of pouring the oil of gladness over the heads of them that were despised and afflicted? No: it is impossible that you should be thus dull to the pleasures of benevolence—the warm gush of your feelings may have flowed in hidden places, but its well-spring is not the less deep for its hitherto silent course. Let that fountain now shed its refreshing streams over the parched ground of this wilderness, and the blessing of the Holy One may cause it to become a fruitful land.

One thing further we would forcibly impress upon your minds—do not delay the commencement of this good work until a more convenient season. Procrastination is highly prejudicial both to yourselves and the objects of your mercy; and you know not how long the power of usefulness may be granted you. Consult, therefore, immediately with each other, and with your own hearts, upon the duties that may be allotted you to perform, in removing from your land a system that is so crowded with shame and sinfulness as that of African Slavery.

EXCUSES.

It is difficult sometimes to restrain a smile, even when we cannot feel otherwise than grieved, at the readiness with which people will find arguments to persuade themselves that they have no manner of concern in slavery, or part to act in its extinction.

Is the necessity of opposing it impressed upon them, they will object, that their own daily participation in its fruits renders them unfit labourers in the soil of emancipation. This might be supposed to be favourable, as it leads immediately to a discussion of the advantage of encouraging free labour, and the wished-for point is already looked upon as half gained. But this is far from succeeding as a natural consequence. A long array of arguments respecting its inconvenience, uselessness, &c. are set forth in formidable order, concluding with alleging the utter impossibility of refraining in all instances from the produce of slavery, or of articles that proceed either directly or indirectly from that source. This is acknowledged, but not without still pleading for even a partial patronization of the free system, just so far as may not be *very* inconvenient; and this is answered with the opinion, that unless they could put away from them entirely, every thing of this nature, they do not consider it worth while in any instance to attempt doing so. Shall we hint to such reasoners, the parable of the "widow's mite," or shall we attempt to refute their arguments? To do this, we should scarcely suppose that any thing further was necessary, than to remind them of the dangerous tendency of such principles, were we to suffer ourselves to apply them to our general character and actions. They do not consider that they are absolved from all moral or religious duties, because it is difficult to mould themselves into absolute perfection. They do not think it useless to place any restraint upon their angry feelings in a moment of provocation, because they may sometimes be hurried into an impatient expression; nor to withhold the relief that it is in their power to afford to poverty, because it is impossible to supply the wants of all to whom it is a source of suffering. Neither should they refuse to contribute, with what strength they may, towards breaking the fetters of the slave, even though they cannot altogether avoid partaking of the fruit of his extorted labours.

There is another class, who are waiting apparently for a particular revelation upon the subject—till the voice of conscience shall reproach them for their passive tolerance of the system of slavery, in language too plain, and too painful, to be mistaken or resisted. But they wait not to be thus driven to the performance of other duties which are enjoined by reason and humanity; and why, then, should they wait to be thus instructed in this? The voice of conscience is at all times audible, unless we wilfully turn a dull ear to her monitions—but her thunders are sometimes reserved until it is too late for us to feel them, except as in punishment for the offences, we vainly looked for them to prevent.

FEMALE CHARACTER.

IT has often been remarked, that in sickness there is no hand like woman's hand, no heart like woman's heart; and there is not. A man's heart may swell with unutterable sorrow, and apprehension may rend his mind; yet place him by the sick couch, and in the shadow rather than the light of the sad lamp that watches it; let him have to count over the long dull hours of night, and wait, alone and sleepless, the struggle of the gray dawn in the chamber of suffering; let him be appointed to this ministry, even for the sake of the brother of his heart, or the father of his being, and his grosser nature, even where it is most perfect, will tire; his eye will close, and his spirit grow impatient of the dreary task; and though love and anxiety remain undiminished, his mind will own to itself a creeping in of irresistible selfishness, which, indeed, he may be ashamed of, and struggle to reject, but which, despite of his efforts, remains to characterize his nature, and prove in one instance, at least, his manly weakness. But see a mother, a sister, or a wife, in his place. The woman feels no weariness, and owns no recollection of self. In silence and depth of night she dwells, not only passively, but so far as the qualified term expresses our meaning, joyously. Her ear acquires a blind man's instinct, as from time to time it catches the slightest stir, or whisper, or breath of the now more than ever loved one, who lies under the hand of human affliction. Her step, as in obe-

dience to an impulse or a signal, would not waken an insect; if she speaks, her accents are a soft echo of natural harmony, most delicious to the sick man's ear, conveying all that sound can convey of pity, comfort, and devotion; and thus, night after night, she tends him like a creature sent from a higher world: when all earthly watchfulness has failed, *her* eye never winked, *her* mind never palled, *her* nature, that at other times is weakness, now gaining a superhuman strength and magnanimity; herself forgotten, and her sex alone predominant.

EDUCATION OF SLAVES.

IN this age of intellectual advancement, when the cultivation of the mind is considered an object of primary importance, and such strenuous efforts are making for a wider diffusion of knowledge through almost all classes of society, it is strange that the education of one portion, and that a very extensive one, should be almost totally forgotten or neglected.

Men will cheerfully tear themselves away from the delights of home and society, and even peril their lives in order to convey the words of the gospel into distant climes, and implant in the bosoms of those who know not Christ, a knowledge of the divine principles of Christianity. Woman will resign her ornaments, abridge her pleasures, and exert all her influence for the same purpose; and yet at the same time, almost at their doors—nay, in the very bosoms of their families, there are beings far more ignorant and degraded than those distant ones whom they are struggling to save.

It may be that the religious tenets of the Hindoo, or the American Indian, have been formed in error, that

“In the scattering of the leaves of life,

His page was written more imperfectly,”

yet who can doubt that, according to their knowledge, many of them worship the God of their fathers, with all the sincerity of deep devotedness, and that they possess many noble and surprising traits of character? But the slave—what knowledge, —what instruction, religious or moral, can he obtain, but that which we ourselves see fit to impart to him? And if those to whose charge he is particularly entrusted, suffer his mind, his

very soul, to consume away in the most debasing ignorance, how will they be prepared to answer the solemn question—"Why put ye not my money to the exchangers, that at my coming I might have received mine own with usury?"

Let not his moral character be complained of, nor his intellectual powers be vilified, until the experiment of his instruction has been fairly tried. There are many who are perfectly convinced of the injustice of the system of slavery, and who would joyfully aid in its abolition, did they not consider its victims, by their long formed habits and character, totally unfitted for liberty, and that their enfranchisement would be alike an evil to themselves, and to their former masters. Here then is a field in which the influence of woman may effect much. Let it be her task—the task of those who wish to behold their country freed from a crime, in which they are perhaps compelled to participate,—to extend the hand of compassionate guidance to those unfortunate beings, who are rising up beneath their care—to instil, with unwearying gentleness, into their young minds, the sublime truths of the Christian religion, and impress them firmly with unfaltering principles of morality—and there can be no doubt but the effects of her benevolence will be widely visible. Let it not be said that the slave population can only be kept in subjection while in a state of ignorance. Will the knowledge that his patient endurance of suffering, is complacently beheld in heaven, teach the slave to rebel against his earthly master? or will an undoubting faith in those promises which tell that his ready forgiveness of injuries will win for him the privilege to

"Wear his immortality as free,
Beside the crystal waters,"

as those who have been his oppressors, dispose him to forfeit that happiness by fostering a spirit of revenge? It is clear that it cannot! and it is sincerely hoped that societies among the ladies of the south, for the education of the youthful slave population, will, ere long, hold a conspicuous place among those which have been already formed for the benefit of that class of our citizens.

LETTERS TO ISABEL.

No. I.

WE have often spoken, dear Isabel, on the subject of African slavery, and I know that you will again rally me for recurring to what you laughingly term my "dark-visaged enthusiasm." But I have extracted from you a promise to listen to me patiently, and no fears of your raillery must deter me from attempting to inspire you with a portion of the interest which I feel for the wronged children of Africa.

What would I not give to know that you had entered, heart and soul, into their cause! It surprises me that you have not already done so—and the more deeply I reflect on your character, so in proportion does my astonishment increase.—You fire at the mention of the wrongs of Greece! The name of liberty you cherish like a sacred thing. I have seen your cheek glow and your eye flash with the ardour of your patriotic feelings—yet you look coldly and calmly on the blot that so foully dishonours your country's escutcheon! Strange!—good too, and pious as you are—gentle and merciful, even to the meanest worm that crawls in its worthlessness beneath your tread—with a heart so alive to the impulses of humanity, so full of tenderness and high romantic feeling, and so steadily calm in the execution of its duties—and yet on this subject—one that should long since have stirred every pulse of your heart, every sympathy of your bosom—so carelessly, so culpably indifferent!—Think not that I am harsh, dear Isabel: even you acknowledge that the system of which I speak is a great evil—you admit that it is sinful to press the iron yoke of oppression upon the neck of any of God's creatures: how much less then upon those whom he hath created in his own image! and how can you escape the infection of that guilt, unless you openly lift up your hand in remonstrance against it? It is not sufficient that you are not an immediate participant in this iniquity. You are a willing partaker in its advantages, you share freely in all the luxuries purchased by that deep sin, you hold out a bribe, as it were, for its perpetration; yet, because the blood of your brother is not upon your own hand, you hope to fling from you all its awful responsibility! But when the voice of that blood, crying out from the ground, riseth up into the high courts of Heaven, think you, Isabel, that those

will be held guiltless, who have stood by and beheld the iron of his fetters wearing away into his very soul, and yet have lifted no hand to shield, no voice beseeching mercy for the sufferer? Oh, believe it not! Do not, I entreat you, soothe yourself into a fatal calmness with this hope! You may shut your ear *now* to the cry of the oppressed; you may persuade yourself that the sphere of your duty extends not thus far;—but when the last shadowy film has gathered over your eye, and your spirit hath passed through the valley of the shadow of death—when all the deceitful mists you had so industriously folded about you are suddenly scattered, and every sense is rendered fearfully acute by the absence of the weakness of mortality—when every unforgiven sin rises up to your recollection with a terrible distinctness—when, with all the intensity of an immortal nature, with a love, to which the warmest transports of earthly enthusiasm are cold and feeble, you shall adore the perfection and the excellence of the Holy One—do you not think that you will then remember, with all the bitterness of regret, that when the voice of the agony of his people went forth over the land, you gave it no heed? that when you saw them smitten wrongfully, bruised and wounded without a cause, you went carelessly by “on the other side,” nor stopped to pour over their wounds the healing tears of compassion?

Do not, my friend, drive this subject from your mind, as one on which it is painful to reflect! If you cannot bear even a recital of the sufferings of a wronged people, how can they *endure*, on and on, hopelessly and forever? You shall hear from me again, ere long—till then, adieu.

LETTERS TO ISABEL.

No. II.

DEAR ISABEL:—You tell me that you think my language is too strong. You say that you are no advocate for slavery, but that existing circumstances would render it extremely “inconvenient” (that I believe was your term) for you to become an avowed opponent of it at present; and that while so many, who are *open professors* of religion, humanity, and benevolence, rest undisturbed by the rebukes of conscience; you cannot

believe that it is demanded of *you*, who are so vastly inferior in all these points, particularly to concern yourself about the subject—especially as you are convinced that all your sacrifices would be of no avail.

Methinks that "*inconvenience*" is a strange term, Isabel, to associate with an act of duty—for it is as such I would press it upon your attention :—and the circumstance of this strikingly momentous subject having been hitherto so long and so strangely neglected, is the very reason that your exertions are necessary now ; for if apathy and indolence had not long since applied the same salve to the rebukes of conscience, slavery would ere this have ceased to exist.

Then the conduct of others can be no excuse for you. If the path of duty is plain before you, ought you to wait for the example of others to incline you to enter it? Surely not! you know, my friend, that we are to be answerable each for ourselves; we can claim no forgiveness for neglected duties because others have offended in the same manner. Their education, their prejudices, may have gathered a mist around their mental vision, causing them to behold objects totally reversed from their real situation, as sailors are said sometimes to behold a distant vessel with its hull apparently elevated in the air, and its masts resting on the waters; and surely in such a case you would not join with the ignorant and misinformed, in asserting that such was its actual situation!

Slavery, my friend, must be either positively right, or positively wrong. There is no *middle* point on which it may rest. It is not a thing to be merely *disapproved* of—coldly warred with as a venial offence. It violates *all* the most essential principles of the Christian religion. I am not raving, Isabel! I can appeal to that volume which I have seen wet with your own repentant tears, for the truth of my assertions! If the most distinct, the most sublime declarations of the gospel are to be wholly *reversed* in their acceptation, then indeed is slavery innocent, and I may lay down my pen, and congratulate you that our country is indeed blessed—a shining light to all the inhabitants of the earth! But do you, can you, for one instant imagine slavery to be consistent with the holy principles of Christianity? And if it is not, surely it is at our own peril that we trifle with our knowledge of its guilt! As to the availingness of your exertions, it is not for you to judge :—even if they

should be apparently unfelt, (which *you cannot tell*,) still it is as imperatively your duty to cleanse your hand from injustice.

Do you wait for an express call? till your angry conscience shall press you down to the dust with its terrible upbraiding? Alas, my friend, that hour may come too late! If the case were a doubtful one, then indeed it might be right to wait till the finger of God had expressly taught you; but when your reason and your heart tell you that you are lending your support to a system of crime and injustice, can you expect to be absolutely *forced* into righteousness? You know that I love you, dearest Isabel—you cannot doubt that: but even at the risk of alienating your affection, must I speak thus plainly!—I entreat, I implore, I conjure you, before your God, to commune with your own heart upon this subject—and then answer to your conscience, whether I have not spoken to you the truth!

LETTERS TO ISABEL.

No. III.

No, my dear Isabel, it is not sufficient that you silently disapprove of iniquity—you should openly *avow* your disapprobation, that your example may be of benefit to others. You speak very *pathetically*, to be sure, of the haunting recollections of *poundcakes* and *ice-creams* doomed so often to be passed by untasted! and that this may frequently be the case, I will acknowledge. But what kind of devotion to the cause of justice and mercy, can that be, which would shrink from offering a few sacrifices of inclination and luxury upon their altar? If it were for no other purpose but to give evidence of your sincerity, you ought willingly to submit to so trifling a deprivation—for trifling I cannot but consider it, in relation to the momentous object it is intended to support. But it is not a mere question of expediency, it is one of positive right or wrong—and surely, my friend, we have enough of thoughtless, unpremeditated sins to answer for, without *deliberately* heaping up condemnation for ourselves. Even if there were no other world, dear Isabel, either for ourselves or the unhappy slave, the hope of ameliorating his *temporal* condition, would be well worth every exertion, every sacrifice, you could make. But when both they and we have to look forward to an *eternity*—

think of it, Isabel—an *eternity* of after life—when we reflect that there will come a fearful, retributive hour, when we must answer for “the deeds done in the body”—and think how we shall meet together then, the oppressor and the victim—the one to answer for a life devoted to selfish gratification, and the other mourning over the darkness of his soul—a darkness which we have either formed or perpetuated—when we think upon the subject in this light, my friend,—of what overwhelming importance does it not appear!

Our country has long lain in a state of slumbering lethargy; as if she had forgotten all the misery and the iniquity she was fostering within her bosom. But she is now awake, conscious of the full enormity of the evil, and the guilt—and woe be to her if she cleanse not her polluted hands! We have not the excuse of early and long cherished prejudices—or of ignorance of the fatal effects of the Upas breath of slavery—the proof is before us—the guilt and the consequences have been thoroughly made known to us, and at our peril it must be, if we refuse to listen to the warning voice of admonition!

LETTERS TO ISABEL.

No. IV.

WITH what pleasure do I congratulate you, my beloved friend, upon the noble resolution you have adopted! I fear not, now, that you will shrink from, or grow weary of, the sacrifices that it may impose upon you; or that the temptations of luxury will overpower your self-denial.—No, dear Isabel! your gentle spirit will appreciate too well the consciousness of having done right. Your simple meal will be sweetened with the reflection that it is at least unpolluted, and though your form may perhaps be arrayed less daintily, there will be a calm satisfaction within your bosom, which the amplest gratification of an idle vanity could never afford. Yet although you have thus resolved upon taking an open stand in opposition to slavery, you still accuse me of exaggeration, and unnecessary warmth when speaking of this subject. But believe me, Isabel, I have not done so;—nay, I had almost said that it was impossible I could. What, my friend, can it be exaggeration to say that it

is a dark and fearful wickedness to make merchandise of men? Why, do we not hold up as fit objects of punishment those who are guilty of purloining the property of their fellows, and those who would wilfully become dealers therein? Then what terms of abhorrence can there be sufficiently strong to apply to a system which causes so many thousands to become robbers, or the upholders of those who are robbers, of the property of the immortal God! Is not this trade in human beings carried on in the very bosom of our own country, tearing husbands from their wives, parents from their children, and trampling down all the holy relations of social and domestic life, as if it were meant by the Eternal that they should be of no avail? And can it be possible that too much warmth can be used in speaking upon this subject?

But even looking upon slavery in its mildest form, allowing the slave to be kindly treated, and well provided for—though he may not *at present* be miserable, what warrant has he for the continuance of these blessings? Death, or pecuniary ruin, may overtake his master, and the negro be transferred at once into wretchedness. But how seldom is it that their situations are thus favourable!

But we will speak more of this anon, dear Isabel. In the mean time, do not rest satisfied with what you have now done. Exert yourself in raising up other supporters to the cause of freedom, and in doing whatever may be in your power to loose the shackles of the oppressed.

LETTERS TO ISABEL.

No. V.

I ADVERTED in my last letter, Isabel, to the situation of the slaves under the most favourable circumstances—subjected to the control of a kind master, well fed, comfortably clothed, and not overworked—possessed of a comfortable habitation to shield him from the inclemency of the weather, and provided for in sickness, or old age, without the exertion of any of his own energy or forethought. Supposing this to be true of the whole of the American slaves—which we know it is not—and allowing the whole of them to be well contented with their

situation, still, my friend, we have no right to retain them in bondage : the claims of justice, though not of humanity, are violated almost equally as if they were subjected to the greatest cruelties. And after all, Isabel, if such were the benefits universally shared among them, what would be the amount of all these boasted comforts ! not actually equal to those enjoyed by the trusty house-dog ! for he is exempted from labour. But is a mere absence of the harassing cares of life, a sufficiency of happiness to satisfy the cravings of an immortal nature ? Is the circumstance of refraining from the exercise of unnecessary cruelties towards those whom we have made our servants forever, sufficient to atone for their mental darkness ? And how may they drink at the well-spring of life and knowledge, when we have sealed it for only ourselves ? Oh ! Isabel, have we not a fearful account to render for this iniquity ?

"Woe for those who trample o'er a mind—
A deathless thing !—They know not what they do,
Or what they deal with—Man perchance may bind
The flower his step hath bruised ; or light anew
The torch he quenches : or to music wind
Again the lyre-string from his touch that flew—
But for the soul !—oh ! tremble and beware
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries *there* !"

The oppression of the body may be endurable, but that of the spirit is, indeed, death !

You have, doubtless, heard it asserted, that in mental capacity, the negro is naturally the inferior of the white man ; but I will not insult you by supposing you, for an instant, capable of giving it credence. It is true that our slaves are not wise, nor learned, nor possessed of high intellectual superiority ; if they were, more than half our objections to slavery would be obviated ; but to assert that they are by nature incapable of this, would be adding sin to sin, by attempting to charge the effects of our own iniquity upon the hands of God ! It is true, that the negroes, who were originally torn away from their palm-tree homes in Africa, were not possessed of gifted souls, and highly cultivated intellects ; they were, to use our own often misapplied term, barbarians ; but by placing and retaining them here among us, we have become, in the widest sense of

the term, "our brothers' keepers"—and most assuredly will their blood be required at our hands. Forgive me, dear Isabel, if I weary you, for how can I bear that you should reflect with indifference on a subject that so deeply interests me?

LETTERS TO ISABEL.

No. VI.

I WISH you were near me, Isabel;—your familiar voice would come to me soothingly, and I am sick at heart with the horrors that perpetually unfold themselves as I look upon this system of wickedness. Did you read the last No. of the "*Genius of Universal Emancipation*?"—"Three thousand wretches immured within the hold of a single ship!" Have you never shuddered over a description of the horrors of the Black Hole at Calcutta? but what were they, to what must have been endured by *these* miserable beings! The thought of them has haunted me, Isabel! How many of the heart's best affections must have been violently wrenched asunder, when they were dragged away from their happy homes!—you know that *home*, be it where it may, has always a strong tie—and then when the torn fibres of their hearts were all quivering and bleeding with their agony and indignation, to be buried, suffocated, in that horrible dungeon, till the hot air that they gaspingly inhaled seemed like liquid fire to their burning lips and throats that were parched to a scorching dryness—and they raved and shrieked in their delirious agony, and tore their flesh that they might once more moisten their lips, even if it were with their own blood! Then, in the deep hush of midnight, when the empty sails swung heavily around the masts, when the glassy waters lay unheaving in the calm moon-lit sleep, and the smothered cry, that rose up at intervals from the bosom of that ship, came fearfully upon the depth of that profound silence—then ever and anon the sound of a dull, heavy plunge into the still waters, told again and again, that a human being had found an unwept grave in their vast abyss.

Yet even *this*, is not the worst of the horrible images of barbarity that are thronging about my brain! I took up an old newspaper yesterday, and—but I cannot tell you, Isabel; you would cover up your face, and grow deadly sick, ere you had finished

half the terrible recital. Is it not strange that man *can* be changed into such a monster of cruelty as he sometimes is? Deliberately sporting with the agony of his fellow-creatures as if he were indeed a very demon! And this is the work of **SLAVERY!** *Can* the denunciations that are heaped upon it, be too severe, my friend? Should any one who bears the name of a woman and christian, for an instant tolerate such wickedness?—or should they not fling from them the luxuries that are purchased by such means, as if they were a deadly poison; and pledge themselves never to remit their efforts for the extinction of this curse, till it no longer sheds its blight upon our country?

LETTERS TO ISABEL.

No. VII.

YOU tell me that you have read and reflected on the subject of slavery, till you are melancholy and discouraged. You ask me when the dispositions of men will ever be softened into humanity—when we may hope that the claims of justice will be felt to be stronger than those of interest—and how—even if they were willing to make some atonement to the negro for his past wrongs—the abolition of slavery might be accomplished? I will tell you frankly, Isabel, I do not know. I will acknowledge that there is but too much cause for melancholy, while reflecting on the situation of our enslaved brethren—yet do not for this, my friend, suffer yourself to become discouraged in a good work. We know that liberty is the natural right of every man, who has not by his crimes rendered it a forfeit to the laws of his country: we know that our negroes have been by no just laws deprived of their freedom, and we know that it is one of the deadliest in the long catalogue of human crimes, thus to desolate and ruin the hearts and the immortal souls of men. Surely then, the path we are to pursue is plain before us; and it becomes us not to suffer ourselves to be disquieted with vain doubtings. Were there scarce any hope, to the eye of human reason, that slavery would ever be abolished, still, I should not consider that we had sufficient cause to remit our exertions;—the principles of justice are forever the same, and a knowledge of duty is not with impunity to be trifled

with. Yet we are not without a reasonable hope of the speedy approach of the hour of emancipation. If those who profess themselves favourable to that cause, would give it something beside mere wishes, there can be no doubt but important alterations in existing circumstances would ere long be the result. Do you recollect the description in the "Lady of the Lake," of the almost magical effect produced by the approach of the signal-cross of Roderick Dhu? With such an awakening spirit should the call of benevolence and justice go forth, gathering all hearts to their standard! Is it not strange that men will make such sacrifices, as they frequently do, only to obtain distinction in the sight of men, and are so dead to emulation in deeds for which they might glory in the sight of heaven! The question of *how* abolition will be accomplished, must be the province of other and wiser heads than ours to determine—but though to the minds of those whose perceptions have become clouded by the suggestions of prejudice or interest, there may appear to be darkness, or difficulty, upon the path, yet we know there is one, whose power can turn the gloom of midnight into the brightness of noonday!

LETTERS TO ISABEL.

No. VIII.

THE world, dear Isabel?—I am scarcely better acquainted with it than yourself. I only know that it contains enough of injustice and inhumanity to render one heartily sick of it sometimes, and a sufficiency of beauty and bliss to make it a paradise, where we might be content to dwell forever, were it not so defaced and darkened by man's sinfulness. The cup of life was given us by the hands of our Maker, pure and bright, but the ingratitude of man hath drugged it with bitterness.

I wonder not at your sadness, Isabel. You have lived, as it were, almost in the midst of a vision;—you had heard of misery and wretchedness, but the words brought with them rather an unmeaning sound, than a sense of their real import;—for yourself, a star, a flower, a sunbeam, or a strip of blue sky in the clouded firmament, were sufficient to bring you happiness,—and how could you know that other hearts were

breaking in silence? But now that you have learned to reflect, to think of the happiness of others, as well as your own, and to gaze upon the varied and accumulated forms of misery, portrayed upon the pages of the world's volume, and worse than this—when you witness the selfishness and heartlessness of your fellow mortals,—I wonder not, dear Isabel, that you should turn away and weep. But these feelings will gradually pass away from you, my friend, and though you may still mourn over the calamities that you cannot alleviate, yet the consciousness of having done all in your power, will give you a far deeper happiness than you could have won by stifling the impulses of compassion amidst the excitement of gaiety and mirth.

You tell me that you can do little else but weep over the sufferings of those slaves, whose condition you would almost give your life to alleviate. And would you rather not give those tears, than to purchase exemption from the sadness that occasions them, with an increase of cold-hearted selfishness? I think you would. If there were no other life to look forward to, than the few years that are allotted us in this world, we might, perhaps, be justifiable in seeking to forget both our unhappiness, and that of others; since forgetfulness would be the highest bliss that we could hope. But when we regard this world only “as a school of education for the next,” we need not grudge the few hours of sadness that compassion may give to the crimes and miseries of our fellow-beings. Pursue steadily the course you have begun, my friend, with respect to slavery—and though it may appear to others, and even to yourself, that all your exertions are totally unfelt “as the dust of the balance,” yet you have a witness in your own soul, Isabel, that will tell you it is well to pursue the path of duty for its own sake. Shall we refuse to hearken to the commands of God, that we should “do justly and love mercy,” until we have stipulated that a reward for our obedience shall be given us in the success of our works? Surely it is enough of grace for us that we are permitted to place our humble offerings at his footstool! and we should be guilty of insolent presumption, did we dare to solicit a further recompense. What! may we stand chaffering and parleying with the Eternal, respecting the terms on which we will undertake the performance of our duty? I know that you would shrink from such an idea,

Isabel ! and yet in fact we do this, when, as with regard to the case of slavery, we refuse to pursue the dictates of conscience, because, to the eye of frail mortality, no glorious results await in guerdon for our successful exertions. Oh, it becomes us to look narrowly into our own hearts, lest we suffer ourselves to be beguiled by the wisdom of the serpent, in the specious arguments wherewith we soothe our consciences, and to press onward with an undoubting trust in that path, which has been by the commands of a just God made plain before us !

WOMAN.

Woman's eye,
In hall or cot, wherever be her home,
Hath a heart-spell too holy and too high,
To be o'erpraised e'en by her worshipper—Poesy.

HALLECK.

WE sincerely wish that woman would make use of that heart-spell, which the poet speaks of so enthusiastically—not to win the transient admiration of a ball-room assembly—not in adding new admirers to her triumphant list of conquests ; but in advocating the cause of the oppressed, in exciting the compassion of the proud lords of the creation, for the thousands of her fellow-creatures, of her own sex, too, doomed to drain to its very dregs, of the horrors of a cup of bitterness. If she listens with a dull ear to the beseeching agony of her own sex—she whose peculiar claim to the fostering of all the kind and delicate affections of the heart, has long been acceded to—with what face can she heap the opprobrium of cruelty and tyranny upon those whose characters, both by nature and education, are fitted to a sterner mould ? Woman—why, she will “weep over a faded flower”—because it reminds her of fading hope, and of the frailness of mortality ! and then if a rhymester happen to come within telescope distance, her “sweet sensibility” will be trumpeted to the four corners of the Union ! Now we are not of those who would dull one of the finer feelings of woman's bosom—unless they are so *very exquisitely*

fine, that she can refuse her sympathy and relief to the actual, overwhelming misery of her fellow mortals—because *she cannot bear to listen to the painful recital!* Then indeed we too are tempted to exclaim, “Oh la!”

But will she, can she, listen with cold indifference—or perhaps a momentary shudder—to tales that should almost madden her with the agonizing swell of her sympathetic feelings—and turn coldly away and forget them? Can she hear of one of her own sex being fastened by the neck to a cart, and in that manner dragged rapidly through the streets—and of other instances of a similar nature, and yet say that her interference is uncalled for, and unneeded? Or should we not, every woman of us, north and south, east and west, rise up with one accord, and demand for our miserable sisters a restitution of the rights and privileges of her sex?

MENTAL REMINISCENCES.

It is pleasant to look back over the history of our mental life—to reflect upon its various changes of sentiment and feeling—to call up to recollection the different acquirements which have formed, as it were, the several stages of our intellectual progress. There are probably few persons who have not felt a gush of exultation, when the opinions or partialities of childhood have been justified by the approval of their riper years, or who do not remember with satisfaction the enthusiastic delights which attended the acquisition of certain ideas. Not long since, I casually met with a copy of the first book that I ever to my knowledge was possessed of. I question whether a volume of Mrs. Hemans or Miss Landon would not have been thrown by at that moment, for those imperfectly recollected pages, or whether its stiff pictures and childish rhymes could have afforded me more gratification, even when my days were numbered by months instead of years. I can remember, too, even now, the bewilderment and excitement of feeling, with which I bent over the pages of the “Saracens,” and mingled my very spirit with their romance. The high-wrought sentiments, the achievements, and the misfortunes, of the heroic Malek Adel, and the glorious lady Matilda, wrought like a spell

over my imagination, till I felt as though I were in the midst of a new creation. I know not whether the world may have given its voice of praise to these volumes, or whether they do actually possess any superior degree of interest, for I have never since examined them—but I gave myself up unresistingly to their fascination. It was like being ushered into the midst of a new creation—and I paused not to inquire whether it was one of imagination or reality. The recollection of what I had read, followed me to my pillow, and in my dreams; and when the Sabbath morning interposed betwixt me and the still unfinished history, I stole away to the drawer where it was deposited, to gaze upon the cover of the leaves which I dared not open. I have since wondered that I did resist the temptation of doing so—it was an instance of juvenile self-control, that might shame many of the weaker resolutions of my after years. Thus freshly, and so hoarded up as treasures, do the memories of infancy come back upon the heart in after years, yet *then*, when the world itself seems but little more than a visionary creation of romance, we look forward to the *coming* hours of life, as those which are the storehouses of life's richest pleasures;—and this, in despite of all that is said of the unshadowed bliss of our infant days, is principally true; for however we may profess to envy the happiness of childhood, there are but few who would willingly return to it again.

SELFISHNESS.

THIS has been said to be the predominant feeling of all hearts, mingling with the best and noblest traits of character, and the main-spring of all our virtues. We love our country and our friends, it is asserted, because they *are ours*;—our fellow-beings, because they have been created after the same image; and we are generous and humane, for the reason that the reverse would be painful to ourselves. Thus all the noblest qualities of the heart may be traced to the impulses of one narrow feeling, and the broad philanthropy of a Howard, becomes but a species of refined selfishness.

But however true it may be, that the practice of the generous virtues is productive of happiness to ourselves, in a pro-

portion equal to that which it may be the means of bestowing upon others, yet the feelings which invite their possessors to such a course of action are very different from the sordid egotism to which we are accustomed to apply the name of selfishness.

That this principle does frequently influence our conduct to a degree of which we are ourselves conscious, must be admitted ; but it is extremely wrong to suffer our exertions in behalf of our fellow-creatures, to be limited in their extent, by this feeling. But we cannot do this, without openly violating our express duties. We were not intended to live solely for ourselves, even if it were possible for all our hopes and wishes to be thus concentrated ; nor can we serve one Divine Master as we ought, while we are regardless of the happiness of one human being ; and to know of the existence of misery, should even be sufficient to call forth our instant exertions for its relief. It is not the least among the blessings with which we have been favoured by a kind Providence, that we should have so strong an incentive to good deeds in the knowledge that they bring to our hearts their immediate reward ; but our obligation to attend to the several duties of life, would not be lessened, though the performance of them should no longer be grateful to our feelings. The gifts of God are a double blessing, because they are not only the source of happiness to ourselves, but impart to us the higher privilege of bestowing it upon others.

But it must not be supposed that the offered boon is one which we are permitted to receive or decline, at pleasure. When we neglect to employ the means with which we have been thus favoured, even though it should amount to no more than the possession of "one talent," we become unworthy of the goodness of our Creator, and deserve to be deprived of that which we have as a just reward, for the selfishness with which we have suffered our hearts to be corroded. Is it not well then, when we sum up the blessings by which we are ourselves surrounded, to enquire of our hearts how much we have done to alleviate the distresses and calamities of others ? Nay, even though we ourselves are miserable, cannot we contribute something to lessen the unhappiness of others ? Undoubtedly we may, and ought, to the utmost of our power, do so. When we, therefore, take a survey of the world as it exists around us, and examine the various forms of wretchedness that we behold, what

do we find most forcibly to claim the interference of our benevolent energies? Is there not one word, one name, that concentrates in itself all our ideas of degradation and misery? and that name men have given to the being whom they have made the lowest and vilest in the scale of human existence. That word is slavery—that being is the slave! Some calamities with which the human race are afflicted, appear to be the particular visitation of God; but this has its origin wholly in the wickedness of man. To the extirpation of this great evil, should be given the prayers and the sympathy of every heart—the aid of every hand. We are not to confine our views only to alleviating the temporal condition of the slave; his moral and intellectual elevation is an object of tenfold more importance, but his emancipation must be first accomplished, for till then, these cannot be effectually secured. The possibility of the subject being one which can excite no interest in our bosoms, should not be allowed to have the least weight in determining our conduct. We are not to consider whether our exertions in behalf of suffering humanity will be productive of gratification to our own selfish feelings, but whether we shall not disobey the reiterated commands of God by withholding them.

ASSOCIATIONS.

WE said something, a short time since, upon the propriety and usefulness of forming Societies for the diffusion of knowledge relative to slavery, and we have again resumed the subject for the purpose of more fully expressing our sentiments. Of the advantages resulting from associations in support of any object, we need to say but little, for they are of themselves sufficiently obvious; and there can be no doubt but that their influence exerted in the manner mentioned, would be highly beneficial to the cause of Emancipation. The abolition of slavery can only be effected by the powerful voice of public sentiment. To awaken and to give a right direction to this sentiment, can certainly, then, be an object of no secondary importance, and we think no better means can be made use of, for the attainment of that end, than the extension of such knowledge as may induce those, who are now indifferent, to

reflect on the enormities that are combined in this system of slavery.

There are many among us who are alike ignorant and careless of the guilt and the wretchedness, which they are thoughtlessly or unconsciously assisting to support. These should be aroused from their torpid insensibility; they should be reminded that their boasted banner of freedom waves over thousands of degraded slaves—that while they bear the name, and profess the principles, of Christians, they are openly nourishing injustice—that the stain of blood-guiltiness and oppression is upon their land, and that each of them is in some degree responsible for her crimes, unless they lift up their voice against them.

We know that there are many among our own sex, who are sincerely averse to slavery, and who deeply commiserate the condition of those who are suffering beneath its oppression;—why then will they not decisively attempt something for the relief of its victims? Are these ladies impressed with the belief that their utmost exertions would be unavailing? We can only entreat them at least to make a trial of them; and if they do fail, it will not be without the satisfaction of knowing that they have done what they could, to promote the welfare of their fellow-creatures, and that though in the sight of men their efforts may have been wasted, there is *ONE* eye that has looked upon them approvingly. But much the greater degree of probability is on the side of their success—gradual it may be,—perhaps almost imperceptible in its immediate effects, but not the less productive of certain benefit. The moral feeling of our country requires renovation. She is hard of heart and tyrannical, while she fancies herself humane and generous. With one hand she displays to the nations of the earth her ensigns of liberty and justice, with the other she presses the brow of humanity to the dust. To instil juster sentiments into the minds of those who are to be the future guardians of her welfare, her statesmen and her counsellors, should be the task of woman. But to effect this, her own feelings must be warmly and generally interested in the cause of emancipation: there must be a unison of purpose and sentiment, which cannot be attained but by means of associations. Opposition to slavery can be rendered popular and general by no other method; and whether they are intended for the support of free labour, or for the circulation of such sentiments as may give a

right tone to public opinion on the subject of slavery, or, what is still better, for the furtherance of both these designs, they are calculated to be of essential service to the cause they advocate. They give the supporters of that cause an opportunity of numbering their friends—they are an evidence that the opinions expressed are not merely the effervescence of excited feeling in scattered individuals, and that the members of them are willing to labour for the extermination of the evil of which they disapprove; while many, with whom the impulses of what they may, perhaps, consider a doubtful duty, would be too weak a spring to invite them to action, might be led by the interest, which is excited by mutual emulation and similarity of feeling, to become steady and conscientious opposers of slavery.

REVIEW OF MRS. HEMANS' POETRY.

It is not our purpose to enter into an examination of the general literary character of the lady above mentioned. Her poetry has been too widely diffused, and the beauty of her sentiments too generally acknowledged, even by those who do not rank among her professed admirers, to render such a discussion necessary. She has been said to divide the palm of poetic merit with Miss Landon; but while we would detract nothing from the excellence of the younger rival, we believe there are few who do not turn with pleasure from the noonday brightness of her page—the scorching breath of woman's blighted heart, and the dazzling splendour of chivalric tournament, to the gentle pensiveness of the moonlight genius of Hemans. Her name, amid those of the sister votaries of the muse, is like the star *Lyræ* amid the constellation from which it derives its name—amid the bright, brightest.

We confess the remarks do not so well apply to the volume which we intend particularly to notice at present, as to some of her other productions. Yet, from its title, the "Records of Women" should have been one of the best among them; for in what should female genius be supposed capable of excelling, if not in dwelling proudly on the exalted merits of her own sex, or extracting from their heart's chords all their hidden melody, to pour in a flood of inspiration over her page? It is

true, there are many beautiful passages scattered throughout the volume—as we intend presently to show—but they are frequently weakened by repetition, and by the ideas being too much diffused. “Arabella Stewart,” the first and longest piece in the volume, together with the above faults, contains some extremely fine passages. Mrs. H., after a short narrative of the history of the heroine, says the poem is “meant as some record of her fate, and the imagined fluctuation of her thoughts and feelings” during her imprisonment and separation from her husband.—It is supposed to commence while she is yet

“Fostering for his sake
A quenchless hope of happiness to be ;
And, feeling still, her woman spirit strong
In the deep faith that lifts from earthly wrong
A heavenward glare,”—

and before a fruitless effort to escape had quenched the bright lamp of reason. The following lines pourtray very finely the buoyant spirit of youthful hope, and the rich, deep feelings of womanly affection :—

“I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chill'd and blighted—
And thou art, too, in bonds ! yet droop thou not,
Oh, my beloved ! there is *one* hopeless lot,
And that not ours.”

“If thou wert gone
To the grave's bosom with thy radiant brow,
If thy deep, thrilling voice, with that low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which even now
Seems floating through my soul, were music taken
Forever from this world—Oh ! thus forsaken,
Could I bear on ?”

Again, after measures had been secretly taken for her escaping and rejoining Seymour—her husband—she exclaims—

“We shall meet soon—to think of such an hour !
Will not my heart, o'erburden'd with its bliss,
Faint and give way beneath me, *as a flower*
Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss !”

The simile which ends the verse, we think uncommonly beautiful. She succeeded in making her escape, but was unfortunately discovered, and conducted back into captivity. The ensuing passage is finely expressive of the total blight of her heart after this event :

“ Oh, never in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly—never more !—the hope is crush’d
That lit my life, the voice within me hush’d,
That spoke sweet oracles—and I return
To lay my youth as in a burial urn,
Where sunshine may not find it.”—

The above passages we think some of the most beautiful in the book :—and they are beautiful. There are others, perhaps, equally so, and some that are vastly inferior—but with these we will have nothing to do. We wish to extract only such as may be read again and again without weariness:—but the volume which can produce such passages is certainly worth a perusal throughout, even if a considerable portion of its contents does fall below their standard. Passing over several shorter pieces, we come to “ Properzia Rossi.” This poem is more spiritual throughout, and is not so long as the first mentioned. It is in many parts equally beautiful, though of a different character. The heroine—a sculptor—is supposed to be engaged on her last work, a statue of Ariadne :

“ The bright work grows
Beneath my hand, unfolding, as a rose,
Leaf after leaf to beauty ; line by line,
I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine
Through the pale marble’s veins—it grows, and now
I give my own life’s history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne ! thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments ; but oh, more fair !
Touch’d into lovelier being by the glow
Which in me dwells, as by the summer’s light
All things are glorified.”

After describing the blight in her heart, she adds—

“ Yet the world will see
Little of this, my parting work, in thee—

Thou shalt have fame ! Oh, mockery ! give the reed
 From storms a shelter—give the drooping vine
 Something round which its tendrils may entwine—
 Give the parch'd flower a rain-drop—and the meed
 Of love's kind words to woman ! Worthless fame,
 That in his bosom wins not for my name
 The abiding place it ask'd ! Yet how my heart
 In its own fairy-land of song and art
 Once beat for praise !”

“ But I go
 Under the silent wings of peace to dwell,
 From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
 The inward burning of the words, ‘ in vain,’
 Sear'd on the heart, I go.”

We have no room for further extracts or remarks at present, and we conclude with advising every lady, who has not already done so, to procure and read Mrs. Hemans' poems throughout.

THE FUNERAL.

I waked from my first slumber in Pennsdale, on a bright Sabbath morning—or, in the phraseology of my uncle's family, First-day—and after breakfast, prepared for a three or four miles' ride to meeting. The usual distance was this day to be somewhat lengthened, in order to attend a funeral—that of an aged man, one of the patriarchs of Pennsdale. I had long known him by name, for he had been throughout the course of a long life the most intimate friend of my grandfather ; and it was not without a feeling of saddened interest, that I listened, as we rode slowly up the lane towards the house, to a short account of his life and character from the lips of my uncle.—He concluded with saying—“ Yet though few men have been more generally regarded with a feeling of affectionate veneration, his death will not be very bitterly lamented. It was not one of those which afflict the heart of the survivor alike with grief and terror ; he had outlived most of the friends of his youth, and had long been like a ripened sheaf waiting for the harvester.”

In a few moments, I was standing by the coffin. The face

before me was deeply furrowed with the lines of age, but the expression it still wore was so calm, so peaceful, so full of benevolence, that I felt I could have dearly loved him ; and the tears almost started to my eyes at the thought that he could not now bestow on me one look of kindness.

His son, a man considerably advanced in years, was seated by the head of the coffin. His face was sorrowful, but calm and perfectly resigned. The grand-children of the deceased were seated near him, but though the tears fell fast and almost unconsciously from many of their eyes, they were rather the tears of tenderness than of deep affliction ;—called forth by the memory of all the happy hours they had spent by his side, or seated on his knee, and the thought of all his gentle words of admonition and affection.

The coffin was at length closed, and placed in the simple hearse, and the procession moved forward. The meeting-house of Pennsdale was situated in a still, secluded spot, and was completely embowered by large forest trees, while the ground on all sides rose from it in a gentle slope, seeming almost to shut it out from the world, and from all sights save the azure of the heavens and the universal green of the earth. It was an old stone building, and very small, and as plainly constructed as possible. Behind it was the grave-yard ;—enclosed by low stone walls, and shaded all round by immense elms, though none were suffered to intrude within its limits. I was scarcely ever more surprised than on entering it. The Quaker burial places in general—I have been in many of them—present nothing but an undulated surface of verdure. But here every grave had its memorial—rose bushes planted at the head and foot, entwining their branches and scattering their perfume, and their luxuriant branches over the remains of the beloved ones—sometimes half hiding from view a simple tablet of wood or marble. The sweet-briar and wild honeysuckle almost covered the walls, filling the air with their fragrance—while the song of the woodland bird and the ceaseless hum of the honey-bee went up for hymn and requiem.

We gathered round the open grave, and there was a deep silence—silence in the heart as well as in the outward world. Most of those who were assembled there, remembered well the face that was now to be seen of them no more ; and while their thoughts wandered over the scenes of his past life, they

could not fail to return to their bosoms strengthened and purified. A few solemn words were spoken, and then that form was shut from them on earth forever.

We retired into the meeting-house.—There was one seat left vacant—one that had seldom been so, even amid summer's heat or winter's storms, for upwards of thirty years past. The time of worship passed over in silence, but the faces of those about me became gradually lightened, and when it was concluded, the usual friendly greetings were interchanged and kindly words spoken, by voices that were indeed more serious than their accustomed tone, but from hearts that were peaceful and happy.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

As the increased expense, incurred by making use of the productions of free labour, is often among the reasons assigned for neglect of that method of opposition to Slavery, it may perhaps be well to examine how far such an objection is entitled to consideration. For our own part, we do not think it should be allowed the least weight in determining our conduct. We do not conceive that it is any more excusable to make use of slave-wrought articles, on account of their cheapness, than we have to indulge in whatever else may please our fancy, at the expense of the unpaid creditor. Yet, as a close attention to household economy is certainly the duty of every female, let us enquire if it is not possible to indulge their feelings of humanity, and satisfy the claims of justice, without extending the limits they have prescribed for their expenses. The difference in the price of the articles, though trifling, may still, when the income of a family is barely sufficient to cover its expenses, deserve to be taken into account. But if the expressed philanthropy is sincere, if there is really a wish felt to lift the yoke from the neck of our enslaved countrymen, in every case, short of actual poverty, might the change from slave to free produce be made without adding one item to the expenditure, or even in the least encroaching on the aggregate of comfort. It is but to forego some paltry gratification, to resign some trifle in which the vanity only is concerned, (and who has not such offerings to make,) and a fund is at once provided,

sufficient for the purpose. Is it not better to eat coarse food, unspoiled by rapine and injustice? Is it not better to wear a plain garb, than to be pranked out in delicate or fashionable array, which has been won by oppression? Surely it is! and if the importance of the subject was more frequently and carefully examined, we believe there are many who would be not unwilling to give such a proof of their devotion to the cause of emancipation.

INCONSISTENCY.

ALMOST three centuries since, at a time when Europe was just emerging from the mental darkness which had been long spread over it, the unprincipled Pope Leo X., little scrupulous as he was with regard to the means of acquiring wealth, declared "that not only the christian religion, but that nature herself, cried out against a state of slavery." Elizabeth of England, though she shrank not from the commission of a crime which will forever cast a stigma upon her character—the execution of the unfortunate Queen of Scots—in expressing her opinion of the guilt of violently separating men from their homes and families, and forcing them into a state of bondage, gave it as her sentiment, that "it would be detestable, and would call down the vengeance of heaven upon the undertakers."

Such were the opinions entertained with regard to slavery, at the commencement of this horrible traffic, which has since poured out such an ocean of innocent blood. Opinions expressed too, at a time when its heart-sickening cruelty was rather to be inferred from its nature, than absolutely demonstrated by previous example;—though, even then, its horrible inhumanity was sufficiently apparent—and expressed, too, by those who were not, as princes have seldom been, remarkable for an enthusiastic devotion to the principles of justice. Yet now, when the light of reason and knowledge has been shed, in no stinted increase, over the earth, slavery not only has her strenuous advocates among men of refinement and intelligence, but still exists, uncensured and sanctioned by the laws of a nation which professes a close observance of the rules of christianity and moral justice, and which claims no second place among

the free, the liberal, and the enlightened of the earth. The foreign Slave-trade has, it is true, been abolished—has been declared piracy. But our country still clings to the guilt, of which, in the face of the world, she has, by that act, openly avowed her conviction; and the domestic traffic in human flesh, is still unforbidden. The dark shadow of the slave vessel yet lies upon our bright rivers, and the long shriek of hearts in their mortal agony, rises on the ear, as the brutal driver hurries before him his brother herd, and the dearest natural ties are parted forever.

Strange inconsistency! that we should foster at home, what we denounce as deadly iniquity abroad! As if the American air, hostile to every finer feeling, had deadened all kindly emotions, as well in the bosom of the slave as of his tyrant, and their ties of home, of kindred, and of friends, were no longer worthy a regardful thought. True, the ravage of fertile plains, the glare of burning villages, and the horrors attendant upon the “middle passage,” are no longer sanctioned. But what then? are we to consider the evil abolished, because an attempt has been made to confine it to our own door? Do fetters cease to gall when they are worn beneath an American sun; or does a breaking heart agonize less when its cords are, one by one, torn away, that it must more slowly sink to death, than when a fierce grasp has severed them at once, and it bursts with its first throb of unendurable anguish?

Oh, if we would but teach ourselves to reflect! If we would think on all the hearts that so bleed and die beneath the torn fibres of affection—on all the misery that is daily endured—on all the guilt that is incurred—if we would picture to ourselves the infant, wrenched shrieking from the clinging arms of its mother—the wretched wife, torn away in her frantic grief, from the last embrace of her purchased husband—brethren and sisters, who grew up under one roof, scattered asunder, like withered leaves beneath the autumn tempest, and knowing each other's place upon the earth no more forever. Surely, we would “lay our mouths in the dust, in shame and sorrow, for the heartless indifference we have so long manifested for the sufferings of the oppressed.”

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT.

It was a pretty-looking cottage—with its roof half covered with the boughs of a great tree, and vines creeping up about the doors and windows. The garden, with its gay flowers, tempting berries, and fine vegetables, was almost without a weed; while the paling that surrounded both that and the grass-plot, in front of the house, fairly glistened with its fresh covering of white-wash.

The old woman was seated in a large arm-chair, just outside of the door. Her countenance was one of the finest I have ever seen. She had probably past seventy summers, but her brow yet remained as dark as the still brilliant eye over which it was arched. The lines of age were distinctly, but not deeply traced upon her cheek and forehead; and her mouth and chin, though wearing them much more visibly than her other features, retained their characteristic marks of firmness and dignity. Her whole face was beaming with mingled benevolence, gratitude, and devotion. By her side was sitting a little dark-faced urchin of some half dozen years—and grouped round them, either seated on the grass, or on a long bench beneath the tree, several other descendants of Africa, whose happy faces, glowing with intelligence and feeling, spoke nothing of that consciousness of abasement and degradation, which is so often written upon the countenances of their race.

Shall I tell you the history of that group? It is a tale of female generosity, and negro gratitude.

That woman—she in the elbow-chair, with the open bible upon her knee—was a native, and till within these few years a resident, of Kentucky. Her husband was an owner of slaves—her father had been—and in her youth she thought but little of the sinfulness of laying unrighteous hands upon the property of God. But when the gentle creatures that called her “mother,” gathered about her with their loving eyes, and she listened to their soft voices in the evening twilight, she felt how wretched would be *her* lot, if it were in the power of man’s hand to tear them from her arms forever; and she thought of them, and commiserated the condition of the miserable slave. At first it was compassion only that led her to sympathise with

their unhappy fate ; but the conviction soon came to her heart, that slavery was unjustifiable wickedness in the sight of the Almighty. She entreated her husband, almost with the earnestness of one beseeching for her own life, to liberate their slaves. He refused—and she wept secretly and in silence—but by every means in her power she strove with tireless perseverance to alleviate the bitterness of their lot. She was their instructor, their friend, their benefactress, moving about among them more like a parent than a mistress, preserving their respect by the quiet dignity of her manner, and winning their enthusiastic gratitude and love, by her kindness and affection.

When her husband died, they were distributed among their children, who had all married, and left the paternal roof. Again she renewed her solicitations for the freedom of those objects of her care—and again she was repulsed—ay, even by her own children was her prayer refused to be granted. She did not stoop to remonstrance, but her resolution was taken—and great as was the sacrifice, she accomplished the holy purpose of her heart. She purchased those slaves, from the oldest to the youngest—she accompanied them here, to Ohio, where she might bestow on them the blessing of liberty—she expended almost her last cent in the performance of her high deed of justice ; and they flung themselves at her feet in an overwhelming burst of gratitude—disenthralled—enfranchised !

And they have never forgotten her kindness. She owes all the comforts with which she is surrounded, to their unwearying industry : to labour for her, to serve her, and to obey her lightest word, is alike their pride and their happiness—and on this evening they are all met together at her cottage, to celebrate the anniversary of their emancipation.

“ Is it a true story ? ”

Why—recollect 't is summer twilight, and there is the moon, just rising over the tree-tops ; so a little embellishment may be pardonable. But the circumstance of that widow having thus purchased and manumitted those slaves, and the story of their gratefully labouring for her support—is really the truth.

CONVERSATION.

Among the methods employed by the female friends of emancipation, to benefit the unhappy slave, and extend to other bosoms the sympathy for his situation, which they themselves feel, must not be overlooked the useful and very obvious one, of frequent conversation on that subject. Those who are already interested will, by pursuing this course among themselves, find their feelings still more deeply engaged in the cause of freedom, their purposes strengthened, and their minds excited to more sedulous perseverance; while an allusion to the subject, in the presence of others, may open the door to an instructive discourse, awaken the dormant sensibilities, and perhaps arouse into action those who have never before had their attention directed to the subject. Opportunities for this are rarely wanting in society, and a few words so uttered may perhaps leave an abiding impression on a mind previously unoccupied by prejudices, and prepare it to receive, with attention, any future information relative to the system. Let not any be discouraged from adverting to this topic by the belief that they shall fail to interest their hearers; it is better to risk the mortification of being listened to with repulsive coldness, than to fail of using every proper exertion, in a cause where so much is needful in order to ensure success. Besides, where there is least expectation of securing attention, the attempt to do so is sometimes rewarded by a more than ordinary display of it;—or, if productive of no immediate effect, the words may be like bread, which, being “cast upon the waters, shall be found after many days.” If those who are now most deeply interested for our slave population endeavour to trace those feelings of interest to their spring, they will, probably, in many instances, find that they have their rise from quite as trifling a source as a casual conversation. Cowper’s beautiful poem, “The Negro’s complaint,” was distributed all over England under the title of “A subject for Conversation at the Tea-table;” and was supposed to be productive of so much good effect that Clarkson has thought it worthy of notice in his “History of the Abolition.” An abstinence from slave produce, if of no other service, would be valuable on account of its frequently giving rise to such conversations, and we hope that the few advocates of that system, will suffer no suitable opportunity for representing its advantages to pass unimproved.

STAR-LIGHT.

“They are all up—the innumerable stars!”

THERE is something inexpressibly solemn in the silence of a starry moonlight. The splendour of the moon is beautiful, but it has less of high magnificence, less of the upliftedness of thought, with which we gaze on those immeasurably distant constellations. The moonless sky has nothing of that surpassing loveliness that presses with a tangible weight of pleasure upon the heart ; but there is more unearthliness in the high imaginations that gather around the spirit, when the dark blue concave is bended over the raised brow, and written all over with a visible sermon of light, teaching the heart a holy lesson with its unapproachable purity.

The wearying toil of the day has given way to a deep repose, and the very slave hath sunk into a short-lived slumber. Alas, alas, bright watchers ! that ye should look down in your pure light upon a world of so much sinfulness. That ye should behold man fettered by his brother, and the heart of woman crushed by those who should seek to shelter it from the blasts of all sorrow. Woe for man's cruelty ! that hath made so many anguished hearts to keep ward with you, and send up the beseeching cry of wretchedness, instead of the deep hymn of adoration, beneath your beams !

PREJUDICE.

WHEN we consider the strength of early impressions, and the readiness with which even our own more matured minds receive a bias from trifling circumstances, the necessity will easily be perceived of using the utmost watchfulness, in order to guard the minds of the young from the influence of erroneous impressions. Upon the friends of the negro we would particularly impress the duty of extreme wariness, in order to preserve those under their care from the contagion of the prevailing prejudices against that unhappy race. Suffer not those who are rising into life to enter its arena, as too many of ourselves have done, with their feelings warped by early misrepresentations, and

their ideas of a dark skin inseparably connected with unworthiness of character. There are few females who have not, in some way or other, a degree of influence over the mind of childhood. Let them exert that influence for the benefit of their negro brethren. Let them carefully search out, and endeavour to eradicate from the minds of their young friends or relatives, any feelings of dislike or contempt, that may have been acquired from derogatory opinions of the coloured race, which have been expressed in their presence; and thus fit them, in after-life, to be the friends and advocates of the cause of the slave.

We do not say, that the vices of the negro should be glossed over, and his faults concealed or palliated, in order to effect this. But it is surely most unjust, because many of them have been hitherto degraded beings, to insinuate the idea into the mind of the child, that *all* are, and must ever remain so. If he is told that they are ignorant and debased, let the inducing causes of their situation be pointed out to him;—let him see the difficulties they have to contend with; and let him be told, that some among them have nobly succeeded in conquering all the opposing force of untoward circumstances, and rising into high respectability. He will then form a true estimate of their respective situations. He will see that the negroes have not risen to a higher grade in society because their efforts to do so have been continually baffled and discountenanced, by the contempt and unrelenting prejudices of the whites; and instead of despising them for what they are, he will endeavour to elevate their character, and to infuse a higher tone of moral feeling into their minds, by inspiring them with self-respect, and teaching them that they may, by exertion, reach a station in life worth contending for.

OBEDIENCE.

UGHT it not to be a source of shame to us, when we reflect upon the unhesitating enthusiasm with which many of the votaries of a heathen faith enter into the performance of what they deem their religious duties, that our own obedience to the commands of our Eternal Lawgiver should be so tardily ren-

dered, so measured according to the rules of a calculating convenience?

The pilgrim, who worships at the shrine of Mecca, has dared the perils of the desert, and the deadly breath of the poisonous simoom, that he may pour his prayer on what he deems the holiest spot of the earth's regions;—the wretch who lies mangled and writhing in tortures beneath the car of Juggernaut, voluntarily tore himself away from all the twining affections of the heart, in the hope that he might win an abode in heaven as the recompense of his self-immolation;—the mother who lays her only infant in his bark of flowers, upon the bosom of the sacred Ganges, as a pure and stainless offering to her God, is sustained in the hour of that terrible sacrifice by a wild devotedness of religion, that, erring as it may be, gives proof, at least, of sincerity and singleness of heart. But we—whose religion requires of us only our own happiness—whose heaven is to be won, not by devoting ourselves to wretchedness on earth, but by obedience to laws, which, like Him from whom they emanate, are full of mercy and universal love—we, with a strange perverseness, dash away from us the cup of our bliss, and refuse submission!

We profess to be a Christian people—to kindle the devotion of our hearts at the altars of the unchangeable Jehovah; yet our actions turn his holiest precepts into mockery. He hath bidden us to love our brethren; but we have made them miserable slaves—degraded them into chattels—brutes—to be tasked and sold at our pleasure. He hath charged us to return good for evil; but we heap up injuries upon those who have done us *no* evil. The Hindoo offers himself a willing sacrifice; but we crush the hearts of thousands of our brethren beneath the car of a demon far more horrible than the eastern idol. The “voice of our brother’s blood crieth out against us from the ground”—and shall we dare to hope that we shall be held guiltless concerning it? Shall we soothe ourselves with the belief, that our iniquity will never be met by retributive justice?

SPRING FLOWERS.

“The wise

Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry.”

I LOVE the fair and beautiful blossoms that are scattered so abundantly in the spring season over the field, and by the quiet edges of the wood, or when their sunny petals tremble to the pleasant murmuring of the streams, that go by like merchantmen trafficking their melody for gales of odour. I would not gather the first flowers that lift up their delicate heads to meet me in my spring path;—it seems to me, almost as if they were gifted with a feeling, and a perception of the loveliness of nature, and I cannot carelessly pluck them from their frail stems and throw them aside to their early withering—’t is like defacing the pages of a favourite book of poetry, round which the spirit of the bard seems hovering still in a preserving watchfulness.

Beautiful flowers! they are the “jewelry” of spring, and bravely do they decorate her laughing brow, gladdening all hearts with her exceeding loveliness. But no! there are some hearts for whom her voice has no cadences of joy, her beauty no power to hasten the lagging pulses. How can the glorious spring speak rejoicingly to those over whose degraded brows the free gales seem to breathe revilings, instead of peacefulness and high thoughts, and for whose ears the gush of melody seems only to syllable one reproachful name? Gladness and beauty are not for the sympathies of the wretched, and far better than the brightness of the vernal sunshine does the dreariness of winter harmonize with the desolate spirit of the slave.

Oh, that the warm breathings of universal love might drive out from the bosoms of men, the cold unfeeling winter of indifference, with which they have so long regarded the sufferings of their oppressed brethren! that the beautiful blossoms of Christian compassion and holy benevolence, springing up in their hearts, might shed over them the fragrance of the memory of good deeds! Then should the benediction of those that were ready to perish, come upon them like the blessing of “the

early and the latter rain," and the grateful tears of the forlorn ones rest on them as a fertilizing dew, clothing them with happiness like a thick mantle of summer verdure.

THE DYING SLAVE.

"I was in the right mood for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination."

HE lay on a straw couch, with his face half turned towards the sinking sun. The skin was drawn tightly over his forehead, as though it was parched and shrunken by extreme age; but the restless and uneasy wanderings of his eye told that he still claimed some companionship with earthly feelings.

He was a slave, and for more than an hundred years he had gone forth to the daily toil of a bondman. It was said that in the "father-land," from which he had been torn by unprincipled violence, he had been a prince among his people. In the first days of his slavery, he had been fierce and ungovernable, nor could his haughty spirit ever be tamed into subjection until it had been subdued by gratitude. The father of his present master had, in his childhood, by interfering to save him from punishment, received on his own body the blows intended for the slave; and from that moment he became to his youthful master a devoted servant. The child had grown up to manhood, flourished throughout his term of years, and faded away into the grave, but still the aged Afric lingered upon the earth; and it was for the son of that man that he now waited, and, to use his own expression, "held back his breath," until he should behold him.

At length the light of the low cabin door was darkened, as the master stooped his tall form to enter the dwelling of his slave. "I have come," said he, as he approached: "what would you with me?"

The negro raised himself up with a sudden energy, and stretched out his withered hand. "Have I not borne you in my arms in your helpless infancy," said he, "and should I not now once more behold you before I die? Heed me, master! ere yon sun shall set, the last breath will have passed my lips

—its beams are fast growing more aslant and yellower—tell me, before I die, if have I not served you faithfully?”

“You have!”

“I have been honest and true—I have never spoken to you a falsehood—I have never deserved the lash?”

“To my knowledge, never!” said his master.

“Then there is but one more boon that I would crave of you:—I am going home,—to revisit the scenes of my youth—to mingle with the spirits of my friends! Suffer me not to return to them a slave! My fathers were proud chieftains among their native wilds—they sought out the lion in the midst of his secret recesses—they subdued the strength of the savage tiger—they were conquerors in battle—they never bowed to man—they would spurn a bondman from their halls! *Oh tell me,*” exclaimed he, seizing his master’s hand in the rising excitement of his feelings,—“oh, tell me, while I may yet hear the sound, that I am once more free!”

“Your wish is granted,” said his master, “you are a freeman.”

“A freeman!” repeated the negro, slowly sinking back upon his couch, and clasping his hands above his head with all his remaining energy—“write it for me, master!”

The gentleman tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and pencilling a hasty certificate of his freedom, handed it to the slave. The old man lifted up his head once more, as he received it, and the last ray of sunlight streamed across his countenance, as with a strange smile he gazed upon the paper; then falling suddenly back, he once more repeated the name of freedom, and expired.

DOING AS OTHERS DO.

WE would not willingly ascribe to selfishness or callous feeling, the general reluctance, which so evidently prevails, to engage in an active and practical opposition to slavery. With some, the fear of ridicule may operate—the dread of being supposed to assume a superior sanctity;—or a diffidence of appearing to adopt a higher standard of moral purity, than those whom they have been accustomed to look up to with respect and veneration. But we believe the principal reason why so little is done, may be found in the disposition of individuals to

be guided by the opinion and example of others who are unconcerned upon the subject, rather than to give it a close and thoughtful examination themselves, and follow up the decision of judgment with active support. "My parents, or my husband, or my friends, do not see the necessity of restricting themselves to free labour produce," serves as a satisfactory excuse to many, who would willingly follow a contrary example. Yet would it not be well for these to consider how far they are justifiable in excusing themselves with such a plea. They cannot look into the hearts of others—they do not know whether the subject has been placed before the minds of their friends in its proper light, or how far it has been resisted as an unwelcome intruder. Neither can they tell how far their own example does, or might, affect the actions of those to whom they themselves look for instruction. But in pursuing the course which humanity dictates, they cannot be mistaken. The slave is before them, helpless, fettered, and miserable. Their sister, woman, amidst her bonds and her degradation, calls upon them for mercy and succour; she is faint and sick with her burden of toil and wretchedness; and will they refuse to listen to the voice of her sad tears? Instead of calling on their friends to fly with them at once to the relief of the sufferer, mingling their tears with hers, soothing her sorrows and cheering her heart once more with the light of hope, will they engage in a heartless consultation, whether their duty requires of them to yield her their assistance, and which of them shall first go forward to offer her relief? Alas! let them remember, that while they delay, her wounds are still bleeding, her aching brow is burning with insupportable anguish, and that the long deferred aid may perhaps come *too late!*

SLAVE LUXURIES.

I BELIEVE it is Addison who declared, in one of his essays, that the sight of a luxuriously spread table, always exhibited to his imagination, the sight of innumerable diseases lying in ambush among the dishes. An idea, somewhat similar to this, has arisen in my mind with respect to an entertainment imbued with the spirit of the slave-cultivated cane. I have fancied that the death-sigh of some unfortunate victim of oppression

might be yet trembling on the bosom of a jelly, and the rich flavour of a conserve conceal the briny tears that have mingled with the saccharine crystals that enter into its composition. A pound-cake seems like the sepulchre of the broken heart with which it may, perhaps, have been purchased, and the delicious ice to wear the red tinge of human blood. If those who unscrupulously partake of these delicacies, had beheld the horrors by which they are too often purchased, if they could witness, gathered up before them, all the agony endured by their fellow-creatures, only that the gratification of their palates might be ministered to, I believe there are few females who would retain any desire to taste of the blood-polluted banquet. Yet why should the sight of blood be needed, when they know it has been shed, to awaken their sleeping sensibilities? Under other circumstances they would shudder to be told that the morsel upon their lips, or the garments upon their forms, had been torn by rapine and murder from the hands of their rightful possessors; and who can assure them that the price of the very article now before them, has not been the life of a fellow-creature? The whole system of slavery is replete with barbarity, and there are numerous instances of the o'erwearied slave having perished with exhaustion amidst his toil, or died beneath the tortures of the mercilessly inflicted lash;—and how can it be said that the object for which such cruelties are perpetrated, is free from the stain of blood?

SLAVEHOLDING.

Oh, execrable son! so to aspire
 Above his brethren; to himself assuming
 Authority usurped, from God not given;
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
 Dominion absolute; but man o'er man
 He made not lord; such title to himself
 Reserving, human left from human free.

MILTON.

WHEN slaveholding is abolished we may aspire to the character of a civilized nation; until that era we may expect to be characterized by posterity as a race of savages. Cruelty

and oppression are yet unexpunged vestiges of heathen barbarism. The spirit of Christianity and philosophic refinement, are both directly and unalterably opposed to them ; and before these they must eventually disappear, leaving future ages to reflect with astonishment on their long protracted existence. Were it not for the strange obliquity of our moral eyesight, occasioned by prejudice and long familiar custom, we should regard with becoming horror and repugnance the savagely unnatural practice of enslaving our fellow-creatures, and making merchandize of human flesh. To one whose feelings have not been rendered obtuse by long acquaintance with the system of slavery, the bare imagination of a slave-market would be productive of feelings of utter abhorrence. To place before the mind's eye a view of Christian men gathered together for the purpose of chaffering about the purchase of their brethren, disputing for their possession, and meting out the price of human limbs in paltry pieces of coin :—to behold the miserable objects of their scandalous traffic—terrified and heart-stricken mothers, whose frightened infants cling shrieking about them for protection—youthful females shrinking painfully from the exposure of their situation, and goaded forward by the rude lash and brutal oath into public notice—husbands and fathers awaiting in sullen anguish the decision which is to them the parting knell from all they love—and aged men that have, perhaps, worn out their lives in toil for those who are now about to transfer them, for a paltry pittance, to a stranger's service—who that has the feelings of a human being would not be filled with mingled emotions of grief and shame and detestation at such a scene ! Yet these are only the outlines of the picture, the less obvious touches of the reality are crowded with much that is still more harrowing to the feelings ; the appealing look, the convulsive sigh, the disregarded prayer—these we have not attempted to pourtray :—nor aught of the varied circumstances of peculiar and individual wretchedness that are of perpetual recurrence.

How can it be believed that the authors of so much misery are professors of the religion of the meek and merciful Jesus ! that gentle, compassionate *Woman* can lend her sanction to such a system, and join the oppressor in the gains of his dark iniquity. It is a bitter thing to feel that this is the truth—to

know that such scenes are of daily occurrence in our country ; and still more painful to witness the indifference with which they are regarded by so large a portion of the community.

TIME.

“Time is the warp of life,” he said, “oh tell
The young, the gay, the fair, to weave it well.”

“HE has lived long, who has lived well,” was the impressive sentiment we lately read on a tombstone in a country burial place. It was twilight : a few moments earlier, the merry voices of “the playful children just let loose” from the school-house, that stood a few paces distant, had thrilled in the clear evening air over the cold gray memorials of death, but the place was now deserted and silent, except the hum of the wind through the branches of the scattered cedars. It was a time for serious thought ; and as we stood in that place of graves, we gave ourselves up to the reflections it was so well calculated to excite. There lay the head of infancy, and the weary brow of the “ancient of days”—the arm of manly strength, and the flowing tresses of beauty—the pastor, amid his silent but inattentive congregation, not as heretofore uttering the monitions of the Christian law, but with a lip despoiled of all its eloquence.

There were none among the tombstones whose inscription arrested our attention more forcibly than the one above mentioned ;—it told so much of the value of our passing moments—of the rich treasure of a few hours that have been crowded with good deeds. Who would not rather die in early youth, with their parting moments brightened by the consciousness of having been useful to their fellow-creatures, than to fritter away the years of a Methusaleh in vanity and nothingness ? And yet how many of the hours of life are thus wasted ! How many of the bitter tears of misery, which might so easily be wiped away, if each one were less devoted to a selfish pursuit after happiness, are suffered to flow on, uncared for, and unregarded ! The influence of Woman, in determining the amount of human felicity, is, perhaps, even more powerful than that

of her brethren. *They* must go out, and endure the rudest buffetings of the world, in nerving their minds to a stern pursuit of their various purposes ; but she, in the sheltered bower of her domestic retirement, has leisure to analyse the strange workings of the human heart, and to instil into it high principles of virtue. It should never satisfy her to be a merely brilliant and fascinating being. Her own gratification should ever be to a woman only a secondary consideration ; and though her lot may thus be one of endurance and self-denial, she will learn that the endeavour to secure happiness for others, will impart it also to her own bosom. Let her look abroad upon the immensity of suffering that is poured upon the hearts of her fellow-creatures from the vial of slavery ; let her behold her unoffending sisters, with a bleeding heart, and too often with lacerated limbs, driven out to their daily labour—the parent torn from the embraces of the child, the wife from her husband, the sister from the brother : let her think how many of life's severest trials she would endure — sickness, abject poverty, nay, even death itself, rather than such a separation, and resolve, at once, however long her efforts may seem to be exerted unavailingly, in endeavouring to relax the unyielding hand of oppression, never for one instant to remit them, till her own heart is cold in death, or injustice has ceased to triumph.

SUNSET.

“**STROKE** away the curls from your face, Eleanor, that I may see your eyes ; and tell me what you have been thinking of for the last half hour.”

“I have been watching the sunset, sister ; since the broad western sky was spread out like a sea of glory, fringing every island cloud that lay upon its surface with a shore of gold, till now that it has faded into a pure, transparent yellowness, and seems to spring up like a transparent arch of amber to meet the blue vault above. Do you see yonder mountain-tops which are just visible, like a bank of clouds, at the edge of the horizon ?—I have been thinking, sis, how that clear ocean of ether, with the floating isles of vapour that lie upon its surface, resembles our present life ;—for you see that, beautiful as it is, it has no abiding place ;—while yonder, shadowy indeed, and

dimly seen, yet still sufficiently discernible to give us full assurance of their reality, are stretched out beyond it the perpetual shores of eternity."

"And do you really deem yonder beautiful and waveless sky a fit emblem of our present existence?"

"And is not life beautiful, sister,—with its wealth of out-pouring affections, its perpetual gathering up of new thoughts, and feelings, and attainments, its hours of high-wrought reflection, its thousand links upon the heart, and more than all, its moments of silent holiness, when we may partake of the bliss of angels in the privilege of loving and worshipping, like them, our Eternal Father? It may have, 'tis true, its hours of chastening, but from His hand shall we not endure its bitterness patiently?"

It is not from His hand that we are visited with the bitterest of our afflictions; it is man's guilt and inhumanity that have so marred the fair picture of life, and drugged its bright cup with poison. Cruelty and oppression and selfishness shed a dark blight upon our glorious world, and pollute our altars with hypocrisy and unholiness. Man is the slave of man; the neck of woman bowed down to the yoke of injustice, the most sacred ties of the human heart are rent asunder at the command of a tyrant; and yet we go on from day to day, absorbed in our own pursuits, and 'lay none of these things to heart.'

THE MAP.

AY, it is the map of Africa—there is the seat of ancient Carthage—there is Egypt—there is the spot from whence arose the bright day-star of science—the birth-place of intellectual glory, where the human mind first arose in its strength, and arrayed itself with knowledge, as the garment of a conqueror. They may talk of Rome, the "Niobe of Nations," sitting in voiceless woe amidst the melancholy ruins of her former grandeur; but what is her fate to that of Africa? hapless, unpitied Africa! "weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not"—because they have been torn from her with ruthless violence, that they might be immolated on the altars of the unrighteous mammon!

When the hearth-stones of Ramah were drenched in blood, and soft, laughing eyes looked up in innocent confidence through the golden curls that clustered over their brows, at the stern hands that were lifted for slaughter—then Africa received in her arms, and sheltered in her bosom, the Christian's infant Saviour from the destroying wrath of Herod—and the Christian hath requited her by making her children a prey to unholy avarice and cruelty —by plunging her amidst calamity and bloodshed, and carrying desolation throughout her borders!

SOURCES OF INFLUENCE.

“If we look around not only on the external, but on the moral and mental distinctions among mankind, and consider the ignorance, the miseries and the vices of others as a ground for our more abundant gratitude; what sort of feeling will be excited in certain persons by a sight and sense of those miseries, those vices, and that ignorance, of which their own influence, or example, or neglect, has been the cause?”

HANNAH MORE.

THERE is no power so widely diffused, or of which we are so little able to compute the final extent, as that of Influence. As a spark, originating in the most humble source, or falling at first unnoticed or disregarded, is capable, as it kindles and spreads, of producing a vast and uncontrollable conflagration;—so may a seemingly obscure individual, give the first impulse to a sentiment, that, like the rushing flame, shall bear down in its course the whole broad fabric of some long enduring error. Such instances, it may be said, are exceedingly rare;—and we grant it. But though it would be preposterous for every individual to expect to influence the opinions of a world, there are few, indeed, whose sphere is so contracted, and whose character of so little weight, as not to hold some ascendancy, either for good or for evil, over the minds and habits of others, and through them over another and wider circle, producing effects, of which, they, who gave the first impetus to the sentiment, are totally unconscious. Let not any then attempt to palliate or excuse an error of which they are conscious, by the idle and dangerous plea, that they harm no one but themselves. They

do not—they cannot know this—and it is most probably as false with regard to others, as it is injurious to themselves.—It is scarcely more those who fill a high and conspicuous station among men—the great, the wise and the talented—who exert a controlling force over general character, than undistinguished woman in her quiet retirement. And if through perilous and culpable indolence, or wilful carelessness, she neglects the duty and the power assigned her, suffering them to lie dormant, to be exerted only as chance may direct, or employed for selfish or unworthy purposes, “will it not be sin—sin of no light grade or venial character.”

Oh let her seriously reflect upon this,—let her consider that what appears but a venial fault in her own conduct, may be the source of crime and misery to others; and surely she will look warily to her way, lest, in her errors, those whom she best loves may be led astray also.

THE SLAVE TRADER.

“A christian broker in the trade of blood—
He buys, he sells, he steals, he kills for gold.”

THERE is no character which, to our view, presents such a mass of total and unmingled depravity as that of the slave trader;—the habitual and mercenary dealer in the bones and sinews of his fellow-beings. All the qualities that we most hate, and that are usually divided in single portions through a whole community, seem in him alone to have met in an undivided band. The fierce bandit exhibits in his reckless career a spirit of determined daring, not unfrequently mingled with flashes of wayward generosity; and even the skulking midnight assassin needs a species of dogged courage to support him in his dangerous course of guilt. But the sanctioned pirate of the law, the licensed pedlar in blood and agony, stands secure and protected in his hazardless villany, and employs the safer art of transmuting into gold, the life-drops of those who can seek no

redress, who can offer no defence against his cruelty. We detest the avaricious wretch who can wring the last cent, from the hand of sickness and poverty, and chuckle as he adds to his heaped-up store, the narrow pittance of the widow and the orphan. Yet when he dragged down into poverty and distress, those whom he might have made blessed and happy, he left them at least the privilege of enduring and suffering together. If he tore away the last paltry coin from his starving debtor, he did not, at least, lacerate his back with stripes in answer to his appeals for mercy. But the slave-dealer—he demanded the payment of no debt—he tore away no gold from the hand of his victim. It was the *heart* which he made his prey—and rifled it of all love, all hope, all the brightness of life. When the wretched father of a family knelt before him, beseeching mercy and compassion, he did not coldly bid them go labour for their support, but he wrenched them away from him forever. When the agonized mother wept before him, and he cast her prayer to the idle winds, it was not to petition that he would leave wherewith to provide bread for her children, but that he would leave her only one, of all her infants, upon which to pour out the affections of her bereaved bosom. And what is the passion that urges him on in his career of inhumanity and crime? Avarice! mean, heartless, soul-destroying avarice! The same thirst of gold that roots every finer feeling from the bosom of the grasping miser—that steels the heart of the felon murderer—and prompts the abandoned “wrecker” to secure his spoil by plunging the knife into the heart of the shipwrecked mariner.

TEA-TABLE TALK.

HELEN AND MARIA.

“DEAR me, Helen, I cannot conceive why you think that taking a lump of sugar in your tea, or eating a piece of cake, or a preserve, can do any harm to the slaves. And when you are in company it must be so disagreeable, and look so singular, to decline eating almost every thing that is offered you! I think you must almost starve sometimes!”

“I have never yet been driven to such an extremity,” an-

swered her friend, smiling; "but I will acknowledge that it is certainly very disagreeable to be obliged so frequently to disappoint the kindness of my friends; neither is it at all pleasant to appear singular in one's notions, which however is not now greatly to be feared, since abstinence from slave articles has become lately quite common. But even if that was not the case, my reasons are, I believe, sufficiently strong to render singularity in this respect entirely proper, and to enable me to bear the imputation of it patiently."

"But you have eaten of such things all your life, till lately, and never thought it wrong; and all the rest of your family make use of them, so that, begging your pardon, cousin Helen, I cannot think it otherwise than very silly for you to make such a fuss about it now."

"In telling me that I have made use of slave produce through the whole of my life until lately, you have mentioned an excellent reason, my dear Maria, why I should patiently and cheerfully endure any privations that an abstinence from it may impose upon me now. But because I have done wrong ignorantly, or because those whom I most love have not the same views with myself in that respect, shall I continue to sin against my conscience?"

"I suppose you should not, if the use of slave produce really were wrong, or could be done without altogether;—but other people do not think it wrong, and why should you be more particular?"

"Shall I tell you why I think it wrong, Maria?"

"Oh! now, you want to tell me some horrid story about the treatment of the slaves. I do not know how you can bear to think and talk about such things."

"How, then, dear Maria, can you wonder that I should refuse to assist in *creating them*. It is indeed very painful to think upon the vast amount of suffering produced by slavery, but not half so painful, cousin, as to assist in producing it. Do not imagine that I think I deserve credit for my abstinence from slave luxuries, or what I suppose you would call necessary articles. I claim none—to partake of them would be to me far the greater punishment. There are times when I almost shudder at the thought, and when I feel as if I could almost as easily endure the taste of human blood, as of the sweetness

of the slave-grown cane ! It is wonderful to me how any female, who has even a partial knowledge of the horrors of slavery, can be willing to support such a system, or can receive the least enjoyment from the indulgence in comforts and luxuries which are purchased by the sacrifice of so many lives. We shudder to think of the immolation of human beings by savage nations, at the altars of their gods ; but when our own gratification is in question, we become careless of the poured-out blood of thousands !”

“ Now you are severe, Helen ! Do you think I would continue to use slave produce, especially when I could avoid doing so by any means, if I thought all I made use of would occasion the loss of life to any human being ?”

“ Yet you must acknowledge, Maria, for I believe you are aware of the fact, that, even excluding those who have sunk under the pressure of long continued toil and hardships, the number of the miserable beings who have been deprived of their lives by actual violence is immense. And the cause of slavery, and all its attendant ills, can only be found in the profits of its extorted labour.”

“ But, cousin, all the slave produce I should use in the whole course of my life would make no difference in the number of slaves. Abstinence would only punish myself, without any benefit to those you compassionate.”

“ The articles you make use of cannot be produced without *some* time and labour, be the quantity what it may. Allowing the labour of a slave for six or twelve years to produce all the various slave-grown products which you may use during the course of your life, would not he who was so occupied be in effect *your slave*, during the time he was thus employed ? Do you not receive as much benefit from his oppression as the individual who is his nominal owner, but in fact, for that length of time, only your agent ? Nor will the circumstances of this portion of labour, being divided among many persons, create any difference. You must excuse me for considering that for the time that is necessary to produce the articles you consume, you are a slave-holder ; or that you are doing worse, by paying another for the commission of a crime which you would not dare to commit yourself !”

“ You speak very plainly, Helen ; but I will not be offended,

for I know you feel strongly—nay, I will even acknowledge that I have taken my last cup of tea without sugar, and that it was not so very disagreeable. But I will talk no more upon the subject now, only to say that if I was fairly convinced you were right, I believe I would give up the use at least of slave sugar.”

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.

“The immense force of *first* impressions is on the side of the mother. In the moral field she is a privileged labourer. Ere the dews of morning begin to exhale, she is there. She breaks up a soil which the root of error and the thorns of prejudice have not pre-occupied. She plants germs whose fruit is for eternity.”—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Is there one among our maternal readers who will not pause upon the above impressive lines, to reflect, for a moment, on the awful responsibility of her station? Will not the name of Africa—poor injured Africa—rise to her thoughts, and her heart swell, and her eyes moisten with the high resolve that she, at least, will never lead the young beings who are sporting by her side to become instruments in the work of oppression? Will she not remember that the fate of thousands may, perhaps, be measurably committed to her hand—that she may bring the rosy lip, now running over with the fulness of its innocent mirth, to pledge holy vows at the altar of Emancipation, and that all its eloquence shall be poured out in the defence of the oppressed—or that her tuition may prepare another auxiliary for the ranks of the powerful oppressor. Let her not think it a matter of indifference, that they should now, in their thoughtless infancy, be the innocent upholders of a system which in after life they ought to abhor. A misplaced indulgence now may make the beauties of life of higher consequence to them than the rights and tears of thousands;—the gratification of your own loving vanity in their attire may render of no avail the lessons of a life-time. Do not say it would be folly to impose such restrictions upon children. Nothing can be folly which teaches them the noble virtue of self-denial in a righteous cause. Teach them early to pity the poor slave. Let their sacrifices be made voluntarily:

as they will be, if the reason and feelings have been trained properly ; and they will not be felt as such. Surely, children cannot be too early taught that their own pleasures should never infringe upon the rights of another. It is a lesson that must be commenced with the first awakening of reason to be inculcated efficiently, and when ye look upon them in the purity of their early years, let not their forms be arrayed in a garb that may well be to you a dark omen of the sin that will fling its evil mantle over their coming hours.

IMPORTUNITY.

It appears to be considered no small grievance by some of our gentle sisters, that the subject of slavery should so frequently be forced before their attention by the friends of Emancipation. They complain that it is but little short of persecution or slavery in itself, to be so frequently obliged to endure remonstrances on their inactivity, to be so perpetually called upon for their aid and sympathy, or so often reminded of what, they are told, is their duty.

To us, this extreme sensitiveness seems not to belong to consciences so wholly untouched by the subject as they would be willing to appear. Persons are not usually disturbed at the approach of what is totally indifferent to them. We should rather suppose that their irritations proceeded, perhaps truly unconsciously, from a fear that such troublesome interference might dissipate the slumbers, which they have been at some pains to force upon a sense of duties which it might be troublesome to perform. Yet, if they were really as indifferent as they would persuade themselves they have a right to be, that would not be a sufficient reason why the voice of remonstrance should be silenced. Were it a subject that concerned only the personal gratification of the pleaders, then indeed their friends might justly complain if they were wearied with importunity. But this is not the case. Opposition to slavery is not a theme to be taken up merely in compliance with a prevailing fashion, or an individual taste or inclination. It is a question which concerns the vital interests of millions of human beings—of thousands—of hundreds of thousands of our own sex ; and those

of us who feel that the influence of woman must and will be felt in its discussion, have a right to demand that it should be examined patiently. What ! are we to behold our fellow-creatures suffering and oppressed—must we see, as it were, tears of blood wrung out, drop by drop, from the crushed hearts of our sisters, and yet stifle the indignant agony of our own bosoms, and fear to lift up our voices in their behalf, because you have grown weary of the harrowing tale of their anguish ? Shall we smother the convictions of conscience, and silence the promptings of humanity, rather than intrude a disagreeable theme upon your ear ? And turning to the helpless beings whose cause our God and our religion command us to plead as earnestly as if it were our own, shall we tell them, as the dim eye is lifted towards us in passionate supplication, that we are conscious our united efforts would release them from their soul-destroying bonds, but that you are wearied of the subject, and we like not to press it upon your attention ! Would you not condemn, as a heartless wretch, the individual who could act thus by one single sufferer ? How much less then may we so betray the cause of thousands ! “Strike me,” said the Athenian orator, “if you will but hear me !” and shall we desist to press upon your attention a subject of far greater moment than any merely political one that was ever agitated, because you have grown impatient of the often repeated topic ? No ! we must still again and again present it before you. We must not cease to assail you with our importunity till weariness is changed into interested and active compassion. If your hearts turn sickening away from the thought of so much wretchedness, reflect, then, that no exertions, no sacrifices of yours can be too great, that have for their object the alleviation of the lot of those who are actually groaning under its endurance. Even though you may not be certain of success, it is worth while, at least, to endeavour to do good ; and should your efforts fall short of their desired end, you will be amply rewarded for them in the satisfaction of having done what you could, and in the consciousness that your brothers’ blood will never lie with a burning weight upon your souls.

REASONS FOR FLOGGING THE SLAVES.

To those whose humane feelings have not been utterly debased, the afflictions of suffering nature, when the heart is bereaved of the dearest objects of its affection, appeal with an irresistible claim for compassion and sympathy. Who will not say that the heart must be dead to even the most common feelings of humanity, ere it can witness without some softening, the grief of an affectionate child for the loss of a beloved parent? Who would not shudder to make the sorrows of a bereaved wife the object of ridicule, still less to convert the natural exhibition of her woe into an offence demanding the infliction of a barbarous punishment? What mother, bending over the cold and pale brow of her beautiful and loved, would not feel it an inhuman cruelty to be denied the privilege of pouring out her grief in tears and lamentations? And how still more barbarous would such a restriction seem to her, if instead of resigning her darling in his unspotted innocence into the arms of God, he had been wrested from her by the hand of violence, and forced far and forever from her sheltering arms, to struggle alone beneath all the bitterness of life, and die at last on the bosom of ignominy? Yet such is the lot of the slave. Not only are all the dearest and strongest ties of her heart wantonly rent asunder, but the gushing forth of the natural feelings of her affection and tenderness, are arrested with cruel punishment. It is criminal in a slave to sink, heart-broken, under oppression. The possession of the best and holiest feelings with which the merciful God has enriched the human heart, is assigned as a reason why they must be ranked with the stubborn brutes, and, even more unmercifully than they, lacerated with the horse-whip! A female writer, on the subject of slavery in the West Indies, says, that a naval officer, who had been in the East Indies, was trying to prove to her, "that the negroes *must* be flogged;" and his proof was this: "that when they lose a father, or mother, or perhaps a lover, they sulk, (that is, they are broken-hearted,) and then *nothing will do but flogging them*, and flogging them severely."

Nor is it only in the West India Islands, that the lash is thus used to silence the affecting bursts of filial or maternal sorrow. The forms of a million females in our own country, may be made to bleed and writhe beneath the barbarous thong. A

million female hearts may be lacerated, at the will of tyrant man, by being wrenched from the objects of their fondest love. Oh, how can their happier sisters lie down and rise up with the knowledge of these things upon their souls, and strive not to release them from the grasp of such a thralldom!

THE PARTING.

It has been well and beautifully said that there is no medicine for a wounded heart, like the sweet influences of Nature. The broad, still, beautiful expansion of a summer landscape—the stealing in of the sunlight by glimpses among the trees—the unexpected meeting with a favourite blossom, half hidden among the luxuriant verdure—the sudden starting of a wild bird, almost from beneath your feet—the play of light and shade upon the surface of the gliding brook, and the ceaseless, glad, musical ripple of its waters—the gushing melody poured from a thousand throats, or the rapid and solitary warble, breaking out suddenly on the stillness, and withdrawn again almost as soon as heard—the soft, hymn-like murmur of the honey-bees—and above all, the majesty of the blue, clear, bending sky!—from all these steals forth a spirit of calm enjoyment, that mingles silently with the darker thoughts of the heart, and removes their bitterness.

“ If thou art worn and hard beset,
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget—
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
The heart from fainting, and the soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.”

Yet there are moods of the soul, that even the ministering tenderness of Nature cannot brighten. There are sorrows which she cannot soothe, and, too often, alas! darker passions, which all her sweet and balmy influences cannot hush into tranquillity. When the human heart is foul with avarice, and the unblest impulses of tyranny, the eloquence of her meek beauty is breathed in vain. The most sublime and lovely scenes of nature have been made the theatre of wrong and violence; and the stony heart of the oppressor, though sur-

rounded by the broad evidences of omnipotent love, has persisted, unrelenting, in the selfishness of its own device.

There was all the gloriousness of summer beauty round the little bay, in whose sleeping waters rested a small vessel, almost freighted for her departure. A few human beings, only, were to be added to her cargo, and as her spiry masts caught the first rays of the beaming sunlight, the frequent hoarse and brief command, and the ready response of the seamen, told that they were about to weigh anchor and depart. Among those who approached the shore, was a household group, a mother and her babes, the price of whose limbs lay heaped in the coffers of one who called himself a Christian, and who were now about to be torn from the husband and the father forever. It was a Christian land; and, perchance, if the bustle of the departing vessel had not drowned its murmur, the voice of praise and prayer to the merciful and just God, might have been dimly heard floating off upon the still waters. But there was no one to save those unhappy beings from the grasp of unrighteous tyranny. The husband had been upon the beach since day-break, pacing the sands with a troubled step, or lying in moody anguish by the water's edge, covering his face from the breaking in of the glorious sunlight, and pleading at times with the omnipotent God, whom, slave as he was, he had learned to worship, for strength to subdue the passionate grief and indignation of his heart, and for humility patiently to endure his many wrongs.

A little fond arm was twined about his neck, and the soft lip of a young child was breathing loving, but half sorrowful kisses all over his burning forehead.

"Father! dear father! we are going! will you not come with us? look where my mother, and my sisters and brothers are waiting for you."

With a shuddering and convulsive groan the unhappy man arose, and lifted the frightened child to his bosom.

"Will you not go with us, father?" repeated the boy: but the slave made him no answer, except by straining him to his bosom with a short bitter laugh, and imprinting one of his sobbing kisses upon his cheek. With a convulsive effort for the mastery, he subdued the workings of his features, and with a seemingly calm voice and countenance, approached his children. One by one he folded them in his arms, and, breathing over

them a prayer and a blessing, gave them up forever. Then once more he strove to nerve his heart for its severest trial.—There was one more parting;—one more sad embrace to be given and returned.—There stood the mother of his children—his own fond and gentle wife, who had been for so many years his heart's dearest blessing; and who, ere one short hour had passed, was to be to him as if the sea had swallowed her up in its waves, or the dark gloomy earth had hidden her beneath its bosom! A thousand recollections and agonizing feelings came rushing at once upon his heart, and he stood gazing on her, seemingly bewildered and stupified, motionless as a statue, and with features to which the very intensity of his passion gave the immobility of marble; till suddenly flinging up his arms with a wild cry, he dropped at once senseless to the earth, with the blood gushing in torrents from his mouth and nostrils. And the miserable wife, amid the shrieks of her despair, was hurried on board the vessel, and borne away from him, over the calm, sleeping, and beautiful sea, forever.*

HUMAN UNHAPPINESS.

“To her fair work did nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think,
What man has made of man.”

WORDSWORTH.

THERE is much in the world to make the heart sad. Much poverty, much suffering, much guilt, much of that inward wretchedness that bows down the soul to the dust, with the weight of its agony. Even amidst the loveliest scenes of nature, when the heart, touched by her sweet influences, opens itself to the balmy spirit of happiness, that is diffused all around, even there will come mingling with the gush of its emotions, the thought of the misery that rankles in the bosoms of thousands. It is not only “the dark places of the earth” that “are full of wickedness;” where science and refinement glow with the bright-

* A fact.

est lustre, where knowledge has been poured in a strong flood over the human mind, where the altars of the Christian religion have been raised to the worship of the Most High, and where the lives of thousands have been shed, like autumn leaves, in defence of liberty—there, even there, are shackled millions! There “man has made of man a slave,” an implement of labour, a thing to be tasked, and scourged, and sold, at his pleasure! Nor is this all—nor the worst. There is the tearing asunder of all the heart-strings, when at the command of mammon, all the ties of life are violently broken, that the price of human limbs may heap the coffers of the oppressor. Nor is *this* yet all. There is the degradation, the compelled ignorance, the abasement of the high intellectual faculties, from which escape is utterly hopeless. All these are concomitants of American slavery—of that slavery which is contemplated without abhorrence—certainly without any effort for its removal,—by thousands of females, though they are aware what multitudes of their own sex are prostrated under this cruel load of oppression.

HANNAH KILHAM,

THE ENGLISH FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST.

THERE is much in the character of this noble-hearted woman that deeply interests our feelings. The high philanthropy of her spirit, and the unwearied zeal with which she gave herself to the pursuance of its dictates, are worthy of all honour. We behold her, day by day, with a patience and perseverance that difficulty could not exhaust, nor fatigue subdue, devoting herself to the study of the African languages, that she might carry light and knowledge to a land of darkness and ignorance, and to those for whom all the nations of christendom had united in mingling a cup of degradation and bitterness. We behold her resigning without a murmur the dearly cherished comforts of home and friends, and, undeterred by the hardships to be endured, unappalled by the pestilential nature of the climate, devoting herself, if need be, to die for the cause in which she had embarked. What a beautiful picture do the extracts from some of her letters present! Surrounded by her young charge, many of them just rescued from the poisonous hold of a slave-

ship, we behold her endeavouring to instil into their minds lessons of moral and intellectual brightness—watching with affectionate earnestness over the unfolding of their mental natures, and seeking to turn their minds to the source from which she herself sought direction and assistance in her arduous task. With what affectionate interest does she speak of them!—the portals of her heart were not rudely barred against them because their brows were darker than her own! Then came the closing scene. It is ever an awful thing to die, yet there are times and circumstances by which even a death-bed may be illumined with a solemn brightness and beauty. When the Christian lies down to the sleep of the grave, surrounded by those he loves, and trusts ere long to embrace again—when the hand of affection supports the failing frame—when the soft, fragrant airs of evening come stealing in to dry the moisture from the cold brow—when even the aspect of the beautiful earth seems to tell of a still brighter and better world, and the clear ambered sky of the sunset seems like an opening gate leading to paradise—there is, at least, for the weakness of humanity, a soothing in their soft influences; and the heart even of the Christian may shrink less from the gloomy passage of the grave, when light is thus gleaming in at both its portals. But to be smitten with sickness, destitute of almost all the comforts it requires, far from home and the tenderness of those to whom the heart is turning with irrepressible affection, to languish in a sultry atmosphere, and on the bosom of the great deep, with the flapping sail overhead, and the hoarse cries of the seamen breaking in upon the few intervals of repose—thus to be hurried off to the grave by the swift stroke of pestilence, lends even death a more fearful aspect. It was thus she died—died in the cause of a noble philanthropy. And her name should be as a rallying word to urge on her sex to pursue the task of alleviating the condition and elevating the minds of the long oppressed race of Africa.

SPRING.

It is the season of gladness—exulting, abounding gladness. There is joy over all the face of the earth. Joy in the breeze and in the sunshine—in the springing of every green blade, and the unfolding of every blossom; joy in the broad stretch of the smiling heavens; joy over the mountain tops, and in the quiet depths of the “green-haired valleys.” It is poured out on the air in the song of the birds, in the hum of the awakened insects, in the perfume of the thousand flowers. The fetterless streams have caught its influence, and go carolling along their pleasant paths, and tossing up their tiny waves to the smiling sunbeams. It is well for the human heart to be opened to these pleasant influences; well to suffer them to steal in and perform their allotted ministering offices there, till it is insensibly won from its wonted selfishness, into a better and holier nature. If the gloriousness and beauty of the creation declare to us, all over the earth, that God is love, they should also impress upon the heart, the sinfulness of aiding, be it as indirectly as it may, in the oppression of his children. They should teach us sympathy for the miserable, and fill us with earnest desires for the moral and intellectual improvement of all the human race. They should speak to every bosom of the claims of the wronged slave, and bid every hand engage in the task of loosening his fetters.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

It is frequently urged as a plea for indifference and inaction with regard to Emancipation, that the mind has never been particularly impressed with the subject, and that the conscience has always remained at rest concerning it. But this we do not conceive to be by any means a valid argument, unless we have diligently called upon, and carefully attended to the suggestions of the mental counsellor. Conscience does not always give her advice unasked; we sometimes walk blindly in a wrong path; but, though we may perhaps be held guiltless, so long as we remain unconsciously slumbering, yet, if we obstinately turn away from the hand that would awaken us, and refuse to open our eyes that we may discover whether

light or darkness is around us, surely, we are not less culpable than if we knowingly persisted in error.

There seems to be prevalent, a strange opinion, that it is incumbent upon none to become advocates for the rights of humanity, in the persons of the enslaved Africans, but those who have received an especial intimation of their duty in that respect; that the productions of slavery, which are undeniably its foundation and support, may be freely partaken of by all but those to whom they have been forbidden in a voice that might not be gainsayed. In other things we listen to the tones of reason, we seek her guidance to the gate of conscience, and ask her interpretation of the hidden responses of the bosom oracle. Shall we not then, in like manner, expect to be enlightened in this matter, by a patient investigation and search after knowledge? We know that many persons have been called from a life of sin and disobedience, by the terrible voice of God, sounding like a clear trumpet-note to the innermost recesses of their bosoms. But who would therefore be so mad, as to suppose that we may with impunity persist in a course of impiety, until an irresistible summons comes to turn us from our path, as to Saul of Tarsus, at the broad noon-day? So neither have we any reason to believe, that a particular revelation will be vouchsafed to us with regard to our conduct here. If the system is repugnant to the known general laws of religion and morality; if it is contrary to the written commands of God, and to those which are whispered, in the heart's silent hour, to the spiritual ear, then we know of a truth it must be wickedness; and it follows, as a natural and inevitable consequence, that we are called upon to lend our influence to its destruction, and that we cannot innocently in any way be partakers therein. We know that the enslaved negroes are human beings;—our brethren and our sisters; that they are “sick and an hungered, and in prison,” and shall we dare to assert that our duty does not require us “to minister unto them,” till we have received a particular command to do so? There are others who seem to fear to enter lightly and with unconsecrated foot upon a field which presents a work of such magnitude, that God's own hand seems only competent to the completion of the task. And if it were only a labour of religious reformation—one of those mighty overthrowings which sometimes take place when the finger of the Almighty is at work secretly in the myste-

rious depths of the human bosom, then might we indeed justly dread to lay unhallowed hands upon the "Ark of the Covenant." But this is a plain question of Christian duty. The simple performance of a right action—no more involving the danger of an officious interference, than the thousand beneficent deeds for which we uniformly bestow the tribute of our applause on others, or receive the reward of an approving conscience in ourselves. As reasonably might we hesitate to perform the commonest duties of humanity, because our hands were not clear of all evil, as to make our imperfections an excuse for suffering our brethren to remain unaided in their bondage. The rule upon which we are to act, was long since promulgated. It is written upon every page of the Christian religion—it is graven upon a broad scroll of light in words that may be read to the farthest extremity of the universe. "*All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them: and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*"

MEN-SELLING.

SLAVERY! what a name for Christian lips! what a fraternal greeting from the lips of freemen. I rose up as if from a dream. I had looked upon the advertisement till my eyes grew dim and my senses bewildered. I knew it was not a strange thing—I had seen such, although not frequently, before; but I had not, perhaps, perfectly caught their import, for I repeated the words now again and again, without a full comprehension of their meaning. They spoke of a sale of human beings with all the heartless and accustomed terms of trade; men, women, and children were to be disposed of at auction to the highest bidder. How could it be? In what had these miserable beings forfeited the rights of humanity? Had the Almighty resumed his benefaction, and given them to be a spoil for those whom he had once made their brethren? Were they no longer possessed of the high capacities of an undying nature—had their destiny been changed, and a new portion assigned them, so that they were not in this life to win an eternity of future bliss or misery? Such might have seemed to be their lot, from the fate that awaited them. They were to be sold and purchased as chattels—mere implements of

labour; they were to drudge out a life of toil like the laborious ox, with whom they were classed in fellowship; their days were to wear away without a consciousness of their capabilities of mind, without knowledge, without thought, without religion. And yet these beings were men! men upon whom a merciful Creator had bestowed the boon of an immortal nature; whose souls had been kindled from the same spark as that which gave animation to the haughty forms of their oppressors. They were human beings, and they who bought and they who sold them, were in form and fashion like unto themselves. Nay, they called upon one God as their mutual Father,—upon one Saviour for redemption and everlasting life. Was it strange that I should gaze with a sick incredulity upon the paper which gave evidence of such broad and heartless contempt of the divine law, and of the commonest dictates of humanity.

WELL-WISHERS.

THERE is a class of persons professedly favourable to the cause of emancipation, who nevertheless content themselves with vague hopes and wishes for the discontinuance of slavery, at some indefinite period, without once attempting to hasten the hour of its approach, by any thing like active exertion. They are perfectly willing that the good work of emancipation should be accomplished—that millions of their fellow-creatures should be raised from the miserable condition of beasts of burden, to the rank of men, and useful citizens—provided, only, that such consent involves nothing like personal exertion, no possible inconvenience to themselves, during the process of this transformation. They acknowledge the deep iniquity of the system of slavery, but they act as if the admission of its criminality, instead of being merely prefatory to amendment, was amply sufficient of itself to satisfy all the demands of justice, to silence all the reproaches of conscience. They appear to have one species of justice for their theory, and another, vastly lower in its standard, for actual practice;—or rather, the high and true rule of moral equity by which they mete out justice between themselves, swerve instantly from their even measure, when the rights of their sable brethren are brought into competition with their own convenience, or their prejudices. Cer-

tainly, say they, every man has a just and natural right to his own person, and to the control of his own conduct, so long as it interferes not with the well-being of others, Yet should the ancestors of any individual, unfortunately guilty of having been gifted by his Maker with a sable brow, have been violently wrenched in some terrible scene of ruin and conflagration from their native home, and having been dragged to some distant land, there sold into perpetual bondage—then, under such circumstances, the right of the individual to his own flesh and sinews, or of the Creator to the being whom he has made, is superseded and invalidated by the claims of one who hath bought him for money, or received him as a *lawful* inheritance; and, although we regard with horror the idea of trafficking in human flesh, or holding our fellow-men in a state of slavery, yet we would not be so unjust as to wish rashly to deprive the slaveholders of their *property*. We know that the employment of free labourers would be much more advantageous to the planter, but we can convince him of this only by practical experiment; and it is not worth while for us to undergo the expense and inconvenience of obtaining *free articles*, unless every one else *would do the same*. So stands the argument; and so, were it committed to their hands, would the destinies of the slave stand unaltered for ages, unless some terrible convulsion, like the sudden springing of a mine, should at once tear asunder the bonds of the slave, and overwhelm his master beneath the falling ruins of his wall of oppression.

A PRISON SCENE.

THERE is much said of the misery induced by the internal slave trade; tale after tale is repeated of the separation of families—of the dearest ties of the affections violently broken—of hearts closely allied in their natural affinities, as the leaves that flourish upon one bough, torn rudely asunder and left to bleed and wither far distant from each other and from the parent stem that nourished them. Yet, terrible as are the catastrophes which sometimes arise out of such scenes, we believe they seldom come before the heart in the startling vividness of reality. The ear has been so long habituated to the repulsive terms of slavery, that it almost ceases to regard them; and

the mention of a sale of human beings is heard by many persons with as little emotion as if they were unbreathing chattels. To others, the very enormity of the circumstance gives it an air of unreality. The reason may yield an unwilling assent to the facts, but the imagination turns loathing away from the view of so detestable a traffic, and the mind refuses to receive the comprehension of such a scene. To some, indeed, the existence, at the present day, of so foul a disgrace to our country, is almost unknown. The abolition of the foreign slave-trade is conceived to have removed from slavery the most objectionable features, and they are not aware that piratical traders abroad, and regular unblushing dealers in human flesh and sinews in our own land, still pour out to the children of Africa a cup of intolerable cruelty.

These reflections were suggested by our accidentally meeting the other day with a short narration of the following circumstance. A gentleman who visited the prison in Washington City, found in one of the cells a negro mother and three children, who had been brought from Maryland, and were confined there for sale. They were offered in "one lot," or for the accommodation of purchasers they would be parted and disposed of separately to different individuals. Upon enquiring more particularly into their history, the gentleman found that she was the mother of nine children, and the wife of a free man. He had toiled industriously and hard to provide for his family, and as they grew of an age to satisfy the rapacious cravings of the monster who claimed them for his prey, the children had been torn one by one from the sheltering arms of parental affection, and sold into a distant captivity. At last his wife, and his three only remaining ones, were snatched away, and he was left, in his declining years, alone and desolate, to weep beside his forsaken hearth-stone.

And she—to whose woman's heart had come all that weight of unutterable suffering—what was to be her future lot? Were the loving eyes that she had gazed upon so long, and the soft voices whose tones she had treasured up in her heart till they had become her world of happiness, to be seen and heard no more forever? Who could know the agony of her bereaved spirit, as she sat amid the dark loneliness of that damp cell! who could tell what images of despair were gathering with a horrid distinctness about her brain, as the thought

of a still further separation came upon her soul, when the hollow echo of an approaching foot-fall caught her ear, and with a wild shriek she sprang forward and clasped her infants to her bosom as if she would have hidden them in the very centre of her heart from the grasp of the spoiler! And can woman—free, happy, cherished woman—think unmoved upon these things? She whose compassionate nature is moved for the sufferings of the lowest of the animal creation; whose sympathy may be won upon even by the passing grief of happy childhood! Surely she will not forget the tears shed openly and in secret by her victim sister under the stinging lash, over the unaccomplished task at hot noon-day, in the silence of the dark midnight, upon the faces of the doomed infants, and amid the silence of the gloomy prison cell, where, though guiltless of crime, she has been made to share the abode and the punishment of the criminal.

CONSUMERS.

“THE enormous crimes and miseries inseparable from the system of slave cultivation have at length been fully exposed; henceforth the guilty responsibility of slave-holding rests with the consumer of slave produce. Let conscience, therefore, do her office, and fix the conviction of blood-guiltiness in our own bosoms.”

That if there were no consumers of slave produce, there would be no slaves, is an axiom too self-evident to the meanest capacity, to require us to use a single argument in its demonstration. But that the class of consumers share equally in the guilt of slavery with those who are the more immediate upholders of the system, will not probably, by the multitude, be so readily admitted. Even while they acknowledge themselves to be the main supporters of this scheme of oppression, they would exonerate themselves from any portion of its turpitude; as if it were possible for them to be innocent of a crime of which they are wilfully the cause! Can they employ another in the commission of evil, enjoy the advantage of his villany, and yet suppose that the stain of iniquity clings only to him who was but the agent of their will? Were they disinterested reasoners, we think such would not be their decision. Their

own hands do not, it is true, wield the blood-extorting lash, or rivet the fetter, but they know that it is done by others, in order to afford at the cheapest rate the luxuries which they will neither resign, nor make one exertion to obtain from the hands of freemen. They have no hesitation in branding the trafficker in human flesh with the stigma of shame and cruelty; but while they would not for the universe engage personally in the exercise of so much barbarity, they will not relinquish one single iota of the comforts it procures for them. Is this consistency? Is such fastidiousness the result of humanity;—or has it not rather, if fairly examined, its root in mere selfishness? Their education has unfitted them for mingling actively in scenes of cruelty; they would sicken and shudder at the sight of wantonly shed blood, and the agonizing cries of a breaking heart would frighten sleep from their pillows, or were like a haunting spirit to their dreams. Is it so vastly meritorious, then, to consign to other hands what would be revolting to their feelings? Or may such sensibility claim its spring from the nobler principles of beneficence and justice, while they unhesitatingly receive from the hands of another, that which they have not *nerve* enough to obtain for themselves? Let them remember when they execrate the enormities of the slave system, that it is themselves who hold out the inducements for their perpetration. Guilty as the slave-holder may be, let them not flatter themselves that he alone is guilty. To them the criminality and hideousness of slavery are clearly discernible. But he is mentally benighted. The bribe which they have given him, the unrighteous mammon, “hath perverted his judgment.” He is compassed about with the iron bands of prejudice,—he fancies that to break the fetters of his slaves would be to insure his own ruin.—But it is the purchasers of his ill-gotten produce, who have woven around him this filmy web of prejudice. Let them but make it his interest to be just, and his moral perceptions will be clear as the day-light. Emancipation will no longer appear to him a visionary scheme, ruinous and impracticable. His opinions will be grounded on wiser and juster reasoning, and he will make haste to render back their liberty to those from whom he has so long withheld it. He who clings with so tenacious a grasp to his gathered stores of human wealth, while we hate his crime, may claim our pity for his self-delusion and his unhappy situation. But what have those

to advance in behalf of their heartless conduct, who, with the full light of conviction around them, obstinately persist to abet him in his error? Nothing, absolutely nothing, beyond the miserable and even criminal plea of self-convenience, or a disinclination to encounter a trivial portion of salutary self-denial!—And they, who can so lightly weigh their own gratification against the intolerable anguish of their sister's lot,—who count the sacrifice of a few paltry luxuries, too vast a ransom for the redemption of thousands and tens of thousands of their fellow-creatures from a fate of servitude and darkness, are the good, the amiable, and the gentle of the earth. Such a maze of inconsistency is the human heart! We could fling away the pen, and weep in very shame and bitterness for the hard-heartedness of our sex. One would suppose that the bare knowledge of the terrible price at which those cherished comforts have been procured, would cause a woman to turn shuddering and loathingly away as though they were infected with a taint of blood. And the curse of blood is upon them! Though the dark red stain may not be there visibly, yet the blood of all the many thousands of the slain, who have died amid the horrors and loathsomeness of the slave-ship—been hurled by capricious cruelty to the yawning wave, or sprang to its bosom in the madness of their proud despair—of those who have pined away to death beneath the slow tortures of a broken heart, who have perished beneath the tortures of inventive tyranny, or on the ignominious gibbet—all this lies with a fearful weight upon this most foul and unnatural system, and that insatiable thirst for luxury and wealth in which it first originated, and by which it is still perpetuated.

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

THIS is not one of the least important points of view, in which we are all called upon to examine the effects of slavery. On the right formation of the female character depends so much, not only of her own happiness, but of the well-being of all who are nearly connected with her, that whatever circumstances possess the power of moulding her mind and habits, imperatively demand a careful examination. The debasing

effects of slavery on those who are its victims, are too painfully obvious to require a portraiture. On these, therefore, we need not dwell, but may turn at once to their fairer, and more fortunate sisters.

It is on all sides acknowledged, that the domestic circle is the proper sphere of woman. We do not say that her talents and influence should be confined within these boundaries, but however beneficially they may be felt abroad, if homebred usefulness forms no part of her character, be her claims on our respect and admiration what they may, she fails of one half of her perfection. A knowledge of 'household' good is one of the most essential branches of female education. "I will venture to affirm," says the venerable Hannah More, "that let a woman know what she may, yet if she knows not this, she is ignorant of the most indispensable, the most appropriate branch of female knowledge." It is not in the fair, fluttering thing of fashion, the beautiful wonder and admiration of the hour, lovely though she may be, and possibly even gifted with high attainments of mind and character, that we are to look for the true standard of female excellence. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon," is not a more undeniable allegation, than that woman cannot at once satisfy the demands of fashionable and domestic life. They are wholly incompatible with each other, and whatever is yielded to the importunity of the one, detracts from the power of satisfying the claims of the other. In deciding this destiny of our country-women in unfitting them for the calm pleasures of domestic life, and leading them into the tumultuous vortex of folly and vanity—in giving them an education of showy accomplishments, instead of cultivated minds, and well regulated tempers—in teaching them the wish to shine, rather than the ambition to be useful—the desire of wealth and expensive pleasures, rather than intellectual advancement—in leading them to prefer the uneasy excitement of a crowd, to the quiet enjoyment of books, retirement, and rational conversation—the flattery and admiration of the many, to the sober approbation of the few—in teaching them to consult rather their inclinations than their duty—to follow the dictates of fancy or caprice, instead of reflective judgment—we believe the slave system will be found a powerful agent. Those who have been accustomed from youth to the ready service of dependants, rarely acquire habits of industry and extensive use-

fulness. The mind as well as the body sinks into habits of listless indolence, and is suffered to remain inactive and unoccupied, or fritters away its noble energies in the trifling excitements of vanity and fashion.—Wealth becomes of immense importance as the means of supporting her extravagance, and of rivalling or eclipsing her compeers in their love of folly: her responsibility, her high nature as a rational creature are almost forgotten or unheeded; anxious rather to outshine her equals in their petty distinctions of splendour and display, than to raise those who are beneath her to a higher standard of intellectual and moral worth, she learns to trifle away the loan of her existence, and to waste in selfish gratifications, the thousands that have been wrung with the most odious injustice from the hand of unrewarded toil. Thus with a heart undisciplined by self-control, a mind enervated by frivolous pursuits, and a temper accustomed to the indulgence of all its humours, how frail is the bark of her happiness! How imperfectly is she calculated to fill the station and perform the duties assigned her by the hand of Providence. In prosperity, a thing, it may be, of beauty and grace, but of unsubstantial endowments—in adversity without support, and without resource, and in neither performing the duties of a consistent Christian. Nor is the evil we speak of confined to that district to which slavery is limited. The frequent intercourse between the inhabitants of the different states, gives a ready transmission to manners and habits. The ladies of the north imitate those of the south, and a fondness for show, ornament, and extravagance, almost to the exclusion of a desire for the better wealth of substantial acquirements and moral excellence, invades all classes of society.

MENTAL METEMPSYCHOSIS.

COULD we but persuade those with whom we plead, in behalf of the slave, to imagine themselves for a few moments in his very circumstances, to enter into his feelings, comprehend all his wretchedness, transform themselves mentally into his very self, they would not surely long withhold their compassion. Let them feel the heart-brokenness of being separated from all they love—take the long last glance at all that is dear to them,

and while the brain is reeling, and the hot brow throbbing with agony, know that their sufferings excite only the heartless jest, or the brutal curse—let the fetter lie with its wearing weight upon their wrists, as they are driven off like cattle to the market, and the successive strokes of the keen thong fall upon their shoulders till the flesh rises in long welts beneath it, and the spouting blood follows every blow—let them go day after day with their sick hearts, to their unceasing and hopeless toil, fainting beneath the hot sun, or exposed to all the pitiless beating of the elements—let them yield up their hearts again for a while to the gentle influences of affection, till they feel almost as if there was yet something like to happiness in their lot, and then know suddenly that they are to gaze no more upon their beloved objects forever—let them enter into the desolateness of that moment; stand alone and forsaken in the world; without religion, without a friend in earth or heaven, to whom they may turn for consolation in their hour of trial; with no kind accents to soothe, no hope to cheer them—oh! would they but endeavour to realize the bitterness of such a lot, surely, surely, they would rush to the rescue of the thousands who are agonizing beneath its endurance.

EVENING RETROSPECTION.

Did I this day for small or great,
My own pursuits forego,
To lighten by a feather's weight,
The mass of human woe?—JANE TAYLOR.

THE twilight is a fit season for retrospection. There is a soothing for the seared spirit in its hushing influence, and when the restless and wandering thoughts have gathered themselves back to the heart, and settled down like quiet waters, the mental eye may look down amidst their deep places, taking note of all its imperfections. Among these imperfections may we not properly class the want of a warm and active interest in the happiness and well-being of all our fellow creatures? If, absorbed in the pursuit of our own enjoyments, or yielding all our attention to our own pursuits, or our own cares, we neglect

to inquire how we may alleviate the misfortunes or contribute to the welfare of our fellow beings, we cannot be otherwise than culpable. Our power over the situation of others may seem almost as nothing, but let us remember how much things trifling in themselves, contribute to the amount of human happiness, and that in the sight of our beneficent Judge, it is less the offering, than the spirit which prompts that offering, that is esteemed of value. If it should seem too great a subtraction from our own comforts, or to press too heavily on our time and our industry, to resign those articles which have been purchased by human misery, and to exert ourselves as we ought in the cause of emancipation, let us compare our situation with that of those whose wretchedness we would feign pass by, and surely the contrast will render the sacrifice easy. If the advocates of emancipation would daily, in a retrospect of their conduct, carefully examine whether they have done all they could have done in behalf of the victims of our country's injustice, and on each succeeding one do their best to relieve the neglect and the indolence that the past might acknowledge, the cause of abolition would go forward with an accelerated pace, that would soon bring it to a triumphant conclusion.

THE FAVOURITE SEASON.

It is thy favourite season, Coz. The gorgeous clouds of sunset have almost departed, and the air has grown dim amidst its perfect tranquillity, like a starry eye whose brightness hath been shadowed by the depth of a delicious feeling.—Come, let us go abroad, and stand upon that old bridge thou wot'st of, where we may watch the still shadows that lie on the smooth deep places of the stream, and the flashing ripples that go on singing to the gentle light. Or, if thou sayest, we will take the wood path, that leads over the scattered stones of yonder drawling rivulet, to where the green sod slopes away nearly to the water's edge from the heaped-up pile of webs, and the old half-burnt tree stands in its bleakness, like a solitary watcher in the solemn twilight. Is it not pleasant to be so together in the gentle hush, while indistinct shadowings of happiness come over the heart, like the soft dimness upon the clinquant waters?

—and, look, friend, seest thou not yonder bright spark—the star thou lovest—a beautiful and lonely thing in the blue heavens, shining like a far-seen beacon, to summon all hearts to the gathering place of prayer! The wild-bird catches the light of its pale beams as he hurries homeward to his nest, and its first twinkling ray is the signal that

Summons “home the bee,”

And sets the weary labourer free

from his day-long task of industry. Oh, there is gladness of spirit in the twilight hour to those who are indeed free, and who may eat in fearlessness of heart, amidst their band of loved and loving ones, the bread which they have wrung with a strong sinew from the earth.—What matters it that, from the rising to the setting of the sun, they may have bent their limbs to the service of another? The twilight brings them their reward, and they go onwards to their humble homes with an unstooping mien, and the blessed consciousness that no hand dare invade the privileges of their home sanctuary. But the slave—how may he lift up a glad eye to yon bright messenger? A release from toil, if release indeed it brings him, lifts not the heavy yoke of servitude from off his neck, nor gives to his heart one delightful throb of security and happiness. He too may have a home, a wife, and a smiling group of young loving ones, yet happy amid their childish ignorance, who have been wont to meet his returning step with the fond name of father. But the threshold and the hearth-stone that he left at the early dawn, surrounded by faces of glad innocence, may now be stripped and desolate, or echo back from its solitary walls only the sad voice of maternal lamentation. He knows not but tomorrow’s sun may find him a far distant wanderer, torn away from all the breathing affections of his bosom, and transferred to another master and another scene, as reckless as though his heart were pulseless as the unsuffering clod. May the peacefulness of the pure twilight impart its tranquillity to his bosom—or soothe with its tender light the darkness of his fate? Will it teach him to forget that he is a slave?—a wronged, despised, degraded slave! Alas, the scar of his fetters is too deeply printed in his soul, and the dim air cannot cover it with its shadow.







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